BRITANNIA and EVE

JANUARY
1936

1/-

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The Phosphate Dentifrice

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Annual

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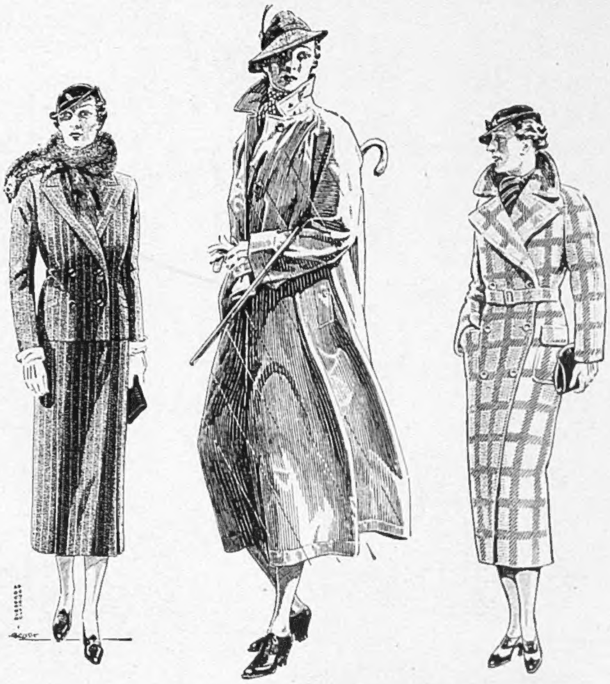

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Season's Models. In all colours.
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WEATHERPROOF HATS

To match your Burberry. Tailored in latest styles to order - - - - **21/-**

KNITWEAR (Style 3)

Smartly tailored suit in knitted tweed. In navy, brown, green, mulberry and grey.
Usually £5.19.6
SALE PRICE **£4.17.6**

LADIES' FOOTWEAR

50 pairs Town and Country Shoes.
Usually 42/-
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Full length and three-quarter. Shoulders and sleeves lined. In soft Tweeds, diagonal, also check patterns.
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Pure wool West-of-England coatings, proofed by Burberrys' special process. Fawns, browns, grey-blues, etc.
Usually 8 and 8½ gns.
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Fashionable styles with luxurious fur collars for Town or Country.
Usually 12 to 30 gns.
NOW REDUCED BY **25%**

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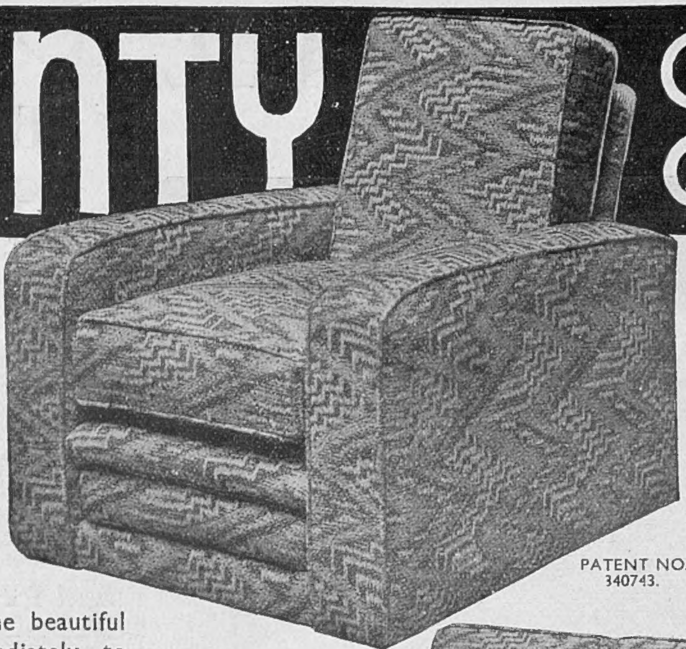
MINTY CLUB CHAIR

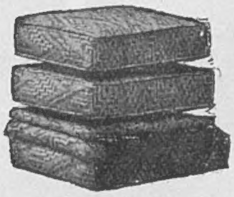


COWLEY MODELS

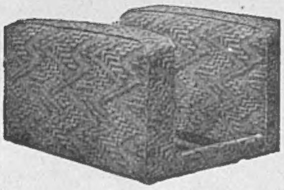
Framed in Hardwood Patent Springing and Hair Stuffing throughout. The luxurious lines and the beautiful colours appeal immediately to the eye. There is a wide choice of coverings to choose from.

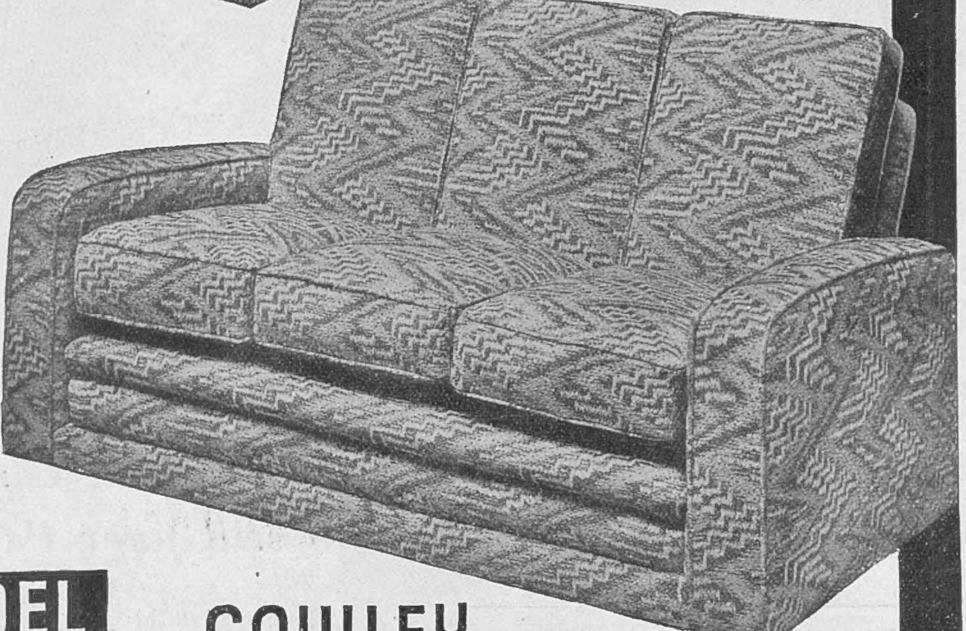
PATENT NO. 340743.

When you first sit in a Minty Chair you are conscious of welcome luxury. After a few minutes you feel your body and nerves sliding into a sense of relaxation which is the most complete rest. So much for its comfort. Think for a moment of the ordinary arm chair, a receptacle for dust and fluff between the seats and arms. This cannot happen with a Minty. As illustrated below, left, it takes to bits and can be thoroughly cleaned. Of course, it makes child's play of the making of loose covers.



Alongside is shown the unit construction of the "COWLEY" and "ISIS" Models. Cleaning and the making of loose covers can easily be carried out at home.



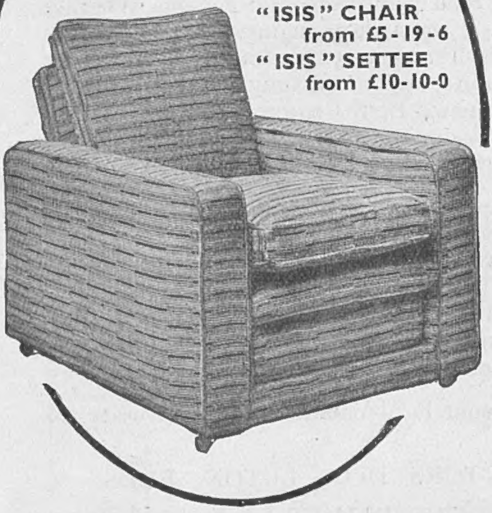


ISIS MODEL

The spring back and doubly sprung seat have patent pocketed featherdown cushions. Pure hair upholstery. It would be impossible to buy a more luxurious or better quality chair at the price. No dust-traps, no gadgets.

"ISIS" CHAIR from £5-19-6

"ISIS" SETTEE from £10-10-0



COWLEY SETTEE

TWO CHAIRS AND ONE SETTEE FORM AN ADMIRABLE SUITE.

"COWLEY" CHAIR from £7-7-0

(according to length of seat)

"COWLEY" SETTEE from £12-12-0

All Minty Chairs are made in three lengths of seat.

Deferred Terms can be arranged.

Write for Catalogue of the MINTY "COWLEY" "MERTON" and "ISIS" Chairs and patterns of coverings.

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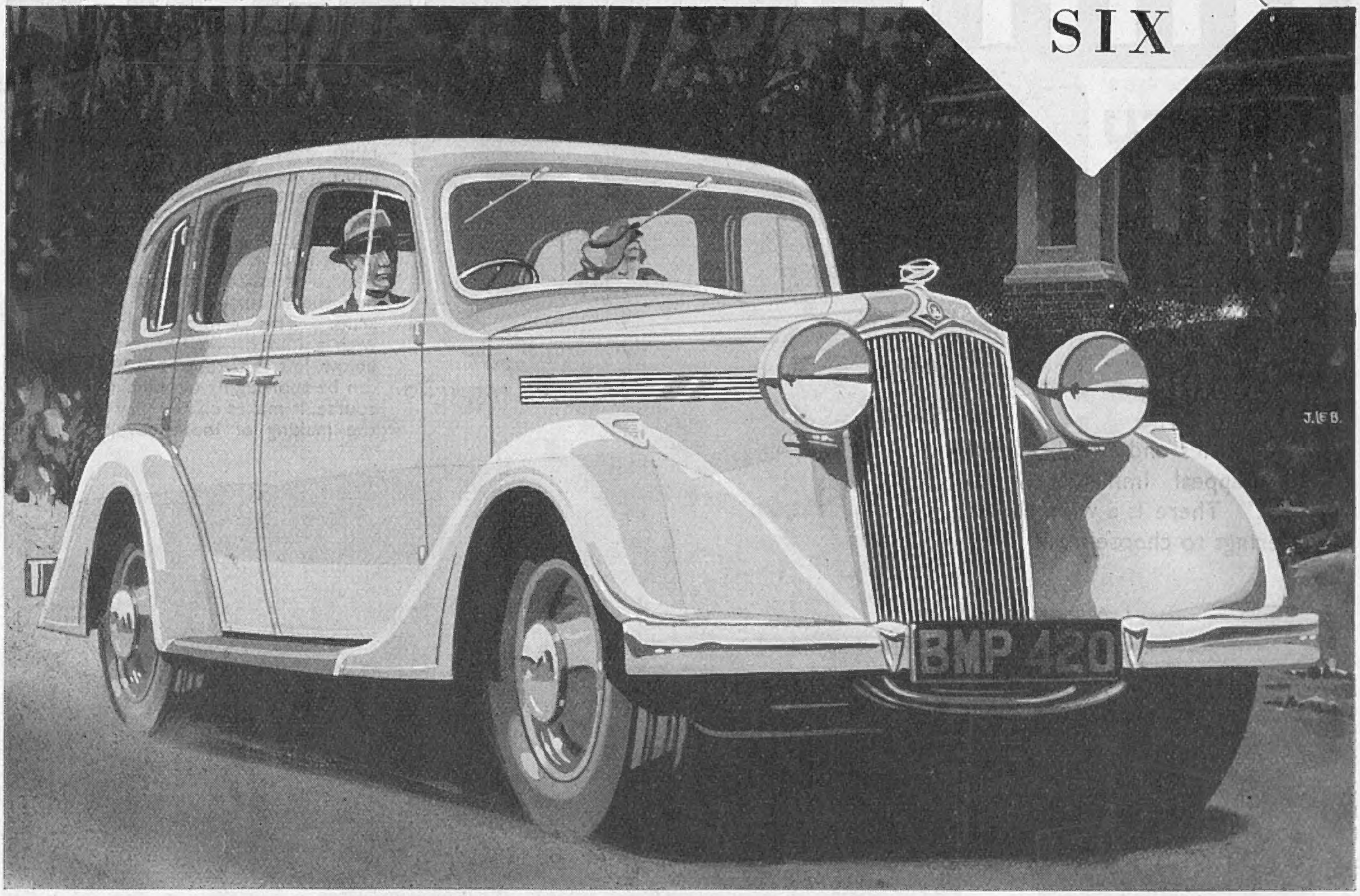
Manchester Showrooms: 5 EXCHANGE STREET, MANCHESTER

The New VAUXHALL

BIG SIX



New Beauty and Dignity . . . New Driving Comfort . . . and still finer Performance

THE FAMOUS VAUXHALL LIGHT SIX

This is the car that has changed riding into gliding by Independent Springing, which smoothes out bumps and potholes. A lively six-cylinder engine, roomy, luxurious coachwork, Synchro-Mesh easy gear change, No-Draught Ventilation and easy jacking system are just a few reasons why the Vauxhall Light Six is a "best seller." Standard Saloon (12 h.p.), **£205.** De Luxe Saloon (12 or 14 h.p.), **£225.** Coupé (12 or 14 h.p.), **£245.**

ONE glance at this new Vauxhall Big Six tells you that here is a fine quality car. The handsome new radiator grille, the modern bonnet louvres, the wings and radiator tastefully cellulosed to tone with the colour of the body . . . all suggest a special coachwork model built to individual order.

Its performance on the road confirms this impression. Whether you choose the 20 h.p. or the 27 h.p. engine, you can be sure of really outstanding performance, with a comfortable cruising speed of a mile a minute and a maximum speed of over 70 m.p.h. While in the new "Body Conformity" front seating on the Big Six Saloon, Vauxhall designers have produced the most comfortable driver's seat ever yet devised.

Many refinements of detail, together with a host of well-proved features, such as Vauxhall Super Synchro-Mesh, No-Draught Ventilation, and entirely automatic chassis lubrication—all combine to make this Vauxhall Big Six outstanding value for money for the big car motorist. 20 h.p. or 27 h.p. Saloon, with No-Draught Ventilation, **£325.** Wingham Cabriolet, **£395.** Tickford Foursome Drophead Coupé, **£365.**

Full particulars from your local Vauxhall dealer or write for catalogues direct to:

VAUXHALL MOTORS LTD., LUTON, BEDS.

Wide range of models on view at 174/182, Gt. Portland Street, London, W.1, and at all principal Vauxhall Dealers.

Vauxhall

BRITANNIA and EVE

Vol. 12, No. 1. JANUARY, 1936

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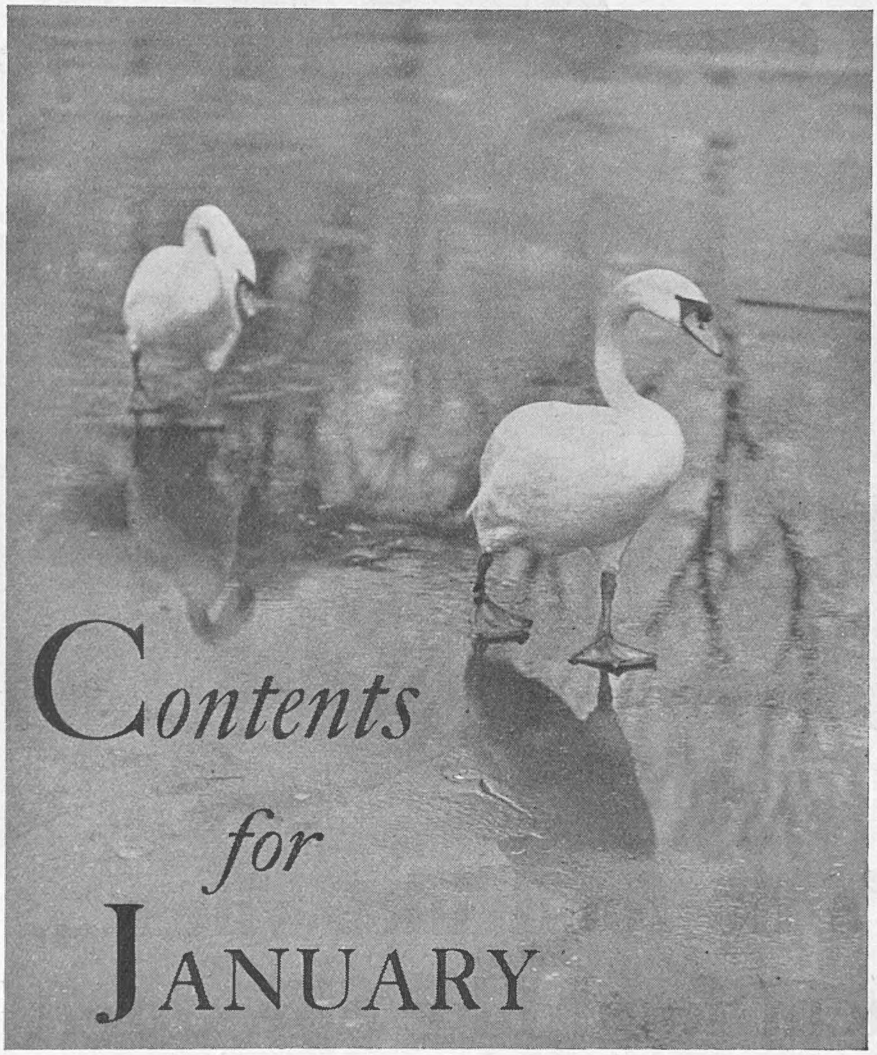

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All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia & Eve," 346, Strand, W.C.2, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia & Eve" will be found in the "Index to Advertisers" on page 118.

The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

It's right enough what the Ads say
FEMININE
Angostura Bitters
NURSERY QUESTIONS
Now 5½d a bar
SHREDDED WHEAT
MAKE IT BRITONS

There's no food like wheat…
No wheat food like Shredded Wheat

● Everywhere you go you will find the same enthusiastic recognition of Shredded Wheat's remarkable qualities. Never was a product held in such high regard by women shoppers as a family food for health and economy, and for the profit and pleasure it brings to every member of the family. It is good to see how surely they thrive on the precious goodness of the pure whole wheat — so rich in all the elements for perfect bodily nutrition. It is good to see how unfailingly it tempts all palates — whether served hot or cold or as a sweet or savoury. It is good, also, to realise the amount of time and work which Shredded Wheat saves in the kitchen. It is always ready to serve without cooking and if served hot can be quickly prepared. Is it any wonder that Shredded Wheat is a regular item on the shopping lists of over a million modern women? Is it any wonder that Shredded Wheat stands alone amongst wheat foods?

MADE BY THE SHREDDED WHEAT CO. LTD., WELWYN GARDEN CITY, HERTFORDSHIRE *Pratts SW/410*

You get most Food Value in **SHREDDED WHEAT**

For FACE & HANDS

Nature has provided the foundation of a lovely complexion and soft skin, but constant vigilance is necessary if these essential features of beautiful womanhood are to be preserved. Nothing ruins the skin quicker than frost and wintry winds—chapped hands or reddened face may mar your whole appearance. This unpleasant prospect can be easily be averted by applying a little Larola to face and hands each night and morning and when going outdoors. This famous cream has been the trustworthy guardian of the complexion for several generations. Start using it to-day.

LAROLA SOAP. In boxes of 3 tablets, **2/-** Single tablets, **8d.**

LAROLA ROSE BLOOM (Rouge), the Natural Tint. Sifter Boxes with Puff, **1/-** and **2/6**

LAROLA FACE POWDER in Pink, White, Cream, and Cream No. 2. Sealed Boxes, complete with Puff, **2/6** each

1/6 & 2/6
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Write for a free copy of the interesting Larola booklet, "The Cult of Beauty."

JAN. MEMORANDUM 1936

Studd & Millington's sale commences Jan 1st

FOR MEN AND WOMEN

There are bargains for men and for women at Studd & Millington's Sale. Suits and Overcoats, Fur-trimmed Coats and Costumes, Camel Coats and Travel Wear at 25% to 33⅓% below normal prices during the month of January. Every garment is individually tailored by experts and beautifully finished. A call is strongly recommended, but if this is impossible a Sale List will be sent together with self-measure form and patterns.

MEN'S OVERCOATS FROM **60/-**

LADIES' COATS & COSTUMES FROM **80/-**

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STOP THAT COLD
—take
GENASPRIN

The *Safe* Brand of Aspirin

NEW PACK 6D
10 TABLETS
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GENASPRIN
2/- per bottle of 50 tablets

Genasprin is invaluable for checking a Cold. Two Genasprin tablets taken at once and two more on retiring, will speedily reduce temperature and relieve aching limbs. The antiseptic properties of Genasprin combat the disease germs of Colds and Influenza. Genasprin has no harmful effect on digestion or heart.

From all Chemists.

Made by Genatosan Ltd., Loughborough, Leicestershire.

STICK 'EM UP!

You don't have to be a "big shot" at modelling to create characters like this in "Plasticine." You'll be surprised at the musing things you can make quickly and easily. Treat yourself to a "Plasticine" Modelling Outfit and get one for the kiddies. From a penny to a guinea, obtainable everywhere.

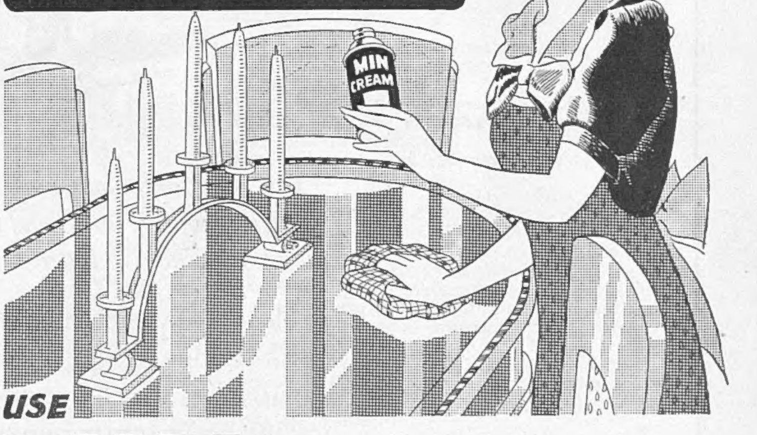
Travel Series 2/6, 7/6. Post free 3/-, 8/1.
Complete Modeller, 4/-. Post free 4/6.
Designer, 5/6, 12/6. Post free, 6/-, & 13/5.
Dapadart, the new dart-blowing game, 6d., 1/-, 2/6. Post free 8d., 1/3, 3/-.

This is an actual model in Harbutt's "Plasticine."

HARBUTT'S
"Platsicine"

Write for Illustrated Price Lists to:
Harbutt's Plasticine Ltd., 88, Bathampton, Bath.

For a really *beautiful polish* on furniture



USE
MIN CREAM

MIN CREAM
FOR THE PIANO & ALL HIGHLY POLISHED SURFACES

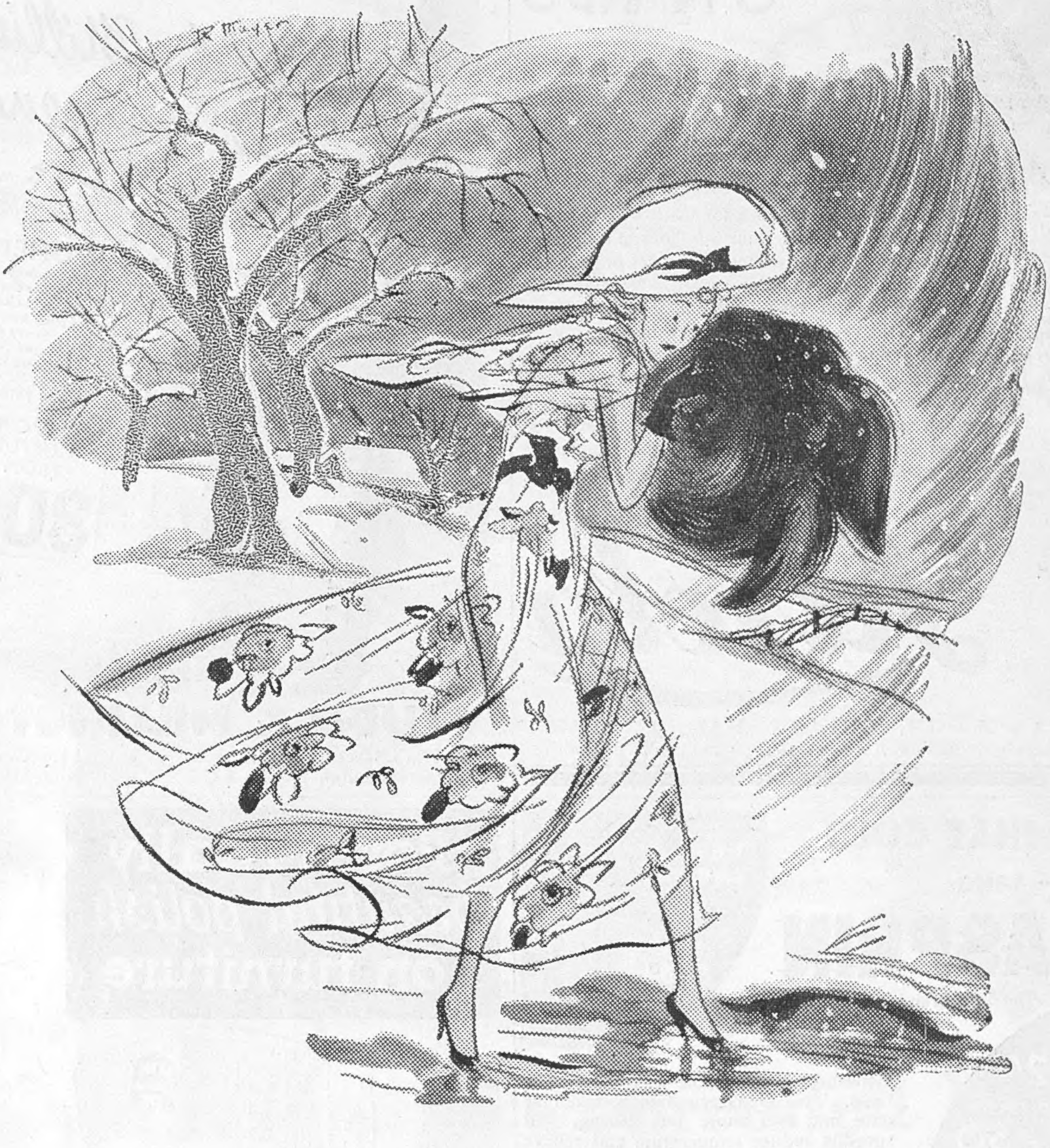
"Min is marvellous!" say all those who use it for their highly polished furniture. You too will agree that you have never before used anything that gives such a lovely polish so quickly. You will also be astonished to see how easily it cleans and polishes white enamel paint. Try this wonder-worker—it will save you endless trouble.

Tins 6d. & 1/-

M/60/7

For all highly polished surfaces

WINTER WISDOM



THE most sumptuous muff is but a mockery, in a north-east wind, if clothes are flimsy and shoes are thin—in other words all round protection is better than unbalanced extravagance.

In blending Winter Shell we do not need to strive after quick-starting at the expense of power, mileage, or acceleration. Shell is so good that in Winter we give you instantaneous starting-up on the coldest morning without affecting the other good qualities in the slightest.

IN WINTER, AS IN SUMMER, YOU CAN BE SURE OF SHELL

Under the Stars

January

HAIL TO YOU WHO ARE BORN IN CAPRICORN

(December 23 to January 20)

YOUR RULER IS SATURN

CHILDREN of Saturn, you are to be feared, respected and obeyed. Often admired and *loved*.

I believe you are much in need of love, although it is difficult to love you, as you so frequently withdraw—even from your intimates—into a sudden, chill and suspicious reserve.

In fact, the real *you* is as hard to get hold of as the mountain goat, your symbol.

WISDOM and wariness mark your spirit. You are able and very complex, a fine example of at least two personalities in one person.

Ambitious and indefatigable climbers, on the one hand, you will subsist on next to nothing while attaining great heights. Sure-footed and shrewd, you seem to be primed with an uncanny foresight. No move is too steep for you to corner and circumvent your rivals, no means too artful for you to secure an advantage.

Yet, at heart, you are the very opposite. Tender and compassionate in sentiment, your ideals are honourable, your reflections profound. Hard-headedness usually wins if mind and feeling come into conflict, although there is one sentiment you carry into practice:

Capricornians rarely break a promise.

This is because of your inescapable sense of responsibility.

You are portrayed by the Zodiac as *reincarnates* working out their destiny, fearful of the passing of time in their allotted span.

Consequently, however materially-minded and acquisitive a Capricornian, he is well aware how transitory and ephemeral is his world of substance. For two pins, in certain moods, he will see himself as the scapegoat of all the sins and woes of man. Hence the melancholy introspection so common to people born in this sign, which lasts until the next urge to outwit their opponents.

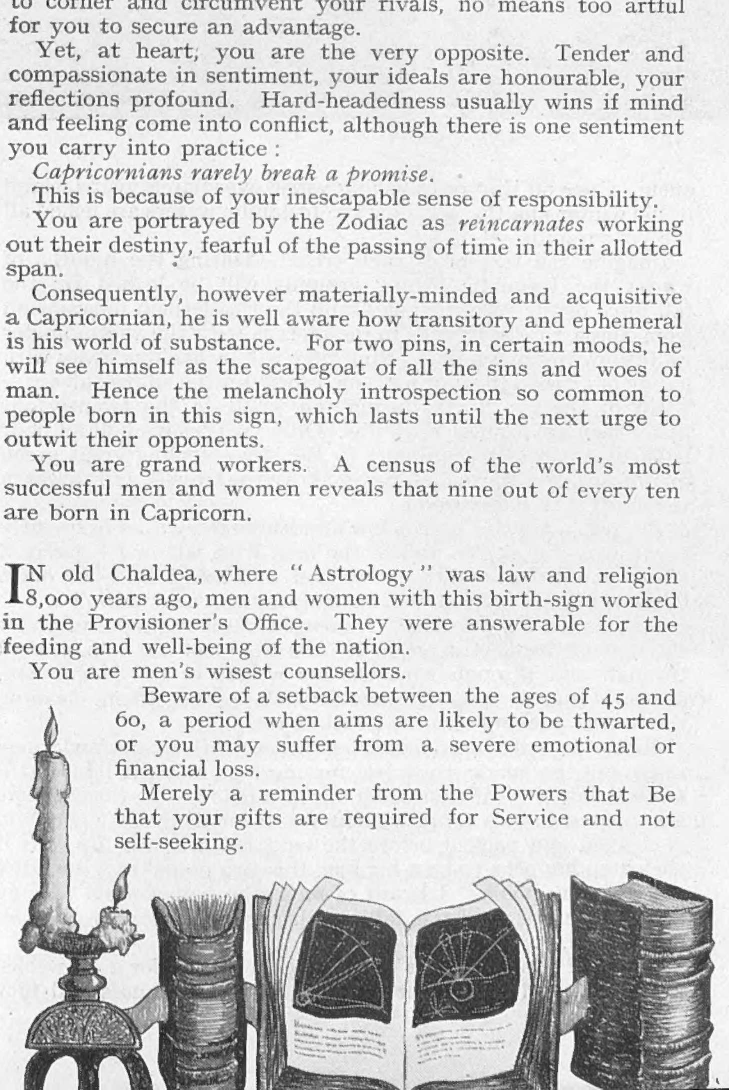
You are grand workers. A census of the world's most successful men and women reveals that nine out of every ten are born in Capricorn.

IN old Chaldea, where "Astrology" was law and religion 8,000 years ago, men and women with this birth-sign worked in the Provisioner's Office. They were answerable for the feeding and well-being of the nation.

You are men's wisest counsellors.

Beware of a setback between the ages of 45 and 60, a period when aims are likely to be thwarted, or you may suffer from a severe emotional or financial loss.

Merely a reminder from the Powers that Be that your gifts are required for Service and not self-seeking.



Lucky Day: SATURDAY.

Stone: Moss AGATE, or by contrast White Onyx or Moonstone.

Number: EIGHT, or any number that adds to eight, *i.e.* 35, 71. Avoid four, especially in conjunction with eight, like 48.

HEALTH

You should have an iron constitution after the first seven years of childhood, provided the diet is kept light, alcohol moderate, and meals are taken under happy conditions.

Capricorn rules over the liver and knee-joints. Expect ailments and accidents affecting those parts. Try to avoid chills.

MARRIAGE

Seek out young and buoyant partners. Your family circle should never be allowed to grow cold or lack brightness.

You are best mated with those born in Virgo (August 22 to September 21), who will take a keen interest in your business; Taurus (April 22 to May 21), warm-hearted home-builders; or Libra (September 22 to October 23), gay, enchanting artists.

CAREERS

Choose any concern that will give future scope to your organising ability, from engineering, mechanics, to politics; from newspaper work to work in a large store.

You are gifted writers—satirists, caricaturists, cartoonists. As stage folk—mimics.

Both men and women show good taste in dress, make clever dress designers. Women should aim at holding some administrative post in hospitals, schools, Government employ or commerce.

CHILDREN

Will be delicate at birth, subject to indigestion and colds. Give them plenty of fruit, extra warmth; keep them interested and amused.

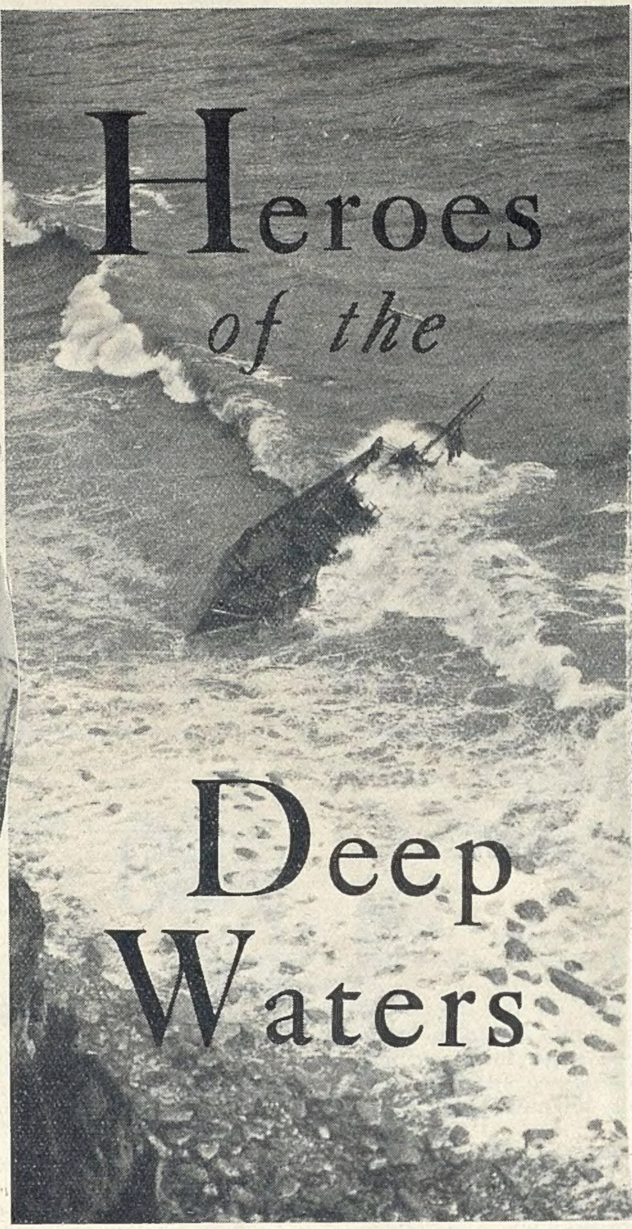
Never laugh at their "comic gravity" or "old man" pursuits. Win their confidence and find them companions among other children, or they will grow hard, self-centred, and brood.

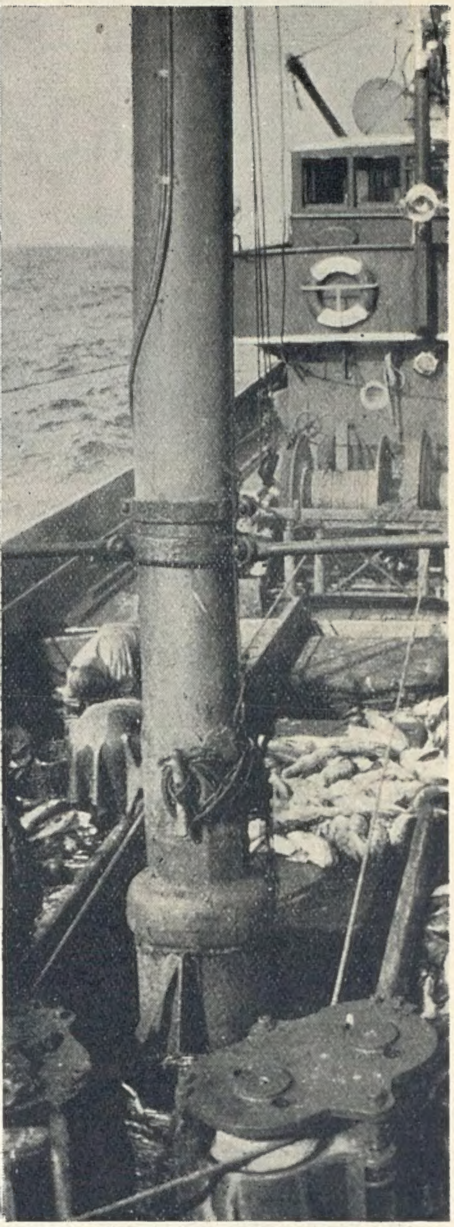
SPECIAL TO THIS YEAR

A slow but rosy development in your prospects and in office favour, culminating in a beneficial change or promotion towards the end of the year: at latest, in 1937.

Heroes of the Deep Waters

THE trawlerman's nightmare. A deckhand with a large catfish





THE committee which is at present investigating the trawling industry is chiefly concerned with the marketing of fish. It does not touch the almost incredible conditions under which the trawlermen are condemned to live during fifty weeks out of the fifty-two.

I have recently spent some three weeks aboard a trawler in the Icelandic waters, and I am not exaggerating when I say that the lives of these deep-sea heroes are a perpetual ordeal such as no European should be asked to endure. If ever an investigation is held into the human problems of the trawling industry and the truth comes out, I believe the public would be appalled.

Trawling has always been a long, gruelling fight against the elements, but to-day it is also a fight against the tricks and chances of precarious markets and the rigours of intense foreign competition. These added difficulties drive owners and crews to desperation, and force the latter to take even bigger risks.

The Cornish waters have lately become poverty-stricken owing to ruthless and systematic over-fishing by powerful trawlers from foreign posts. Grimsby suffers acutely from the competition of foreign trawlers, two hundred Swedish and Danish vessels, aided by Government subsidies and long-term credits, regularly using the port as a base for six months in the year. And lately the Scottish Fisheries Board have been using "Q" Boats to round up foreign marauders.

Couple this with intense struggle for markets, higher prices for fuel, and lower prices for fish, and it is easy to see that in the desperate fight to make both ends meet risks are often taken which would hardly have been countenanced in the past. Human material is plentiful—there are long queues of unemployed at the docks—but money is scarce. What does it matter if trawlermen lose their feet or legs from frostbite, or are washed overboard, provided the owners make a handsome profit?

Cut-throat competition drives trawlers further and further afield. Once no European fishing vessel ever dared visit Iceland in the winter months, but now the Icelandic waters are fished all the year round.

Imagine the terrors of such trips! During the months of winter the Icelandic fishing grounds will be lashed by the full force of the Atlantic gales, and the trawlermen must spend from three to four weeks in raging seas with the thermometer well below freezing point. Often they will be hacking away with hatchets at the lumps of ice which form on the ship's sides.

Up in the far North during the whole of the twenty-four hours they are in pitch darkness. Only for perhaps half an hour is there sometimes a glimmer in the sky revealing great green mountains of water which tower above the trawler and threaten to smash it to matchwood.

Because a trawler stands low amidships the waves frequently break over the decks, and of the men with whom I conversed scarcely one had not been washed overboard at least once. Often a man is washed aboard again by the next wave!

Picture the fearful scene. A great storm is raging, and under the rays of the electric arc light from the mast the men, soaked through and through with the icy waters of the North Sea, are emptying the nets of squirming fish, gutting them, cleaning them, and packing them in crushed ice.

Hitler has introduced regulations whereby German trawlermen must not be made to work for more than eight hours at a stretch, but it is different with our own fellows. In theory there is supposed to be a couple of hours' rest for them after one haul is cleaned and packed before the next net is drawn up, but if the catch happens to be a big one, this two hours' rest dwindles to vanishing point. I heard of men who had worked as long as fifty hours at a stretch, falling asleep at their work from sheer exhaustion.

Think of this sort of life continuing on and off for a six weeks' trip, night and day, night and day, in the blackness and fury

TAKING in a good haul. The bosun is about to untie the mysterious knot securing the fish

GETTING the trawl inboard during a rough sea

The Life and Work of that dangerous calling—the Trawlerman

By A. Harvey Bailey

RETURNING home with the catch. The fish have been gutted preparatory to packing them in the ice-room

(Top, right)
A TRAWLERMAN ready for work. Only very hardy men can stand the strain of working on the fish trawlers

(Top, left)
BATTERED to pieces. The trawler "Skegness" ashore near Bridlington, Yorkshire. The crew of eleven lost their lives

A GRIMSBY trawler proceeding to the Arctic fishing grounds

of Arctic blizzards, and then, with less than three days ashore, off again on another voyage.

Only men of a special breed can stand the strain of it, and that after they have been hardened to the life. Even they are frequently crippled and worn out by the time they are forty. The engine rooms are staffed mostly by men who have been lamed by frostbite, and the docks at Grimsby and other fishing ports are crowded with casuals who have been crippled at sea.

LET us return to the scene aboard the trawler. The skipper, standing on the bridge, is bawling instructions in lurid language at the men who are in constant danger of being washed overboard by the great rollers which sweep over the decks. They seem half numbed by cold and fatigue.

The skipper's commands take on a more urgent note. A shark is in the net. Up he comes, thrashing his great tail like a windmill. One blow from that deadly tail and a man's leg will be broken like a reed.

Overhead are scores of gannets, gulls and cormorants. There is also one of those strange birds well known to trawlermen which chases one of the gulls for minutes on end until its victim vomits his last meal in terror, and so

(Continued on page 84)

RE-ENTER

IN the hotel garden beyond the wide stone terrace a gardener was picking mandarins from leafless trees. He stopped before he had his small basket half full, and came in. Mandarins for the table d'hôte dessert. The season was under way; but the hotel, I guessed, was pretty empty and, although it occupied a strategic site on the great hill road between Monte Carlo and Nice, was not anticipating a big lunch-time trade.

But I noted fresh white and bright blue paint, new sun umbrellas, renovated walls, the inviting greenness of new-sown grass, and the patient, expectant presence of a white-aproned *garçon* on the terrace even at that early hour.

It all keyed in with the contemporary Riviera picture of summer bathing beaches, better water supply, improved air, rail and road communications, gardens and walks decked with fresh flowers, shops and hotels furbished up, the Marseilles multiple cable linked up with all the gambling resorts along the coast, a magnificent new sporting club to replace the old subterranean dive in Monte Carlo.

I pulled the car over, and went in for *petit déjeuner*. The waiter welcomed me as a prince incognito. Presently, out came *monsieur* the proprietor, bowing. The coffee as *monsieur* liked it? *Monsieur* was about early. Touring? Ah, from Monte Carlo. So! The season there is good.

I said I was paying 70 francs a day in a very good hotel, which was rather better than I could do in Brighton, if he knew Brighton; and I had eaten a very passable dinner last night in the hotel of a friend who was paying only 50 francs a day, all in, and had a nice

Alert, groomed, manicured, taking new risks, and with a lot of its former easy-money fat sweated off, the Riviera enterprise sits up with renewed zest to attract the people who have made new money on the rising economic tide of a world emerging from history's biggest slump

the RIVIERA

sea-facing room at that, and no most-favoured-nation terms. From which I gathered that the season was still better for the client than the *patron*, was it not so?

Whereupon he unbent and talked as a business man to an interested outsider; and I rounded out my impression picture of a Riviera playground which has lagged a long way behind world recovery, but lives—like U.S. Steel, which lost fourteen million pounds in '32, seven millions in '33, four millions in '34, but only eight hundred thousand in the first three quarters of '35—in hope.

The intrusion of the world's biggest industrial organisation into the rococo Riviera picture may at first strike a discord—like a milk-can on a grand piano. But that is only because every façade has a back; and big business is the back of this strip of Mediterranean coast stretching from Hyères, beloved of

(*Continued on page* 95)

By C. Patrick Thompson

GOLD pieces being used instead of counters at the roulette table at the Sporting Club, Monte Carlo

THE magnificent casino at Nice. A floodlit view of the Palais de la Méditerranée

THE famous Promenade des Anglais at Nice and the new casino, the Palais de la Méditerranée

THE old Shot Tower on the south bank of the River Thames from Kipling's windows

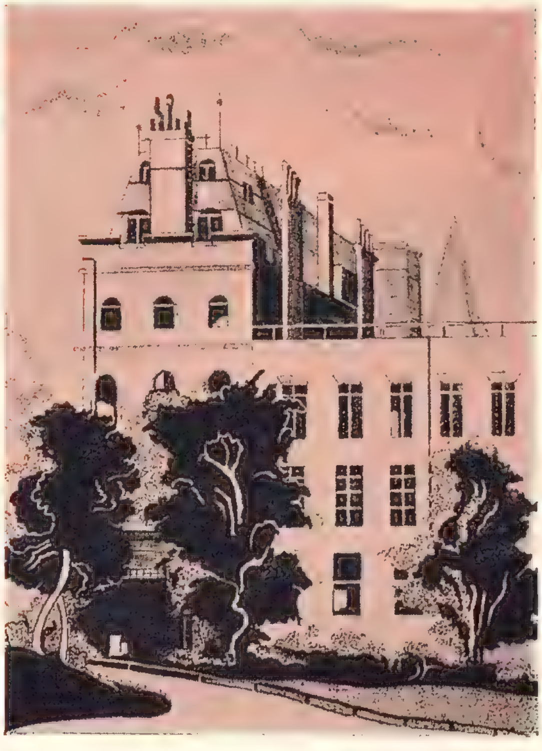
When KIPLING came to LONDON

RUDYARD KIPLING. A portrait of the famous author taken in 1890

MR. RUDYARD KIPLING has just celebrated—on December 30th—his seventieth birthday. He has an illustrious career behind him; he now lives the life of a country squire at Burwash, in Sussex, and his emergences into public life are rare, though always distinctive. The tenor of that life, perhaps, is symbolised by his notepaper, on which the nearest station, Etchingham, is indicated by an antiquated railway engine with long funnel, and the post-office by a telegraph pole with cross-trees. No telephone number is included.

But beyond the somewhat reclusive Rudyard Kipling of to-day, I see always the young, aspiring Kipling who first came to London in 1889 and settled in chambers at Charing Cross which it has been my fortune to occupy. Look up from the Underground station and you see, on the Villiers Street corner of the Adelphi, fronting the Embankment Gardens and river, a tall, staid, brown brick building. Mr. Kipling had the fifth floor—and an incomparable view which takes in the sweep of the river under the St. Paul's skyline, Cleopatra's Needle, the old Shot Tower on the south side, and on a clear day Shooter's Hill, the Surrey heights, and—inescapably, of course—that Crystal Palace . . . .

It is London, the soul of London, in enchanting panorama. Plane-trees arabesque the Embankment with its boulevard lights. Tugs and other manner of craft fuss by. At night sound the sirens, haunted with lure of the sea. In summer, dawns and dusks of powder-blue and rose over the river, and the Whistler nocturne; in winter, vaporous colouring of such depth in the cobalts and purples that the beauty of it takes one's breath and one thinks of fabulous gems on the breasts of maharajahs.



THE House of "The Light that Failed." A sketch of Embankment Chambers by Josephine Harrison: one of the illustrations in "A Bachelor's London," published by Grant Richards

THE Thames as seen from Embankment Chambers. Mr. Kipling had the fifth floor—and an incomparable view which takes in the sweep of the river under the St. Paul's skyline

The House of "The Light that Failed"—Persian Rugs, a Fez Cap, Dreams—and a Room with a View

By Trevor Allen

A SUMMER scene in the Embankment Gardens. The windows of Kipling's chambers look down on this spot

Throughout the summer a band plays under the windows at midday and evening, when the stand has a coronal of coloured lights.

Mr. Kipling's reactions to the scene are embodied in the novel he wrote here, published in 1891—*The Light that Failed*—for he used the chambers as background to the book. Incidentally, Paramount are now filming it and have been here recently with their cameras taking reminiscent shots. The photographer was rueful, to say the least. He had to dodge, willy-nilly, trams, buses, taxis, Shell Mex House, and the forlorn skeleton of Waterloo Bridge. However . . .

It is Torpenhow, war scribe and adventurer, who introduces us to the chambers in the book. He commends to Dick Heldar, the artist who is to lose both sight and love, " the large room that took up a third of a top story in the rickety chambers overlooking the Thames." " 'Tisn't a place I would recommend for a Young Men's Christian Association," he adds, " but it will serve." The studio, actually or mythically, must have been on the seventh floor, now dedicated to a ladies' hairdresser's; and we get more than one glimpse of Dick's view from the high window, which also was Kipling's:

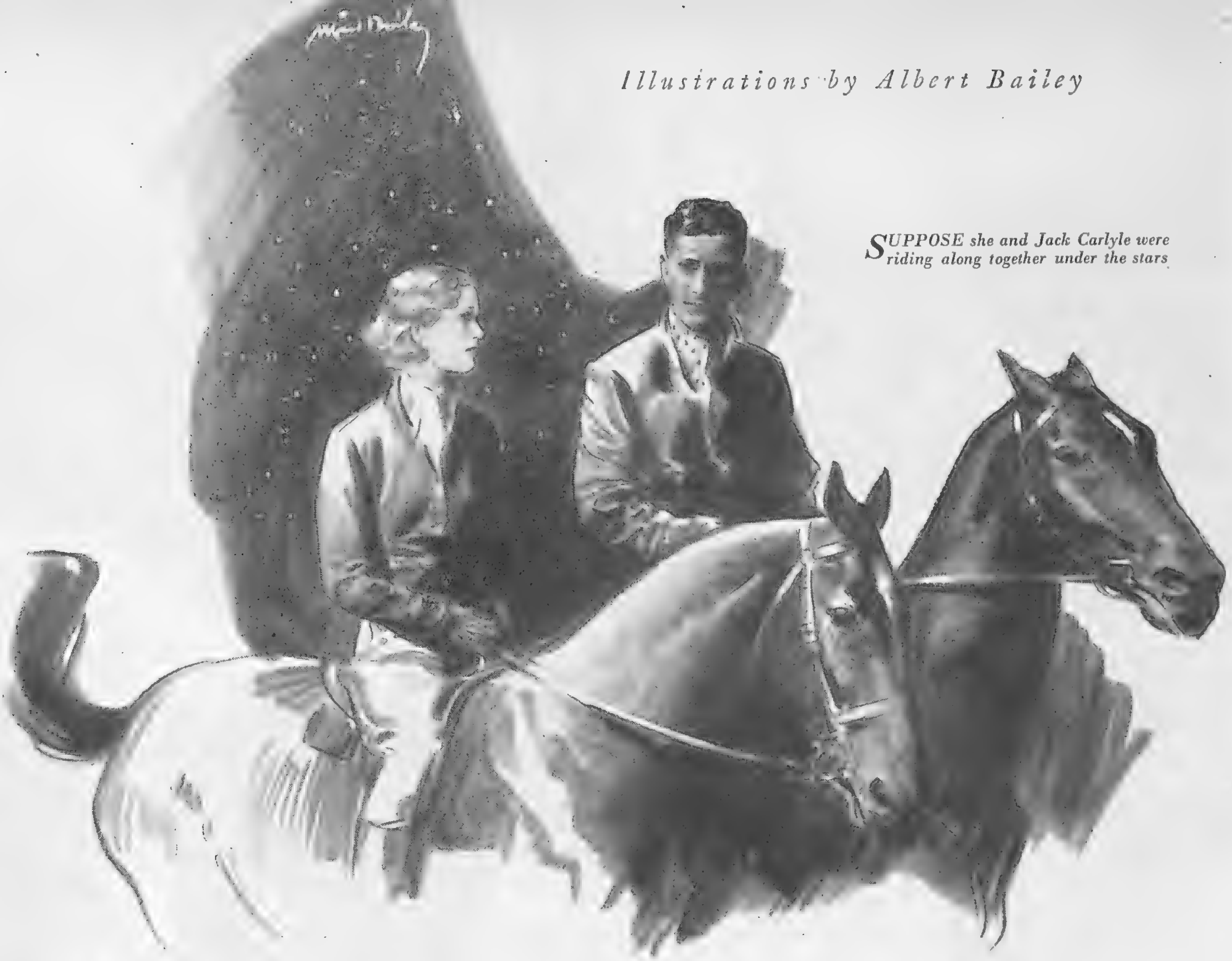
"He leaned into the darkness, watching the greater darkness of London below him. The chambers stood much higher than the other houses, commanding a hundred chimneys—crooked cowls that looked like sitting cats as they swung round, and other uncouth brick and zinc mysteries supported by iron stanchions and clamped S-pieces.

"Northward the lights of Piccadilly Circus and Leicester

(*Continued on page 97*)

THE book was dramatised and produced at the Lyric Theatre in 1903 and was a great success. Forbes Robertson played the part of Dick Heldar and Gertrude Elliott that of Maisie

Illustrations by Albert Bailey



SUPPOSE she and Jack Carlyle were riding along together under the stars

The Innkeeper's Wife

Californian Version of the World's Greatest Story

By Vina Delmar

MRS. DEXTER opened the door of Bungalow Number Thirty-Five, and walked into the living-room. She noted approvingly that the makings of a bounteous fire neatly reposed on the hearth, that an extra lamp had been added to the furnishings, and that the Christmas-tree was so perfectly shaped that it appeared artificial.

She moved on to the bedroom. Everything was in order. The most fastidious and irritable guest could find no fault here, and would even enjoy paying the fifty dollars a day. She ran her hand over the taffeta bed cover and smoothed out an infinitesimal wrinkle. Then, as a new thought struck her, she stooped and peered under the bed. No dust. That was good. She stopped at the door of the next bedroom. It was not necessary to examine the room. It would be used for the chauffeur and valet, and from the doorway one could see that it was in apple-pie order.

The bathrooms were sparkling white and the towels were plentiful. She had known from the first that she would find everything just this way. Mrs. Kilbane, no matter what her other faults were, was the most efficient of housekeepers, and to check up on her orders was a waste of time.

But it had been Mrs. Dexter's pleasure to make certain that Bungalow Number Thirty-Five was at its best. She wished that something had been left undone so that she might do it. She returned to the living-room, and a sudden idea sent her swiftly to the telephone.

"Helen, this is Mrs. Dexter speaking from Thirty-Five. Send Manuelo over right away with some holly. I want quite a lot of it, and tell him to hurry because Mr. Carlyle will be arriving soon."

She hung up the receiver and went to look at herself in the mirror. Wouldn't it be romantic if he arrived right now? Suppose the door opened suddenly and he was standing there? No chauffeur. No valet. Just Jack Carlyle himself.

He would say, "Hello, what are you doing here?"

"I'm just making sure that the rooms are in order for you," she would answer. "I have sent for some holly to put up. Do you mind if I stay till it gets here?"

"Do I mind? I want you to stay. I counted on you to help me trim the tree."

She hummed a little song to herself as she went on with the dream. Manuelo would bring them tall, frosted glasses full of something nice to drink. They would turn on the radio and listen to the music as they decked the tree in gold and scarlet tinsel. Perhaps they would dance a little now and then when some tune became too provocative. Later Jack Carlyle would say that it was the happiest Christmas Eve he had ever spent. It was a very pleasant dream, but even Mrs. Dexter, who was no realist, could tell at a glance that this was one of those dreams that could never be harnessed and put to work. In the first place there was no room in the dream for Mr. Dexter nor the chauffeur and valet. In the second place she really couldn't spend all of Christmas Eve with Jack Carlyle, and in the third place probably Jack Carlyle wouldn't give anybody a whole evening's worth of himself. She wondered a little about that third objection as she regarded herself in the mirror. Mrs. Dexter knew that she was pretty, and like most women her prettiness was magnified when, as on Christmas Eve, she was wearing a smart, formal frock. Her shining, golden hair had been freshly waved that afternoon. Her finger nails were frighteningly crimson and her eyebrows displayed a sharper, more supercilious arch than they would after a week of neglect. The beauty shop had waved, crimsoned and plucked her within an inch of her life, but it could neither add to nor subtract from the perfection of Mrs. Dexter's figure and the soft, deep violet of her eyes. She was pretty, and she knew it, and she had learned to laugh a light, silvery peal of scornful laughter when guests said that she should be in pictures. For Mrs. Dexter, despite a regrettable habit of dreaming impossible dreams and despite having a teeny-weeny bit of a crush on Jack Carlyle, was no fool. She knew that violet eyes and perfect figures were on every bargain counter in Hollywood. Jack Carlyle must be tired of pretty women. Still, wasn't there something very sweet and tender in his attitude toward her? Didn't he always remember every detail of their conversations together, and hadn't he said, on his last visit, "I'll go mad waiting for Christmas. There's something fascinating about this place." And hadn't he looked meaningly right into her eyes? Was that his general behaviour with all females? Perhaps that sweet and intimate manner was the very quality that had made him the most dearly beloved of screen lovers.

THERE was a sudden knock on the door, and in walked Manuelo with his arms full of holly.

"Is that all you brought?" Mrs. Dexter asked somewhat unnecessarily.

"I can get more. Do you want me to get more?"

"No. I guess that will do. Put it on the table."

She placed huge branches of the holly at either end of the mantel. Then she stepped back to admire the effect. Manuelo said, "That looks pretty. I'll put some in the vase."

She couldn't tell him that she preferred to decorate this room without help from anyone. She couldn't say a word, for it was possible that the Mexican boy would understand too well what she meant, and now by arranging the holly in the vase he had spoiled everything for her. He might as well do the rest.

"Use it all," she said. "Make the room look as attractive as possible."

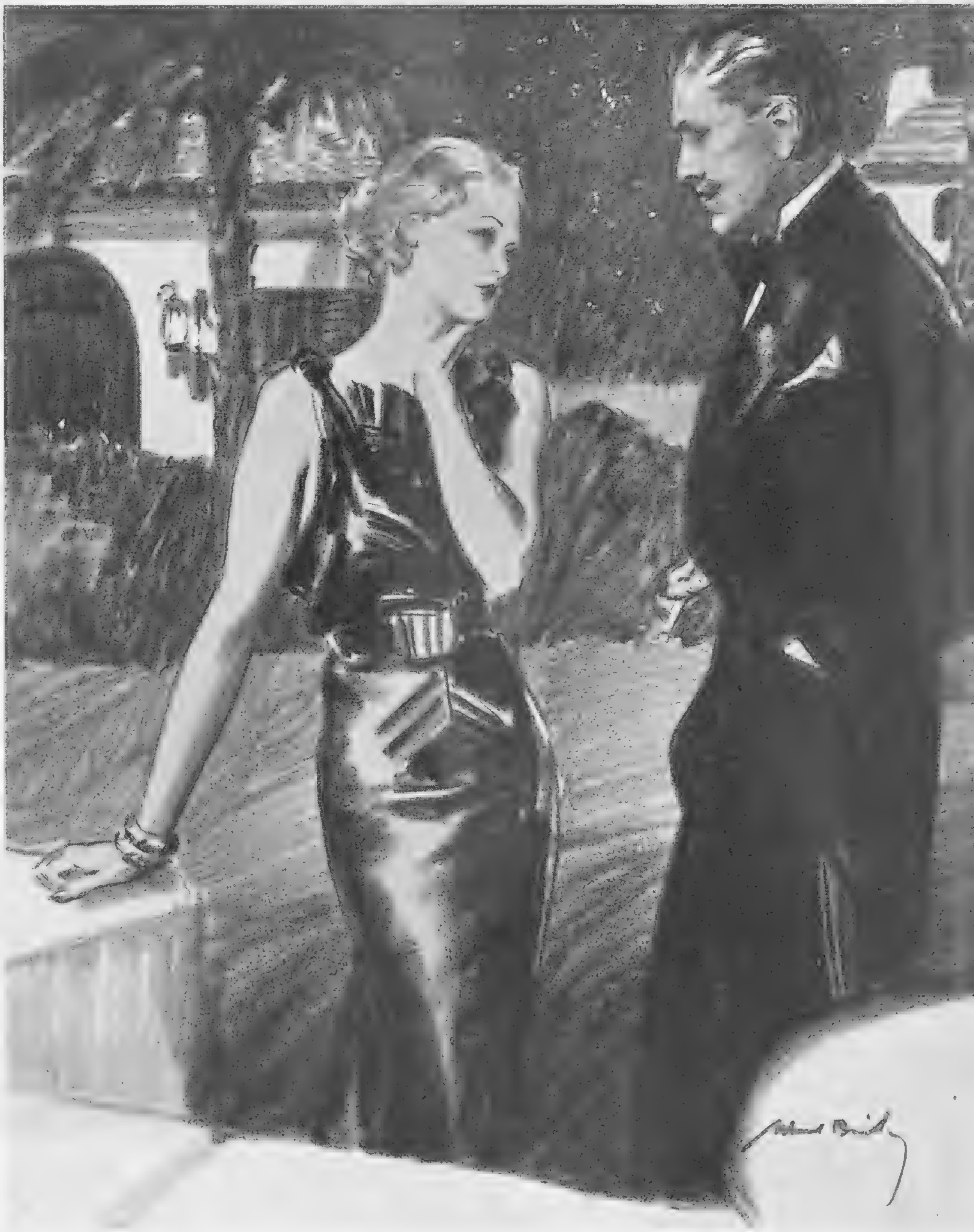
"Yes, Mrs. Dexter."

She went out of the bungalow and stood for a moment breathing in the fragrance of the black velvet night. The wind gently fanned her bare shoulders and though it was soft and warm she suffered a sudden chill. She thought of stopping by her own bungalow and picking up a light wrap, but even the lightest of wraps would conceal her beautiful back and its smooth coat of tan.

She decided against a wrap. She looked up at the stars. They were so dazzlingly white here in the desert. Another romantic dream seized her as she stood there. Suppose Dexter had never built his smart hotel here. Suppose these acres were just another strip of Californian desert, and suppose she and Jack Carlyle were riding along together under the stars. She closed her eyes and leaned against the wall of the bungalow. The dream made her feel slightly dizzy. It was too exciting.

She opened her eyes and faced the practical world. Under the little lamp which glowed at the front door of the bungalow she looked at her watch. She must begin her social calls.

The Lamberts had asked her to call in for a drink. Perhaps Cissy would still be awake if she hurried. She must remind Manuelo to wrap the woolly dog to-night so that Cissy would have it when she awakened in the morning.



SHE smiled up at him. He was big and broad, and he had a nice, candid sort of face, and she loved him dearly

Mrs. Dexter moved swiftly along the narrow paths between the bungalows. Lights glowed from every window and sounds of revelry floated on the quiet air. This was the gayest Christmas the hotel had ever known. Capacity business and many disappointed would-be guests. Dexter and his elegant hotel had pleased the film colony and the Southern Californian aristocracy. The place was filled with dowagers who got a thrill out of movie people and it was jammed with movie people who got a thrill out of dowagers. Dexter knew how to please everybody, even the Hungarian film star who hated America and particularly hated California. Dexter had painstakingly discovered what she liked to eat and how she liked it served. He had taught her to come to the desert whenever Hollywood irritated her.

Mrs. Dexter gazed curiously at the Hungarian beauty's bungalow as she passed. She had not been invited in. She knew that Dexter had been ordered to appear to partake of a glass of Christmas wine, and perhaps he was there now. A victrola was playing wild, unfamiliar music, and Mrs. Dexter thought of the flashing, black eyes of the movie star and of how uncomfortable Dexter always was with any woman who didn't understand the ideals of a great hotel man.

Mrs. Dexter knocked on the door of the Lamberts' bungalow and walked in. They had two bedrooms but no living-room. Cissy was in bed having her bedtime story told to her by Bob Banks, the ace-high film-cutter of Hollywood.

" And so," said Banks, " the hotel was so crowded that there was no place for Mary and Joseph to go, so they went in to the manger, and that's how come Jesus was born there."

Cissy looked at him solemnly with great, grey eyes. " Why was the hotel so crowded ? " she asked.

" I guess it was a good hotel like this one," Banks answered, " and naturally everybody wanted to be there to celebrate Christmas Eve."

Ridgy Lambert picked up a cocktail shaker and began a pleasant, rhythmic tinkle.

" No, Sweetie," he said to his little daughter, "it wasn't a good hotel at all. It was a joint, but there was an Elk's convention in town, and every hotel is crowded when that happens."

" Nobody would ever guess that you had played one night stands," his wife said bitterly.

Mrs. Dexter was disturbed by the puzzled look in the child's eyes. It wasn't kind of them to give her flippant answers.

" Mary and Joseph hadn't any money, Cissy," she said, gently. " You see, your Mommy and Daddy have to pay to sleep in these rooms."

" And how ! " Ridgy put in.

Mrs. Dexter and the child ignored him. The great, grey eyes fixed themselves attentively as the explanation went on.

" Honey, the innkeeper had to charge for his rooms or he wouldn't have had any money himself. You see ? "

The child nodded. " So Jesus didn't have a nice room to get born in because His people didn't have no money ? "

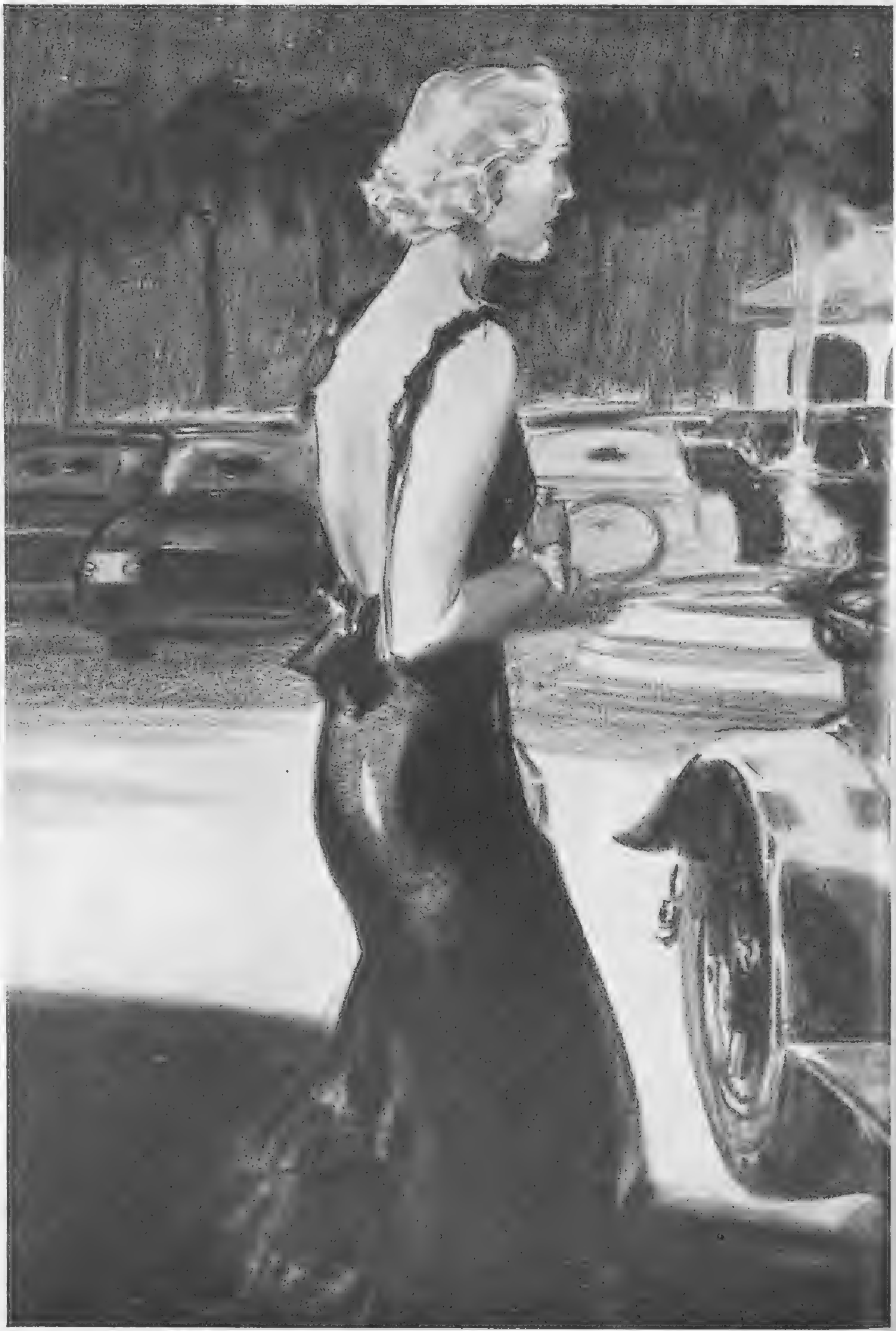
" That's right."

Bob Banks's girl friend turned from the table with a cocktail in her hand. She was dark and heavy featured, and she was a parlour radical.

" Cissy," she said, " the whole system is wrong."

" What system ? " the child asked.

" The Culbertson," Ridgy shouted.



HE led her to a broken-down car parked humbly in
seen such a car—save abandoned and forgotten

" Don't anybody start this woman telling us that the innkeeper was a cog in the capitalist machine. I'm sick of hearing about what's going to happen when comes the revolution."

" I think the innkeeper was bad," Cissy announced.

" Well," her mother said, " I guess he had to make a living for his wife and family, same as Daddy has to do for us."

This was a new idea to Cissy. So the innkeeper had a family. Why hadn't Bob said that in the first place ?

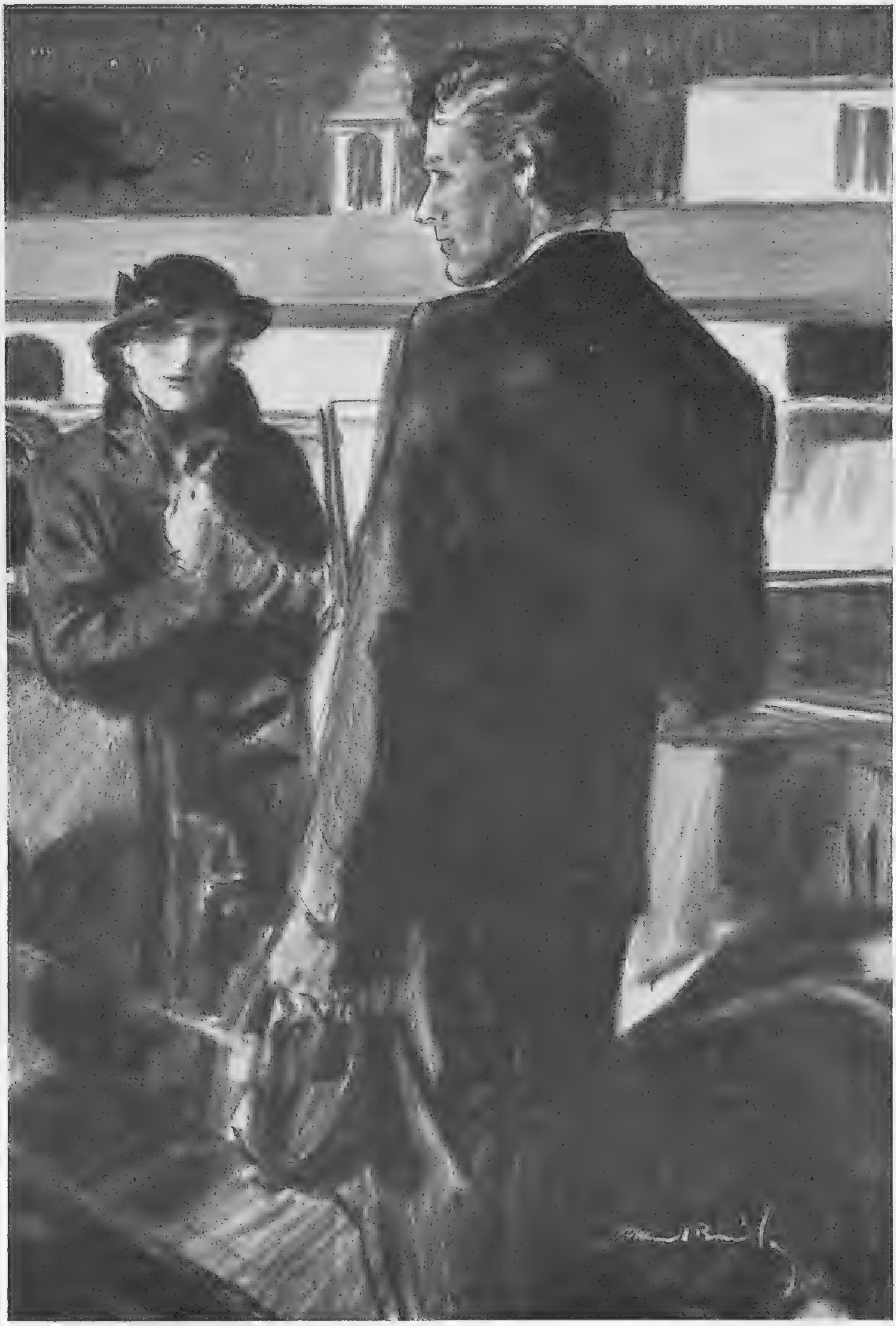
" What do you think," she asked, " that the innkeeper's wife thought about him putting a lady and a little baby out in the manger ? "

Ridgy said, " There's a new angle. What about the innkeeper's wife ? Nobody ever speaks about her. What do you suppose she said to the old guy when he came up and said, ' Well, Babe, I rented the manger to a young couple. I'm doing a capacity business. I guess the depression is over.' "

Mrs. Dexter smiled. " I think the innkeeper's wife probably said, ' Well, honey, how about cracking out with a small but tasty diamond bracelet for my birthday ? "

" Is that what you're going to say to your innkeeper this year ? " asked Mrs. Lambert.

" Yes, he's been promising it to me ever since we've been married."



the shadows on the far side. Mrs. Dexter had never before in the midst of an empty lot. There was a girl in it

The heavy-featured girl reached for another cocktail. She said, " The innkeeper's wife was young and beautiful, and she loved pretty things, and she was glad that the manger was rented, for it meant a few pennies more with which to buy glittering baubles."

Mrs. Dexter yawned. " Yes," she said, " it makes a swell parallel, doesn't it ? A little obvious, but still not bad except that a few minutes ago Joseph and Mary had no money at all. They didn't rent the manger. The innkeeper let them have it. Let's get one adaptation and stick to it before our young public over here on the bed gets so confused that she falls asleep."

Mrs. Lambert said, "She's confused anyhow. Banks tells a story so that nobody can make head or tail out of it. He didn't even say where all this happened."

" I did, too."

" Yes, he did," Cissy agreed. " It happened here."

" Here ! " her mother shrieked. " Somebody choke Banks. He has it coming to him."

Bob was looking at the child reproachfully. " Did I say that, honey ? Did I say it happened here ? "

" Well, you didn't say, but I just kind of thought on account of it was kind of warm where they were, because you said they had long white robes on and you didn't say anything about coats. And you said they ate dates, and they grow here, and I never saw any pictures of Bible people wearing furs or hats or anything."

" Bless her," said Mrs. Dexter. She arose from the foot of the bed where she had been sitting. She kissed Cissy and wished her a Merry Christmas. Then she turned to the Lamberts. " I have to run along. Thanks for the drink."

" Must you go ? "

"Oh, you know how it is. I have to go around and see if everybody's happy."

"Has Jack Carlyle come in yet ? " Mrs. Lambert asked

"No—that is, I don't think so." She felt a painful flush

(*Continued on page* 111)

Monkey Puzzle

By Lennox Robinson

Illustrations by Steven Spurrier, R.O.I.

IT was hot, it was terribly hot. Even at seven in the morning the sun was beating at the shutters like an army attacking a city, was blaring like a brass band, was blazing through a chink there and a chink here, was somehow managing to throw a shaft of light across the bed. Yet Mabel Smith didn't notice it, didn't worry about it, didn't worry that though she had rung twice for coffee there had been no answer. She only became active when the disgusting monkey swung itself on to the bed; she pushed him roughly to the floor and he ran chattering to a far corner of the room. She sat straight up in the bed, propped by two big pillows and stared across the dusky room so oddly shot by rays of brilliant light.

She recalled for how many hours she had lain awake last night because the Arabs camped in the square outside her window had talked interminably. Paul, lying beside her, hadn't slept either but wouldn't talk, and at about four in the morning she had fallen asleep, and now it was seven o'clock and she was awake and Paul was gone, but his mis-spelt scrawl of a note was beside her buried somewhere in the bedclothes.

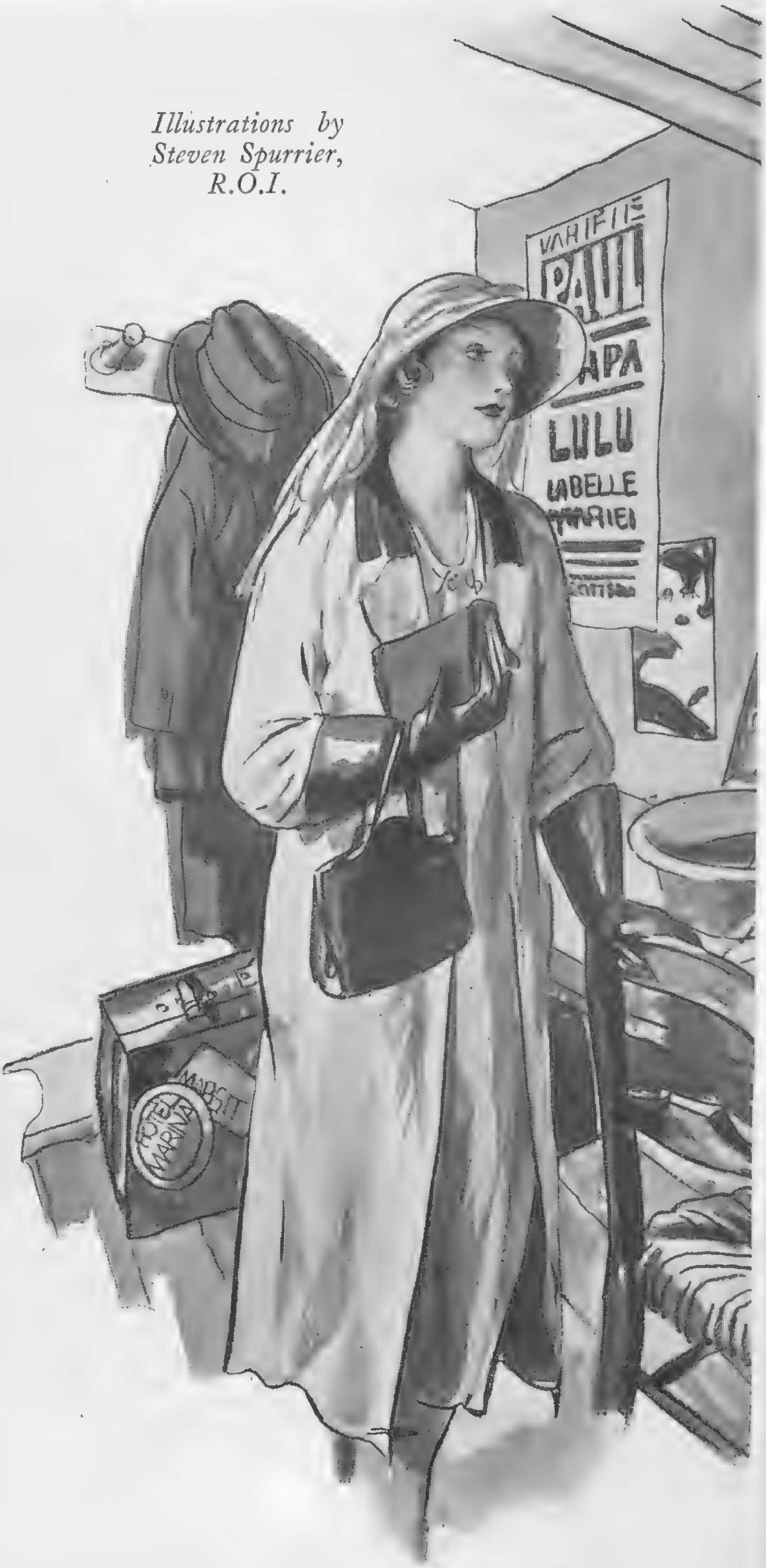
The blame for it all—and she had felt so for more than two years—the blame for the fact that she was lying, abandoned, in a big hot bed in Tunisia, in Kairouan to be precise, lay at Aunt Judy's door, sentimental, ridiculous Aunt Judy. Other girls had won prizes for elocution at that big Edinburgh school (someone *had* to win the prize every year), it took Aunt Judy to see that the winning of the prize showed that her niece was bound to be a great actress, it took Aunt Judy to put her hand into her ample pocket and send her to that London Academy where prizes for acting, for elocution, for singing dropped into her lap like ripe pears. It took Aunt Judy, when her course was finished and the prize pear of the whole year had been presented to her by the great actor, to pull every imaginable string and land her at last in the presence of that great—but oh, so respectable and womanly an actress, mother of children at Girton and Uppingham—who, though she wouldn't give her an engagement herself, could speak and did speak just the right word in the right quarter which got the niece an immediate engagement.

Of course there were lots of excuses for Aunt Judy. Twenty years before she had become engaged to a handsome young Shakespearean actor who was appearing for a week in Edinburgh as junior lead to the great Sir Charles, and though he broke off the engagement three weeks later its glamour had never faded.

The handsome young actor was middle-aged now, was married and had been knighted last year, but whenever he visited Edinburgh with his company Aunt Judy had witnessed every performance, and they always met once for lunch at some public restaurant when Judy would be coy and kittenish, smiling through her tears, hinting very delicately at what might have been.

THE engagement the great actress got for Aunt Judy's niece was in a company which intended to spend the winter touring the north of Africa and the Riviera with a repertory of plays. The pay was small but just adequate, the company was sound and respectable, the experience would be invaluable and Mabel would visit strange, beautiful foreign places. The repertory of six plays was rehearsed in a small room above a restaurant somewhere off Shaftesbury Avenue; they rehearsed for six weeks, but started for the south with the plays in a very raw condition. ("Never mind, we can rehearse in the train.") They did so, but Mabel had a dreadful headache all the time. Aspirin proved useless, so did Faivre cachet; she hoped the boat from Marseilles might put her right—for she was an excellent sailor—but it didn't, and at Algiers she felt so ill that she begged for a doctor, who at once pronounced measles and ordered her to hospital.

The company was as kind and sympathetic as possible, sent her flowers and books and one or two even ventured to visit her.



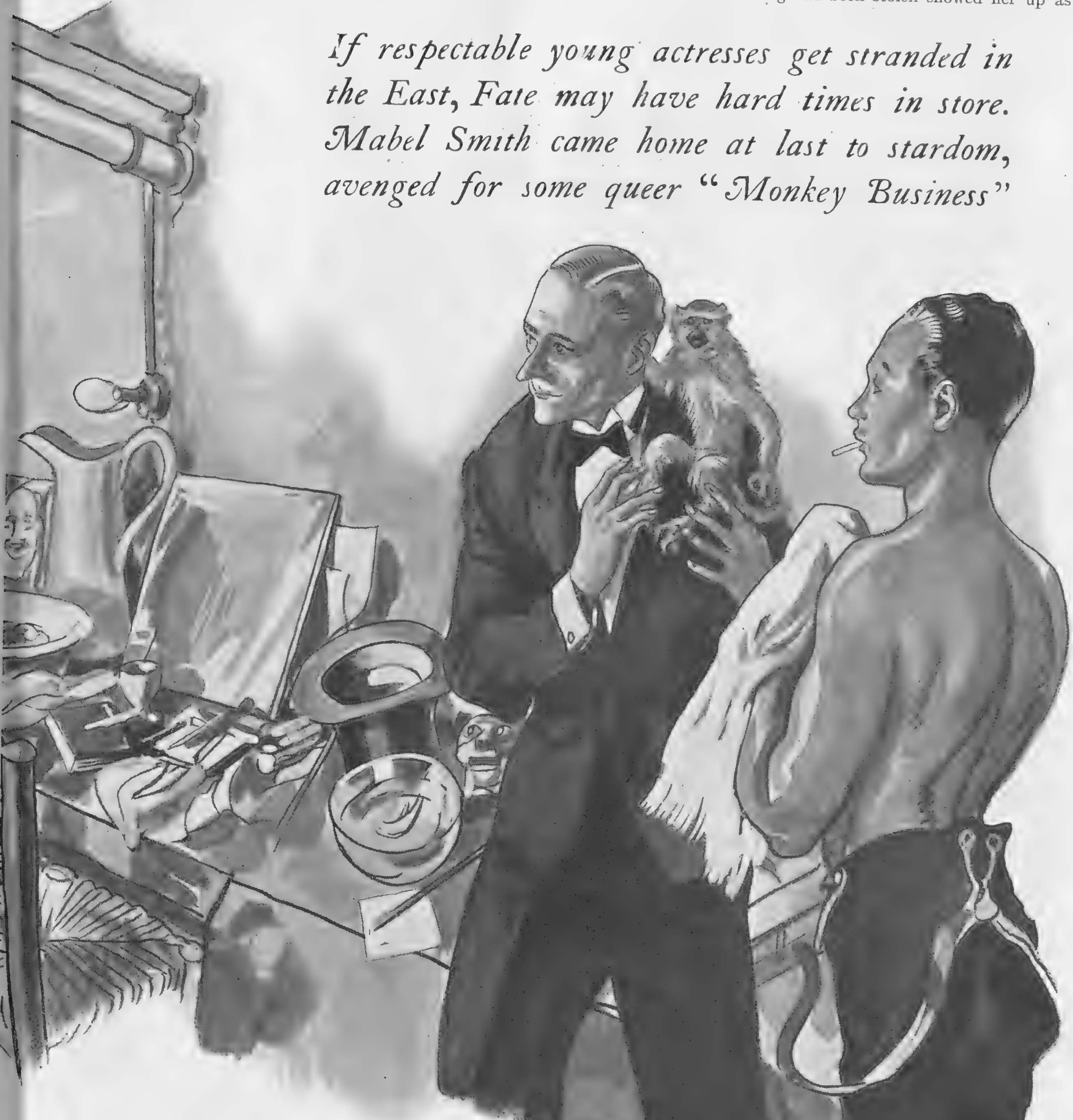
THE young man came in almost naked, a towel his

They had no good news to report, Algiers was being very unappreciative and suddenly Cannes offered itself. It asked, in fact beseeched, the company to open there at once and even guaranteed them against loss. The offer was too good to reject, and before Mabel was convalescent the company had left Africa. They did not heartlessly abandon her; the manager took care that she had enough money to take her home, but her place had been filled by an understudy, and as expenses must be kept down the manager regretfully concluded that he could dispense with her services.

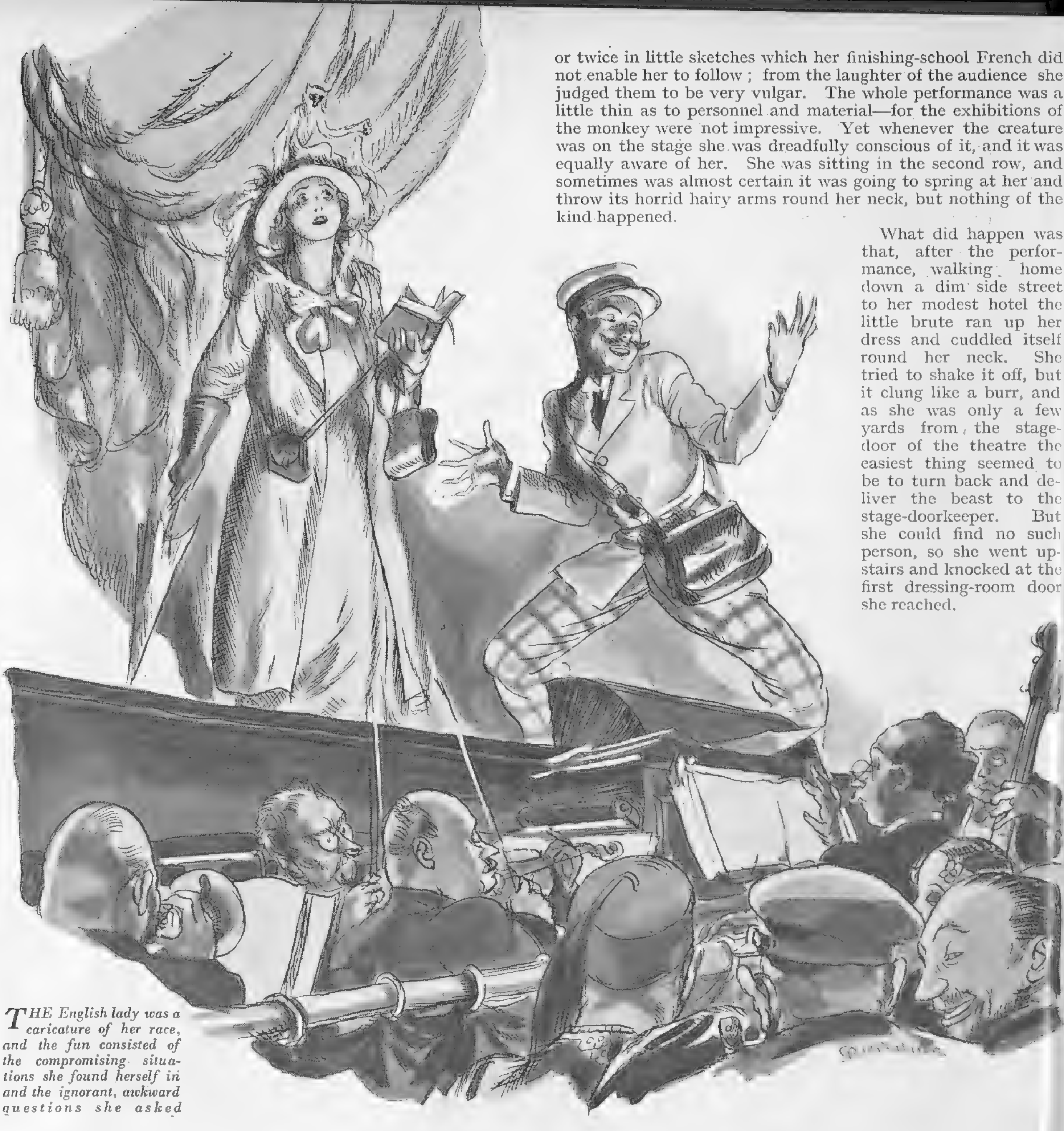
There was a spate of flowers and fruit and books and little notes of farewell beginning "Darling"—and then all her new-made friends were gone.

POOR father in Edinburgh had enough to worry him, and so she had not written to tell him of her illness, and now she hated to write and say what a failure she had proved, and she hated to leave Africa having seen it only from the window of a hospital ward. She counted her money carefully and found she could stay on for a couple of weeks if she lived very modestly. But ill-luck followed her, and before the first week was over her handbag was stolen and she was left with insufficient money to pay her way home. She could wire to father, of course, and, poor though he was, he would contrive to send her her fare, or she could wire to Aunt Judy, but she hated to confess her melancholy circumstances; the measles weren't her fault, but the manner in which her bag had been stolen showed her up as

If respectable young actresses get stranded in the East, Fate may have hard times in store. Mabel Smith came home at last to stardom, avenged for some queer "Monkey Business"



from the next dressing-room,
hand, wiping off his make-up



THE English lady was a caricature of her race, and the fun consisted of the compromising situations she found herself in and the ignorant, awkward questions she asked

very green and trusting, so she lingered and hesitated for a few days.

WALKING dejectedly one morning she came on a little crowd gathered round a car. The car was a very battered old Ford full of luggage and plastered over with posters announcing a theatrical performance of some kind., The crowd was not attracted by the posters, but by a monkey which was sitting on the lap of a very thin elderly man. She pushed through the crowd to read the posters, and before she knew what had happened the monkey was on her shoulders, its arms round her neck. Though it was uttering little affectionate noises she tried to throw it from her, for she hated monkeys, but it clung the tighter and the crowd laughed at her embarrassment. Suddenly a handsome young man and a very stout young woman appeared, the monkey was disattached, the man said something to the crowd in French which made them roar with laughter, he and the young lady and the monkey climbed into the car, he waved his hat to her, said something cheeky—she was certain it was cheeky—and the incident was over.

She had noticed the hour and place of the entertainment and spent a few francs on going to it that evening. It was rather mediocre. The old man did card-tricks, sleights-of-hand; they seemed to her very good. The young man and the young woman sang alone and together, and the three joined once or twice in little sketches which her finishing-school French did not enable her to follow; from the laughter of the audience she judged them to be very vulgar. The whole performance was a little thin as to personnel and material—for the exhibitions of the monkey were not impressive. Yet whenever the creature was on the stage she was dreadfully conscious of it, and it was equally aware of her. She was sitting in the second row, and sometimes was almost certain it was going to spring at her and throw its horrid hairy arms round her neck, but nothing of the kind happened.

What did happen was that, after the performance, walking home down a dim side street to her modest hotel the little brute ran up her dress and cuddled itself round her neck. She tried to shake it off, but it clung like a burr, and as she was only a few yards from the stage-door of the theatre the easiest thing seemed to be to turn back and deliver the beast to the stage-doorkeeper. But she could find no such person, so she went upstairs and knocked at the first dressing-room door she reached.

The little thin old man opened it and she began to explain in her most careful French what had occurred. To her relief she found he spoke English and was, in fact, an Englishman. He disembarrassed her of the monkey and was very grateful for its return.

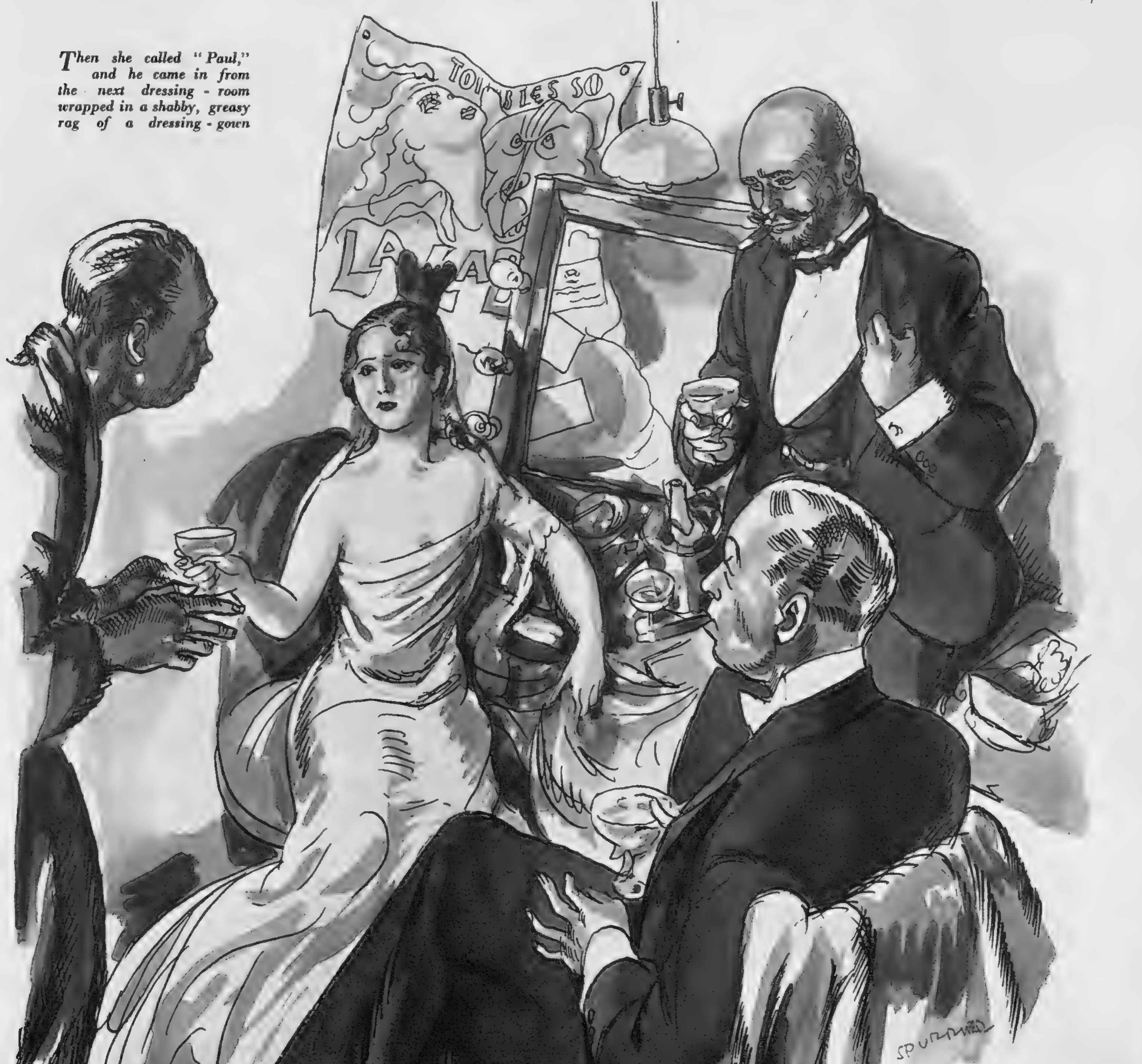
Suddenly something impelled her to ask him for an engagement. She was very bold; she told him his show was thin and she thought she could stiffen it; she told him of the prizes she had won; she spoke of her rich contralto voice and begged him to hear it. He didn't seem very impressed; but he called "Paul!" and the young man came in from the next dressing-room, almost naked, a towel in his hand, wiping off his make-up. The elder man spoke to Paul in French—it turned out he was his son—and explained the position. Paul shrugged, examined Mabel as if she were some animal, made her take off her coat and criticised her figure, he questioned her closely about her dancing. Unfortunately she knew that her dancing was her weakest feature and she did not dare to brag about it. But it appeared that they were not satisfied with their stout young lady, and they arranged to see her on the stage in the morning; there was a piano there and they could hear her sing and see her dance. "We owe you an audition for Lulu's sake," the old man said courteously. She stared. Then she discovered that Lulu was the monkey.

She spent half the night in her little bedroom practising her steps and mentally running over her songs. They were mostly of a semi-classical kind, and she felt sure they would not be liked. She had, in fact, no illusions about the interview, and felt very large and gauche when she climbed on the little stage in the morning. As a matter of fact, she was a big girl, with fine, well-shaped arms and legs, and plenty of dark-red hair. Paul was small and well-made, and very dark; Papa was very thin. She sang, playing her own accompaniments, and sang to Paul's accompaniment—he read with the greatest ease. Obviously they liked her voice, but the songs were pronounced "*tristes*." Paul played, and she danced with the old man; then the old man played, and she danced with Paul. She danced very awkwardly; Paul lost his temper, and they stopped abruptly. Father and son conferred together, they shook their heads; it was obviously going to be no use. She put her music together, put on her gauntlet gloves, picked up the guide-book she had brought with her, and her parasol, and stood waiting for the word of dismissal.

Paul had been conferring with his father at the other side of the stage, and started to come to her, the fatal words on his lips. But he stopped. He gazed at her, some idea was forming in his mind. He clapped his hands softly. "The English mees," he exclaimed; "the perfect *touriste*!"

She felt insulted, and she grew red, and drew her light scarf tighter round her shoulders. That delighted him still more. "Ah, the blush!" He almost skipped with joy. He went back to his father, and talked to him in voluble French. The old man seemed doubtful, but Paul got his way. It came to this: she was to rehearse with them for a week, then they would see. She had to explain her financial position, and that she had meant to wire that day for money to take her home, and that she could not afford even one week more in Algiers; without hesitation they agreed to pay her modest *pension*. And what sort of work was she to do? They would explain that over a glass of beer, then they would come back and start to rehearse.

As she drank her lemon-squash it was explained to her that Paul, a year or two before, had written a small sketch, with songs, the subject being an English lady-tourist and her French guide. The English lady was a caricature of her race, and the fun consisted of the compromising situations she found herself in, and the ignorant, awkward questions she asked. The French guide scored every time. The sketch had not been successful because the plump young Frenchwoman did not look the least like an English tourist-lady, but Mary Carmichael did, she was it to the last dot. Paul still believed in his sketch, and wished to lengthen it, wished to make it into a number of episodes running through the whole evening, interspersed with Papa's tricks and one or two songs by Mary. Only, he insisted that her name must be changed, she must become Mabel Smith; Mabel was the perfect name for an English "mees," and Mary had little objection to dropping the Carmichael. She suspected that the theatrical project she was about to embark on would not bring much honour to the decent name of Carmichael. Of course, Paul added, the monkey must be strongly featured, it had obviously taken a fancy to her; she must teach it some new tricks. (*Continued on page* 103)



Then she called "Paul," and he came in from the next dressing-room wrapped in a shabby, greasy rag of a dressing-gown

Preparing to shoot a close-up of Derrick de Marney and Ann Todd in "Things to Come." Margaretta Scott is seen standing facing them and the camera-man, Georges Perinal, in white cap

The £.
Modern

Danny Gray, supervisor of the cutting rooms at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios, inspects some positive prints with Blanche Sewell, one of the best cutters in the trade

NEVER has there been any one business so dependent on *people* as the films. From a handful of enterprising men who, over half a century ago, assembled a handful of slap-stick comedians, a camera, a few shacks, a hero, a villain, and a love-lorn maiden, has grown a mammoth organisation, the facts and figures of which must be seen to be believed. The modern film-studio is an amazing co-ordination of varied activity, comprising hundreds of different departments, each one entirely self-contained and complete in its own organisation. It deals in millions of pounds of money, and gives employment literally to millions of people.

For one big picture alone (I am not counting the "shorts," news reels, or cartoons), more than a thousand different types of people are employed at once. So that if you take into account the number of "big" pictures which are being produced simultaneously, quite an interesting figure will be reached!

The actual amount paid out in salaries, excluding the artists, for one single picture produced on a fairly lavish scale averages about forty thousand pounds. This figure, as a matter of fact, was drawn from the pay-sheet of an English film-studio. One studio alone provides a hundred and seventy-six different kinds of jobs, and to every actor seen on the screen there are fifteen pairs of hands, fifteen faces, and fifteen personalities whom the public never see, or never will see. Yet without their contributions to the great mosaic which is a modern motion picture, the work of all the Garbos, Shearers, and Crawfords in the world could not reach the screen to entertain us.

There are three curious facts about a modern film organisation, I have discovered. The first is, that out of the thousand employees, not more than twenty (excluding the artists) are women! On discussing this with a well-known film producer, he told me that personally he considered women physically unfit for the strenuous life that films demanded. "I do not believe in women working at night," he said, "and anyone employed on a film staff must be prepared to work at any hour of the night and day. All the cleaning, for instance, must be done at night, as the studio is never free during the day, and I do not like to employ women cleaners who may be alone in the building at night."

The second curious fact, which relates to the money side of a film-studio, is that for every kind of film, whether big or small, the percentages of film costs work out the same. Take, for example, a film which costs £100,000. This, roughly, is how the costs and salaries average out—

Cost of film itself (actual reel), £15,000.

Electric current, £250.

Sets (including labour), £8000.

Laboratory (developing, printing, and labour), £15,000.

Wardrobe department (if it is a "costume" picture), £5000.

Director's salary, £4000.

Artists' salaries (not including a very big star, who usually works on a different basis), £8000.

Electricians (nearly the most highly paid in all the film business), £1000.

Other salaries and costs (including royalties), £40,000.

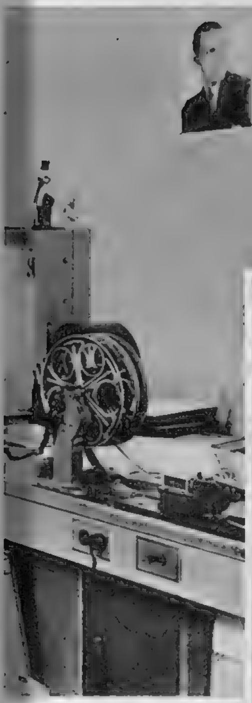
The third is that actually the motion pictures industry is dealing with intangibles rather than tangibles! Where, for instance, a manufacturer relies upon rows and rows of machines to produce rows and rows of material, in pictures man's trained brains and hands, even his machines, are turning out abstracts, atmosphere, and *effects*—horror on a man's face, a woman's kiss, the cry of a child, moonlight, panic, and so on.

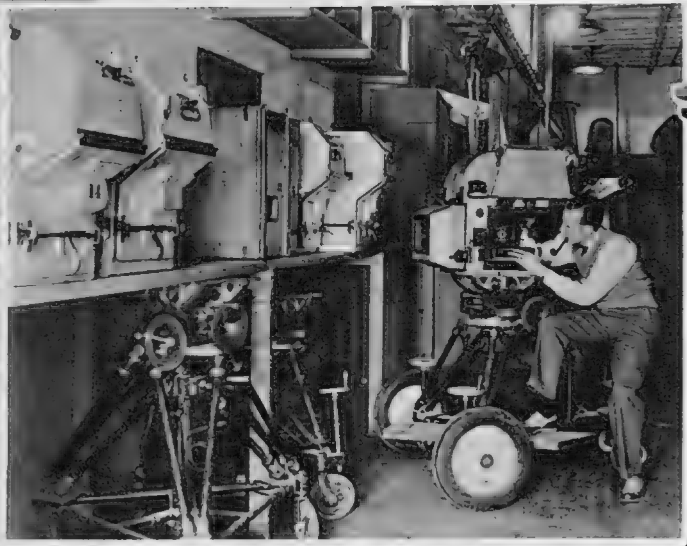
One of the most interesting developments in a modern studio is the transport department. One film company that I know employs a "fleet" of cars. These include private luxurious taxis to take visitors and other people to and from the studio to their destinations; advertising vans, and lorries to take the crowd players and property out on "location." In addition, this company also runs its own aeroplanes. One, a de Havilland Leopard enclosed cabin high-wing monoplane, with a cruising speed of a hundred and twenty m.p.h. with three passengers and luggage, is attached to the publicity department, (*Continued on page* 82.)

s. d. of a Film Studio

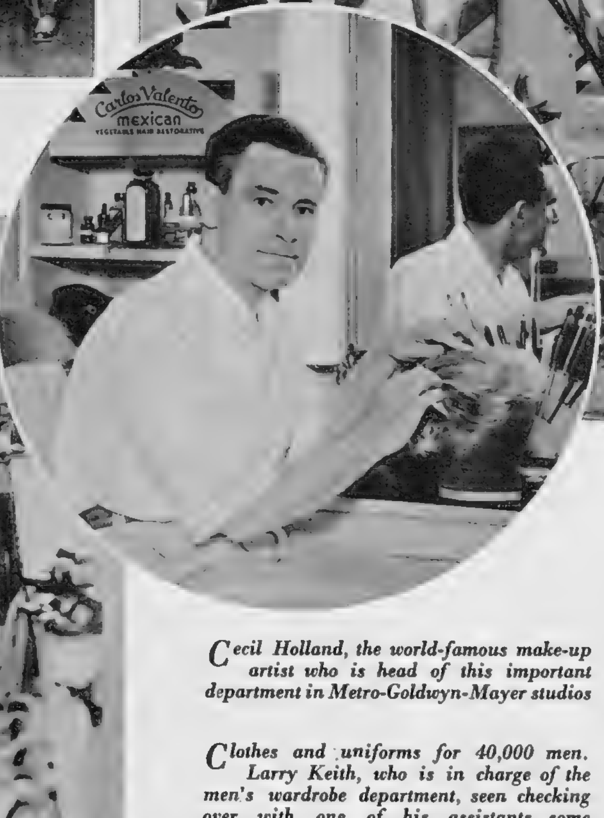
Big Money means Big Employment

By Beatrix Moore



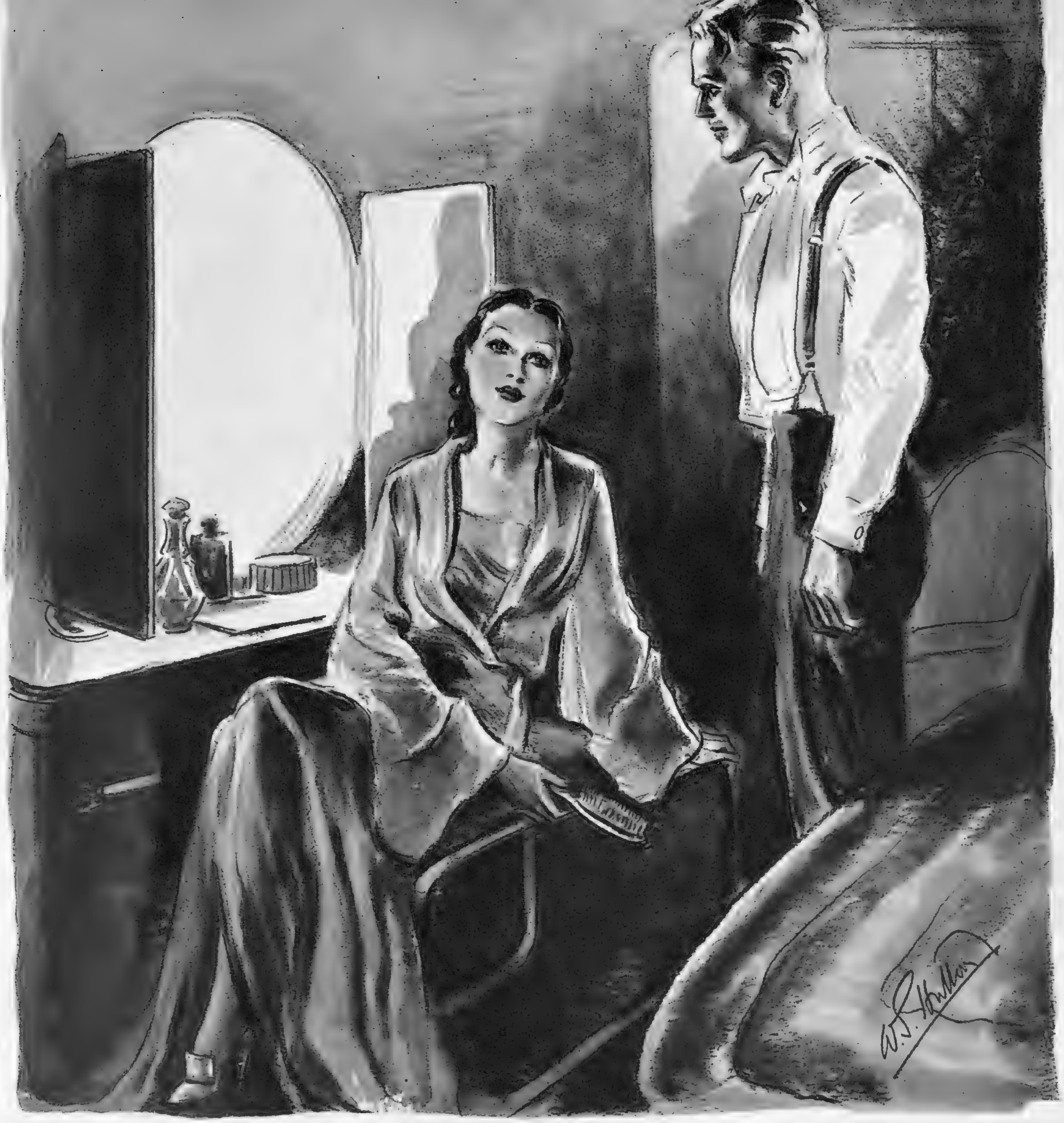


Thousands of pounds have been invested in camera equipment for the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios. The very latest lenses and cameras are constantly being improved and kept up to date



Cecil Holland, the world-famous make-up artist who is head of this important department in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios

Clothes and uniforms for 40,000 men. Larry Keith, who is in charge of the men's wardrobe department, seen checking over with one of his assistants some articles in the character wardrobe store



He was still in his trousers and shirt when he went into Joan's room "Joan" he said, "I'm sorry"

One little Thing leads to Another, especially if a Man is fool enough to believe the worst of the best of Wives

Illustrations by W. S. Hulton

"YOU are just simply talking nonsense, Guy. And it is all the more nonsense because it is on a subject which you couldn't possibly hope to understand!"

"If you imagine that only a married man can understand women . . ."

"Only a married man can understand marriage."

"Only a married man can blind himself to everything."

"That means nothing at all, Guy, and you know it! Have an Armagnac with your coffee?"

"I think so. Yes; I'm sure I will!"

The order was given, and Guy Rayne leant back in his chair and carefully punctured the end of his cigar. He was a bachelor who had almost made a creed of that condition, but, like most bachelors, he had a passion for discussing the science of marriage.

He had been dining at the Club with Peter Lovat. They had been friends since their school-days. In fact, Guy had been Peter's best man, and had carried that business through with the utmost efficiency and the slightly cynical expression which, privately, he fancied rather suited him. It was one of those friendships which had survived.

Guy dined with Peter and Mrs. Peter frequently. He had come to be looked upon as part of the family. But he had never abandoned his cynical attitude towards married life, more especially as it seemed to amuse Joan Lovat and gave him the opportunity of getting off the series of epigrams which were his stock-in-trade.

Nice, happy little dinners, they were. Guy Rayne had come to look upon them as a part of his life.

Joan and Peter. A charming couple, but, of course, they hadn't the least idea of the problems which were in front of them.

Poor old Peter! Just because he had survived four years of marriage he imagined that he had solved all its problems.

It was always good sport ragging the old chap on the subject. Guy found his Armagnac grateful and comforting, and the cigar was drawing nicely. He returned to the charge, his half-smile more cynical than ever.

"Your ideas of married life, Guy," said Peter, "are primeval. They are based on your own fifth-form ideas on the subject, backed up by your experience of the cheaper kind of music-hall jokes. I repeat, you are pathetic!"

The waiter arrived with the Armagnac, which is a nice and potent brandy. In fact, you hardly know what it is doing to you until it has done it.

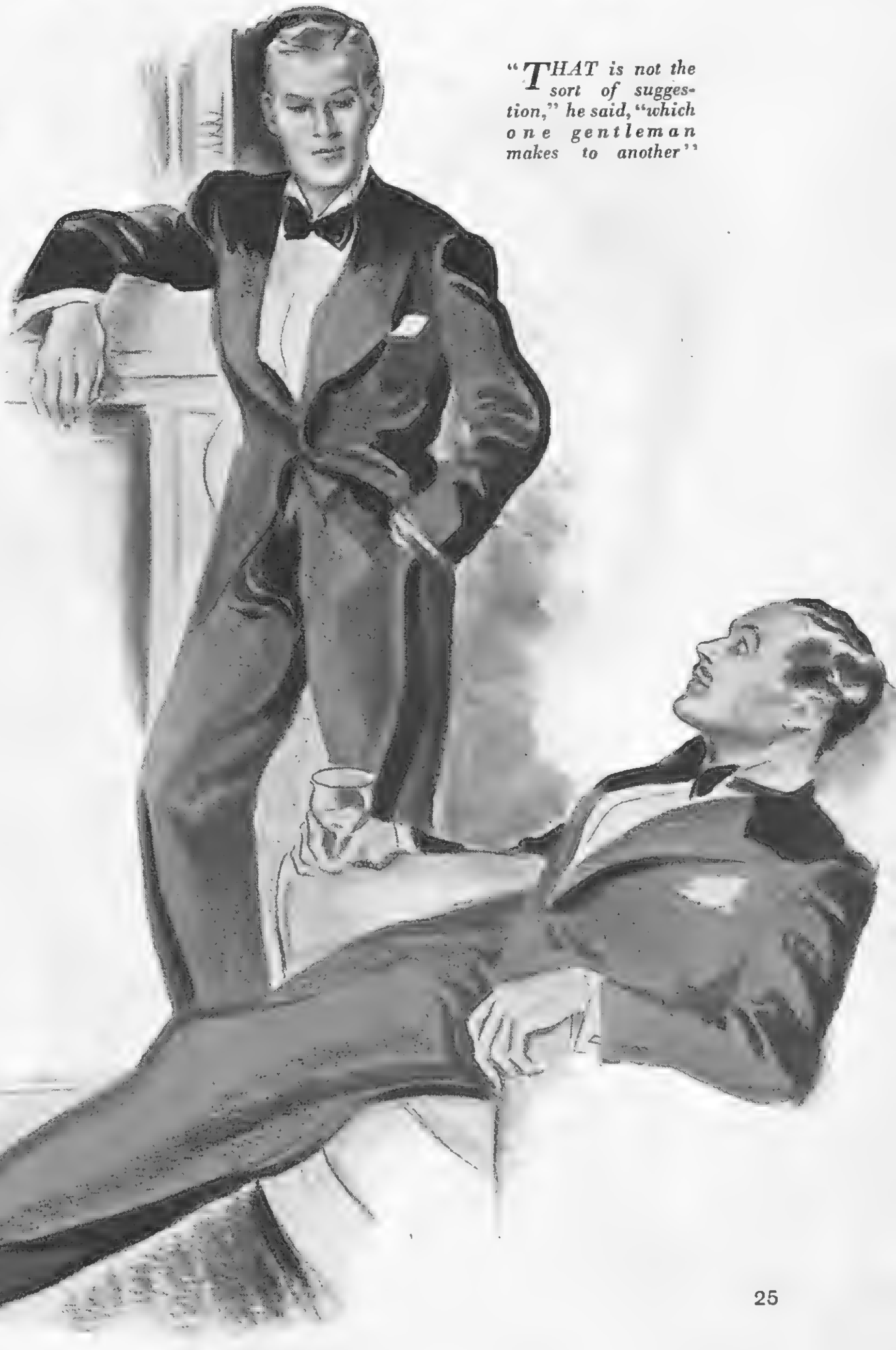
The argument, which had started as a more or less academic after-dinner entertainment, became more and more serious. Guy found himself upholding his theories with heat and indignation. And as the evening wore on the atmosphere changed. It became a positive necessity, something in the nature of a crusade, to argue Peter out of his smug and self-satisfied ideas about married life. The subject, by some devilry of the Armagnac, was no longer that of married life in the abstract but of Peter's married life in particular.

Peter said :—

"Let me tell you this, Guy. If I wanted to stay out all night Joan wouldn't mind a bit. Naturally I should give her a ring in case she thought I'd been run over or something, but nothing else would enter her mind,

After Dinner Conversation

By John Hastings Turner



"THAT is not the sort of suggestion," he said, "which one gentleman makes to another"

"My dear Peter, I don't care who the people are or how intimately they imagine that they know each other, the fact remains that no two people *can* know each other to the ultimate dot. It just can't be done. There'll always be a margin of error."

Peter snorted derisively.

"Do you mean to tell me," he asked, "that you and I don't know each other down to the last dot, as you call it?"

"Certainly we don't," was the reply. "Do you really imagine that you know every intimate secret of my life?"

"I know that you haven't got any," laughed Peter, "which I fancy comes to about the same thing!"

Guy's smile became even more enigmatic than ever.

"And, besides, married life has a quality of complete trust which is all its own. What I mean is, it would be impossible to live with someone under those conditions and not know if she was—well, keeping anything from one. I see that you don't agree, but then, as I pointed out earlier, it is a subject which you couldn't possibly hope to understand. I'm afraid, Guy, that you are that rather pathetic figure, the perpetual best man. Like the universal aunt, you know. I expect you keep a special morning coat for the job, don't you?"

But Guy was not going to be steered away from his evening's entertainment by any attempted facetiousness on the part of Peter.

The club fire was too warm and his cigar too good to allow of the breaking up of the party.

He considered the tactics which he adopted to prolong it rather subtle. "Well, Peter," he said, "I suppose you run under orders? Have to be getting home, eh?"

He was fully aware that this would infuriate Peter. Nor was he wrong. The immediate answer was that Peter got up and rang the bell.

When the waiter appeared he ordered two more large Armagnacs.

The ringing of that bell, as will be seen, proved the undoing of everybody.

except that I . . . well, that I . . ."

"That you were out all night?" put in Guy gently. "And does that apply to Joan, too?"

Peter's voice was stiff.

"I don't know what you mean," he said.

"I mean, if Joan telephoned to the club to say that *she* was going to be out all night?"

There was the least suspicion of a pause before Peter answered.

"Of course the same thing would apply," he said.

Guy permitted himself his little smile once more. It struck Peter that his old friend could be absolutely maddening at times.

He began a long and earnest lecture on the perfectly ideal relationship between himself and Joan.

One has to remember that they had had sherry, a bottle of Chambertin, two glasses of vintage port, and the fateful Armagnac.

Peter's lecture was becoming intolerable, and Guy broke in recklessly, "I am willing to bet," he said, "that there is something in Joan's life which you know nothing about at all!"

Peter was in that condition of mellowness which, for some reason or other, has the effect of taking men straight back into the eighteenth century. He rose, with deliberation, and knocked his cigar out into the fireplace.

"That is not the sort of suggestion," he said, "which one gentleman makes to another."

Guy, too, had become mildly pompous.

"Perhaps," he said, "the party had better break up."

"Perhaps," replied Peter, "it had!"

It broke up, with a solemn shaking of hands which hadn't happened between the two men for years.

Peter decided to walk back to Portland Place. It was not, of course, that he was in the least drunk, but the night air did seem cool and comforting . . . and, anyway, one had so few chances of taking exercise.

That walk was a nightmare.

It was, of course, absurd to think twice of the kind of silly remark that Guy could always be relied upon to make. Quite ridiculous.

Who was in a better position to know his own life than himself? And yet the thing niggled at him. That idea about there always being a margin of error. Well, there was that in everything, he supposed. But that didn't make it any more comforting. And then that last remark . . . "something in Joan's life which you know nothing about at all!"

Nonsense, of course. But why, then, couldn't he laugh at it? Probably would in the morning. Certainly would in the morning. It was a mistake to have had that second Armagnac. That kind of thing put one's ideas out of focus. Be all right in the morning. . . But it wasn't all right in the morning.

He found himself a little awkward with Joan at breakfast.

Making rather elaborate conversation about the Parliamentary news. He thought she regarded him with a certain amount of surprise. He wasn't in the habit of making elaborate conversation at breakfast. Rather the contrary. But he couldn't explain that he was feeling extra bright or some nonsense of that kind. What he had got to do was to be horribly careful in future to be normal.

At his office he found the utmost difficulty in keeping his mind upon his work. He kept on seeing the face of Guy with that horrid little smile at the corners of his lips. . .

He argued to himself that the thing was ridiculous. Why on earth should he pay the least attention to the remarks of an encrusted bachelor largely inflamed by Armagnac?

And yet. . .

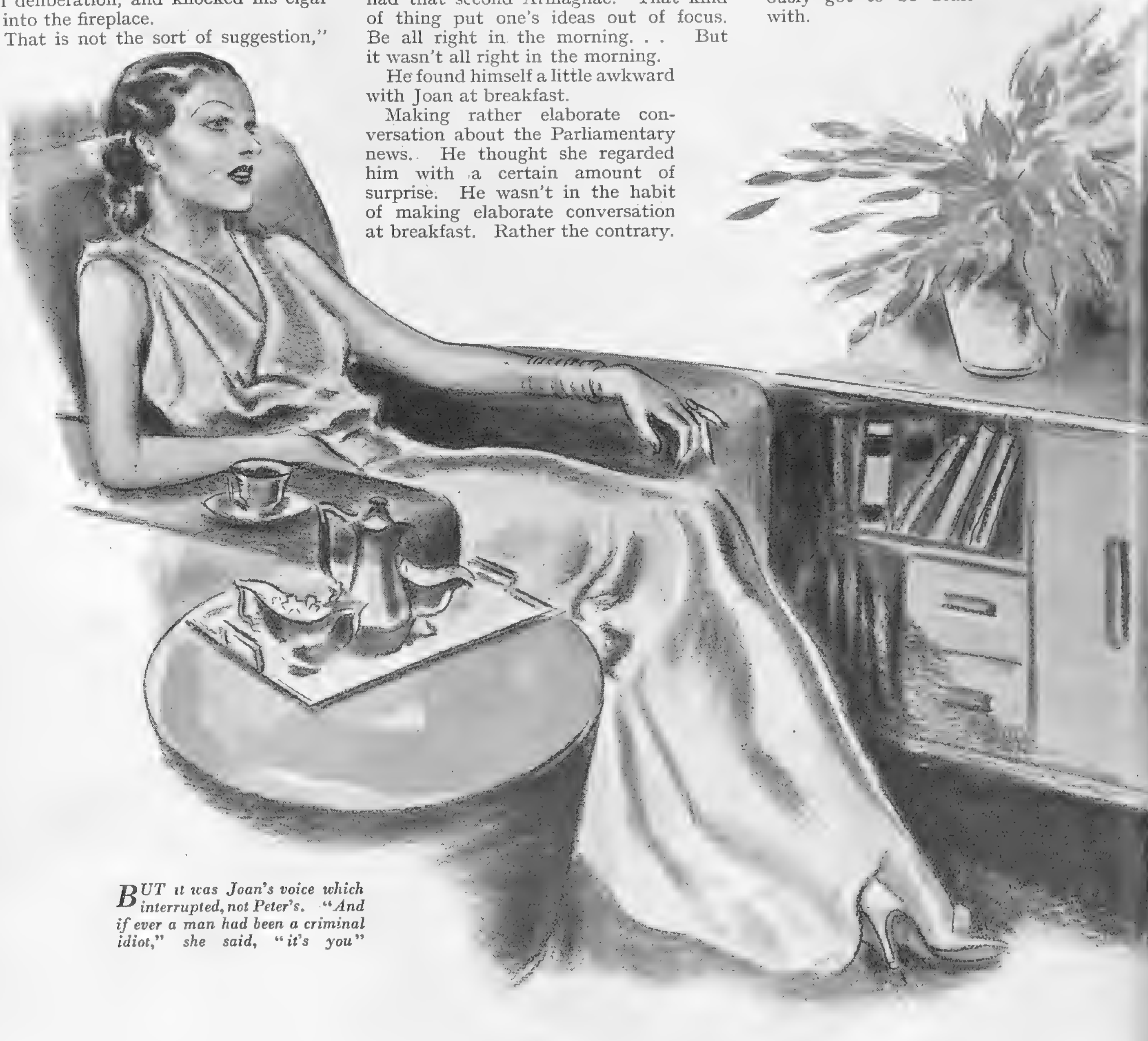
The saddle of mutton at Simpson's seemed to have lost its savour and each brussels sprout wore the abominable smile of Guy Rayne.

It had always been Peter's habit to call in at the club for a small whisky and soda before going home.

Almost automatically he found himself walking in that direction. But suddenly he stopped and hailed a taxi viciously. He wasn't going back there for a bit . . . not to be reminded.

Once again at dinner Joan seemed to be regarding him with rather a puzzled expression on her face. Once again he was aware of being unnaturally and stupidly "bright."

This thing had obviously got to be dealt with.



BUT it was Joan's voice which interrupted, not Peter's. "And if ever a man had been a criminal idiot," she said, "it's you"

Soon Joan would begin asking him questions, and if he answered in any way corresponding to the truth she would think him a lunatic, and rightly.

Joan was going out to a picture with some friends.

He heard a voice which he didn't recognise as his own saying sharply: "You never told me that!"

That was exactly the sort of remark which he loathed in husbands. Two days ago he would never have said it. Joan raised her eyebrows ever so slightly.

"I didn't think it would interest you, dear," she said, and added, in a ruminating sort of way, "You seem a little nervy, darling. Are things all right at the office?"

"Perfectly. Doing very well. I'm not nervy a bit!"

"I thought you seemed a little on edge. What about keeping an early bed?"

"Perhaps I will."

She kissed him.

"I expect you're tired, Peterkin. Let's have a holiday soon, if things will run to it."

He nodded. A violent assault upon the front door announced the arrival of the picture party. In the ordinary way he would have gone downstairs and greeted them. He knew them all and, forty-eight hours ago, had rather liked them.

But now their loud and healthy good spirits seemed to revolt him.

"What about keeping an early bed?"

Why had Joan said that? Quite a natural and nice thing to say, of course, but . . why had she said it? That wasn't a question that he would have asked himself the day before yesterday.

He heard the taxi move off with the usual crashing of gears and an obbligato of happy laughter.

Well, what he had got to do was to get this nonsense out of his system. An early bed and a dose of something in the morning. That would do it.

HE went to bed early and he took his dose in the morning, and he went to his office hoping for the best. But the thing was still nibbling at the innermost recesses of his brain.

Nonsense, of course. But why should nonsense get one all "het up" like this? What was that absurd proverb, "take the bull by the horns"? Did it mean anything in this case?

He supposed that, actually, it did. It meant going to Joan and saying to her, "Are you hiding anything from me, and, if so, what is it?"

And Joan would look at him in a puzzled way and probably burst into shrieks of laughter. And what then?

He told himself again and again, as he tried to find sleep, that Guy had been talking the kind of nonsense which he always talked.

What on earth did Guy know about married life?

Once more he tossed about in his bed miserably. What did *he* know about married life? Nothing, except that it seemed to work and that he and Joan got on pretty well together. He was half asleep when the idea came to him. Supposing. . . Put it to her that she might have. . .

It didn't seem a very pretty thing to do, but then it wasn't very pretty to be going around with a long face and being a blight in the home. Anyway, this scheme would finish the thing and he could always say that it had been a joke and that he just wanted to see how she'd take it. It was more than possible that she wouldn't think it a very good joke . . but still. . .

He had quite made up his mind that it was the only way to cure himself. He was going to be pretty subtle about the thing, too. He wasn't going to be in the least vague about it, and give her the opportunity to deny everything. He would put it to her that he knew for a fact that she had fallen in love with another man. Her immediate reaction would tell him all that he wanted to know, before she said a word. And then, when she had asked him what on earth he was talking about, he'd tell her about its being a joke. . .

It was some days, however, before he could bring himself up to scratch. And then suddenly, after dinner, he took the plunge.

"Joan," he said, sternly, "you may have noticed that I . . er . . have not been quite myself lately?"

"I have," she answered. "If only you'd stick to your soda-mint after meals. . ."

"The thing has nothing to do with soda-mint."

"No? It's a very odd thing how men hate to admit

(*Continued on page 108*)

RECRUITS to the new German Army being interrogated by a police agent

THE Reich's Minister of War, General von Blomberg, inspects some troops of the new army

The New German

THE seventy-year-old General Ludendorff, who was one of Germany's famous generals during the war

Right:
THE new chief of the German General Staff, General Ludwig von Beck, who was appointed to that post last July

WITH the approach of early spring it is anticipated that more than half a million young men will have been fitted into the German military machine, otherwise the greatly expanded Reichswehr, otherwise Hitler's Regular Army. It is estimated that already between three and four hundred thousand are wearing the green-grey uniform that has been substituted for the famous field-grey of the war. And already the advent of this new conscript force in most of the towns and cities of Germany is having certain social repercussions. That it will have many more is guaranteed by the avowed intention, after twenty-one long and dreary years, to reconjure as much of the colour and panoply, the gaiety and life and ceremonial of garrison towns throughout the Reich as is compatible with an expenditure much more rigidly controlled than ever had to be the case in the past.

None loves a uniform, parade or display more than the German, and it is safe to say that the Nazis are hoping for considerable psychological results in the departure from all the drabness that has weighed so heavily since the defeat of 1918. When all these young men begin marching and parading once more—the "war babies" of 1914-15, they will mostly be!—when the bands crash out again and standards are proudly born through scores of provincial centres, big and little, when the evening concerts and other typical festive occasions frequented by the military recommence after what must seem a lifetime, *that* day, you may be sure, will be a red-letter one in Germany.

Yet, will things ever resemble the old "life in a garrison town" that died on August 1, 1914? The question is well worth asking, since a great deal may depend upon the answer that 1936 should give us.

Enquiry shows that the recasting and transformation in process of enactment will imply the fourth deep modification in the German Army within a period of sixty-five years.

Firstly, there was the wonderfully efficient fighting machine that came into being on the fields of Austria and France between 1866 and 1870. This army, for character and general ability, stood alone: no one challenged its superiority. By reorganising her system of education, her civil service, and her army; by strict obedience over decades to the teachings of Stein, Hardenberg, and von Scharnhorst; by developing to the utmost degree alike compulsory education and universal military service, Prussia had ascended with a bang to the continental top. And for two decades after Sedan no one dreamed of disputing this German Army's supremacy.

Yet by the early 'nineties it became plain that a change was occurring, that the hardened and conquering legions, the miracle of organisation that had been controlled in the field and behind by Moltke and Roon, was dissolving by the normal working of anno domini and of fattening peace, and that the army which was taking the old one's place was no longer of the same quality or vigour.

Up to a point it seems to be just one further item that has to be laid at the door of William II, brilliant but wrong in many things. Did the Supreme War Lord who is popularly supposed to have forged the mailed fist diminish the efficiency of the very force that wielded it? He did. From the outset of his reign in 1888 he contrived to divide the German nation into two castes—those in the service of the Emperor and private citizens. He of all people gave life to "Kastengeist" ("the spirit of caste"). Especially the officer caste came steadily to enjoy privileges and social distinctions entirely denied the civilian population, which had—literally—to get off the pavement. Officers were in this specious manner compensated for an iron discipline and quite poor pay. And after fifteen years of the special treatment, so clearly destined to demoralise, the bomb burst.

IN 1903 there appeared a novel, *Aus einer kleinen Garnison*, that was to set all Europe by the ears when its author, Lieutenant Bilse, was court-martialled, and the book itself suppressed by the Berlin Government. The book told the truth about five years lived in the small frontier station of Forbach, near Metz, and that truth was so cruel and grave that it shook Germany. So the military colossus had feet of clay, after all! The characters in the novel were so thinly veiled that five

Army

"Life in a Garrison Town" Again—but a Life with the Civilians not against them

By Ferdinand Tuohy

A TROOP of honour with the flags of the three Hindenburg regiments about to enter the Zeughaus museum on the occasion of the unveiling of a bust to the late German President

Right:

AT the slope. An infantryman of the new German Army

senior officers of the little garrison had to be removed from the army, while another officer and the wife of one of his comrades were the victims of murder and suicide in a foreign capital, whither the two had fled from their crimes. The allegations ran through the gamut: gross cruelty to subordinates, debauchery, crime and forgery, impossible indebtedness, constant drunkenness, degeneracy, inefficiency, and acute unpopularity with "the Civilians." And why, asked the author, should these conditions be considered as only referring to Forbach? They were no such thing, protested young Bilse at his trial (he was sentenced to six months and cashiered). They were to be found duplicated in garrisons all over the Empire, though more specially, perhaps, in the smaller, frontier stations. Parents, with sons unending in the Service, were more than shamed—they were appalled.

The main teaching of the novel was clear and precise. The army had been allowed to become completely divorced from the rest of the country, which was growing to hate it. Its young conscripts left its ranks in similar state of mind. The officers and N.C.O.'s went out of their way to make it hard for the troops; worse, practised systematic cruelty and injustice in the men's regard. The Kaiser was furious at the whole business, yet he realised that something had to be done, and forthwith. So there followed the ten years of attempted high-speed betterment that was to end with the war. Ex-Lieutenant Bilse, who sought haven in London, had demanded that many things be done, notably these six:—

Responsible persons, only, in responsible positions, and not men open to criticism, having neither justice nor tact.

Ill-treatment of privates to be rigidly suppressed so that a conscript does not leave the army full of resentment.

Intellectual activity of the officer to be enlarged. Occupying as he does the chief social rank in his country, only a person mentally and morally cultivated can uphold his position. He must, above all, learn to value and respect the civilian classes.

No officer to be permitted a false sense of self-importance.

Energetic measures to check luxury in living leading to hopeless indebtedness, debasing the officer morally and impairing his usefulness, destroying the national confidence in him.

All officers to be allowed to serve in the great garrisons. None should have to serve more than two or three years in the frontier garrisons which lead to mental and moral deterioration (*Continued on page 80*)

Beacon

Old Man's Dream

By Leslie

FOR a moment, as the canoe rounded a bend of the river, an eye of light that might have seemed a beacon for ships had it not been where it was, and placed high up on the precipitous hillside, welcomed the two men who paddled bow and stern through mist and darkness and a gusty rain. Like a lighthouse it gave out intermittent flashes, and though it was faint and at a distance its gleam seemed to bewilder the leathery old-timer whose strong wrists and sure instincts had guided the craft safely through difficult waters thus far.

"Easy!" shouted Sonter, the younger man, who paddled bow. "Whirlpools ahead."

The fury of dangerously narrowed waters caught them, spun them, but the old experienced wrists fought and won. The canoe drifted into safe shallows and touched the comfortable security of a beach of sand.

"We'll make camp," said the old prospector curtly. "It's the very devil of a night."

Sonter confirmed the idea with an oath.

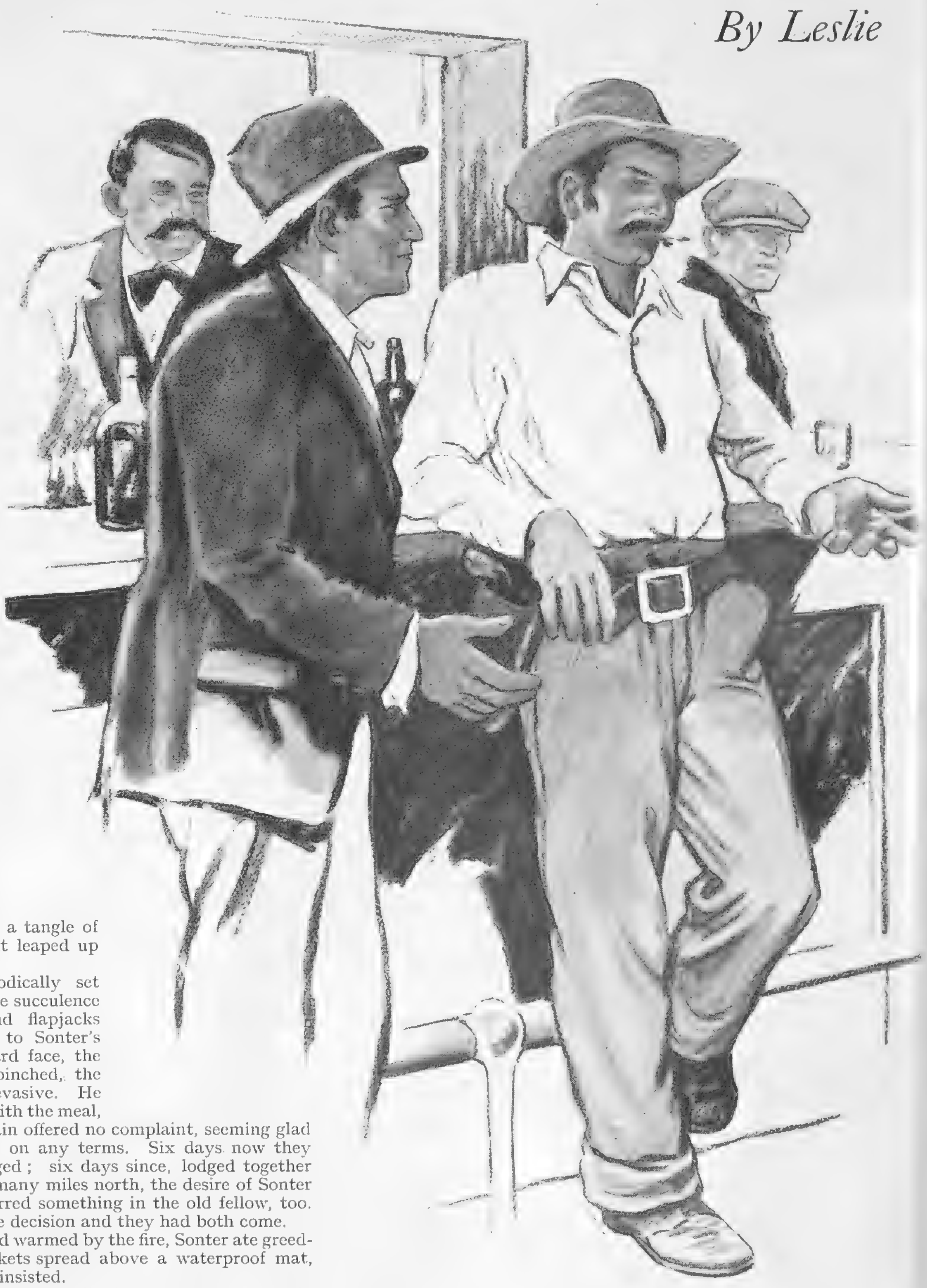
"Who was it wanted to push on?" he demanded, gracelessly enough for one in another's debt, but the old man had no reply. He seemed quite capable of understanding Sonter's bitterness of spirit. Sonter had come out of the barren lands, heading south, with a hungry look in his eyes. There is a hunger for food which will make men do strange and merciless things in extremity; but Sonter's was something more than physical hunger, though the grubstake he had won by trickery at cards was long since gone, and he had to subsist as best he might. Thanks to the humanity of prospectors and trappers with whom he fell in, his stomach was filled now and again. But those other pangs were only intensified by men whose talk turned readily to gold. Sonter had come north to find the precious metal; he was going back bitter and defeated.

Wind and rain still beating upon them, the two men got ashore, finding a ledge of rock with sheltering escarpments on either side. Quickly a tent was pitched; dry, resinous sticks were grubbed from a tangle of scrub timber, and firelight leaped up to reward them.

The elder man methodically set about getting food, and the succulence of beans and bacon and flapjacks brought some relaxation to Sonter's face. It was a queer, hard face, the lips too thin, the nose pinched, the brow neutral, the eyes evasive. He made no attempt to help with the meal, but the old prospector again offered no complaint, seeming glad enough of companionship on any terms. Six days now they had navigated and portaged; six days since, lodged together in the prospector's shack many miles north, the desire of Sonter to get back south had stirred something in the old fellow, too. Suddenly he had made the decision and they had both come.

Sheltered by the tent and warmed by the fire, Sonter ate greedily, then lay back on blankets spread above a waterproof mat, upon which the old man insisted.

"Rheumatism, son," he said. "It's an enemy to watch. Maybe if I'd been a mite careful when I was your age——"

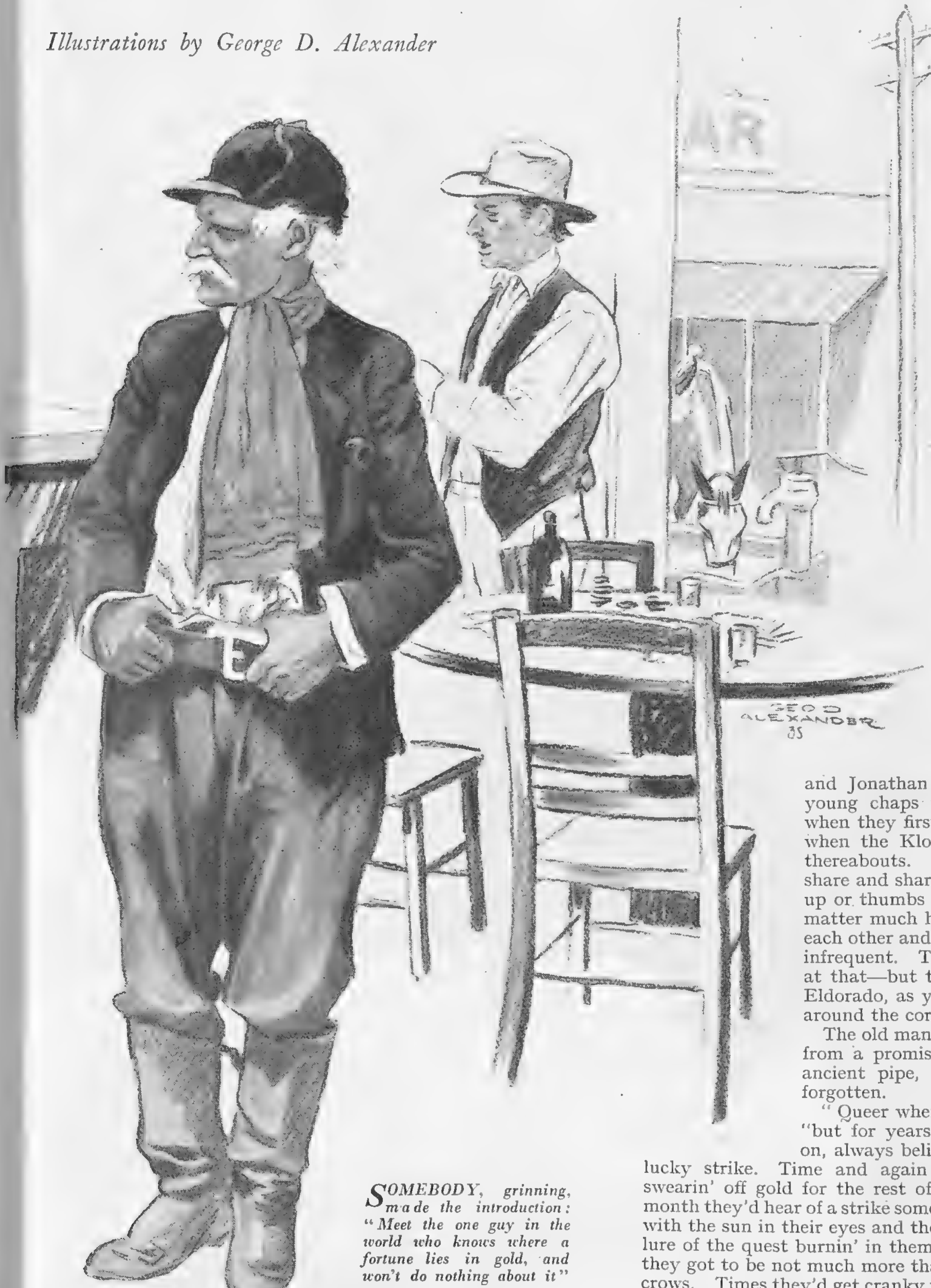


# of GOLD

—Young Man's Greed:

Gordon Barnard

Illustrations by George D. Alexander



SOMEBODY, grinning, made the introduction: "Meet the one guy in the world who knows where a fortune lies in gold, and won't do nothing about it"

Sonter laughed.

" If I ever grow as old as you I'll sure hope to be as flexible. You're good for lots of doings yet, old-timer ! "

The other's face muscles moved; the weathered skin was drawn high over cheekbones that emphasised the great caverns of his eyes. A drooping white moustache only half concealed the line of his generous mouth.

" Good for lots," he said, " but suppose the heart's gone out of you ? " He leaned forward, gazing at Sonter strangely. " You've got the look," he said at last. " It's like drink to some men. You've got it—and was I you I'd sure aim to watch it. Gold ! The lust for gold." His fingers twitched a little. " Not just to have it—but to find it—to wrest it for yourself out of the earth." His voice became more sombre. " It's a thing a man's sort of got to watch himself about. It can play hell with lives, and friendships, and the souls of men ! "

When his voice ceased a muffled echo of it seemed to be held in the rocks; then that, too, died and the sound of wind and rain, though it could scarcely reach them here, became omnipresent. Sonter, speaking not at all, lay full length on his improvised couch, elbow crooked to support his head so that, broodingly, he could watch the old man and hear what gold could do in the inmost soul.

The prospector was the least loquacious of men, but now he seemed to want to talk. And Sonter, tranquillised by a full stomach and warmth, made a good listener.

" Seeing that light up yonder," said the old-timer, "that one that flashed on and off like as we come around the bend, got me thinking back a deal. All this district hereabouts I used to know purty well. Hain't heard the story of old Jim Weston and his light, have you ? "

" No," said Sonter.

" Well, it can be told purty quick, for all that there's two destinies, as you might say, tied up in the bundle—his and another's."

Deep in the leathery caverns under his bushy brows, his eyes smouldered.

" Joe Weston had a pardner," he said. " You've belike heard tell of David and Jonathan ? Well, that's how those two young chaps was. They were young then when they first met, fightin' their way north when the Klondyke rush was on in '98 or thereabouts. They fell in together, goin' share and share alike, whether it was thumbs up or thumbs down for them ; and it didn't matter much how it was so long as they had each other and grub didn't come too almighty infrequent. They didn't get much pickings at that—but they were all fired happy, and Eldorado, as you might say, was always just around the corner of to-morrow."

The old man paused to shift his feet further from a promising puddle, and to charge an ancient pipe, which, once lit, was quickly forgotten.

" Queer when you look at it," he resumed, "but for years those two kept adventurin' on, always believin' some day they'd make a lucky strike. Time and again they'd come back defeated, swearin' off gold for the rest of their natural lives ; and next month they'd hear of a strike somewhere, and they'd be off again, with the sun in their eyes and the wind on their cheeks and the lure of the quest burnin' in them. But the years went by and they got to be not much more than a coupla tattered old scarecrows. Times they'd get cranky with each other, but deep down they loved with a love passing the love of women."

Sonter shifted on his elbow, and broke in gruffly : " But the light up there, and the gold, what's all this got to do——? "

" The gold ? Yes ! It was old Joe Weston found the gold at last. Struck it rich, he did. But he was alone then. Can you beat that for a queer break ? The one time Joe Weston had to go it alone because this pardner of his was laid up, he stumbles on what both had always talked of and dreamt about. God knows in what unlikely forsaken valley he found it, but there it was, and there it is. Free gold ! Nuggets you wouldn't believe washed out of the bed of a lost river. He come back to tell his pardner. Son," said the old prospector sitting up and leaning forward, " you got to get this right. You see, Joe's pardner was laid up with a sort of rheumatic fever, and flat on his back convalescing when Joe comes back with the news. Do you wonder that everything inside him went sour ? To be flat on his back when the big find was made ! So what did he do, with Joe Weston leanin' eager-eyed over the bed offering him fifty-fifty ? Why, he looked up, Joe Weston's pardner did, and cussed him to all get out. Then he lay back gaspin', watchin' the light die out of Joe Weston's face, and something hard as steel come there instead." The old man sucked at a dead pipe. " Gold did that," he said. " Gold came between them—then they hated."

Silence fell between the two men.

" But the light ? " said Sonter at last.

" Impatient, ain't you ? Won't let an old feller reminisce his own way ? Well, I'll make an end. Joe Weston, after he'd seen how it was, he went back to his cabin swearin' he'd never have his pardner darken the door again. But Joe, he weren't one to hold a grudge. It warn't his nature. So what does he do but trek back to the hospital a fortnight later, all set to make peace, only to find his old pardner was up and gone, nobody knew where.

" Joe, he tried everywhere to find the feller, but it warn't no use. He'd clear vanished. It preyed on Joe's mind, I guess. It got so he'd tell about it to every stranger happenin' through these parts, hopin' maybe they'd run across the man. Joe'd say to 'em : ' If you meet up with him, you tell him—see ?—you tell him Joe Weston's still waitin' for him to go in after that gold. You tell him Joe Weston's got a beacon fixed and burnin' for him up at the old cabin, and so long as that burns it'll mean there's both a welcome and the gold waitin'——' "

He broke off and set a fresh match to his pipe.

" I hain't seen the light before," he admitted, " but I heard about it, even way up north. They say it's a sort of obsession-like with Joe Weston. Sunset he lights it, and keeps it goin' till sunrise. They say it ain't been out for goin' on ten years."

Sonter sat up and stared at the narrator.

" You mean," he demanded, " that this guy ain't done nothing about that gold ? That he's just passed it up, waiting for his old pal ? "

" That's the size of it."

" Well, can you beat that ! " breathed Sonter with something like awe. He lay back, considering the thing, until presently he fell asleep, his snores tearing the silence, and, haunting his dreams, the vision of gold.

THE morning broke in blue and white and golden splendour. The mists had rolled from the hills ; the rain-washed valley was vivid and inviting ; gulls wheeled in plaintive but poetic motion to tell that the sea was not so many miles away. At breakfast Sonter broached an idea : " How about stoppin' over a day or two ? "

The old-timer looked at him.

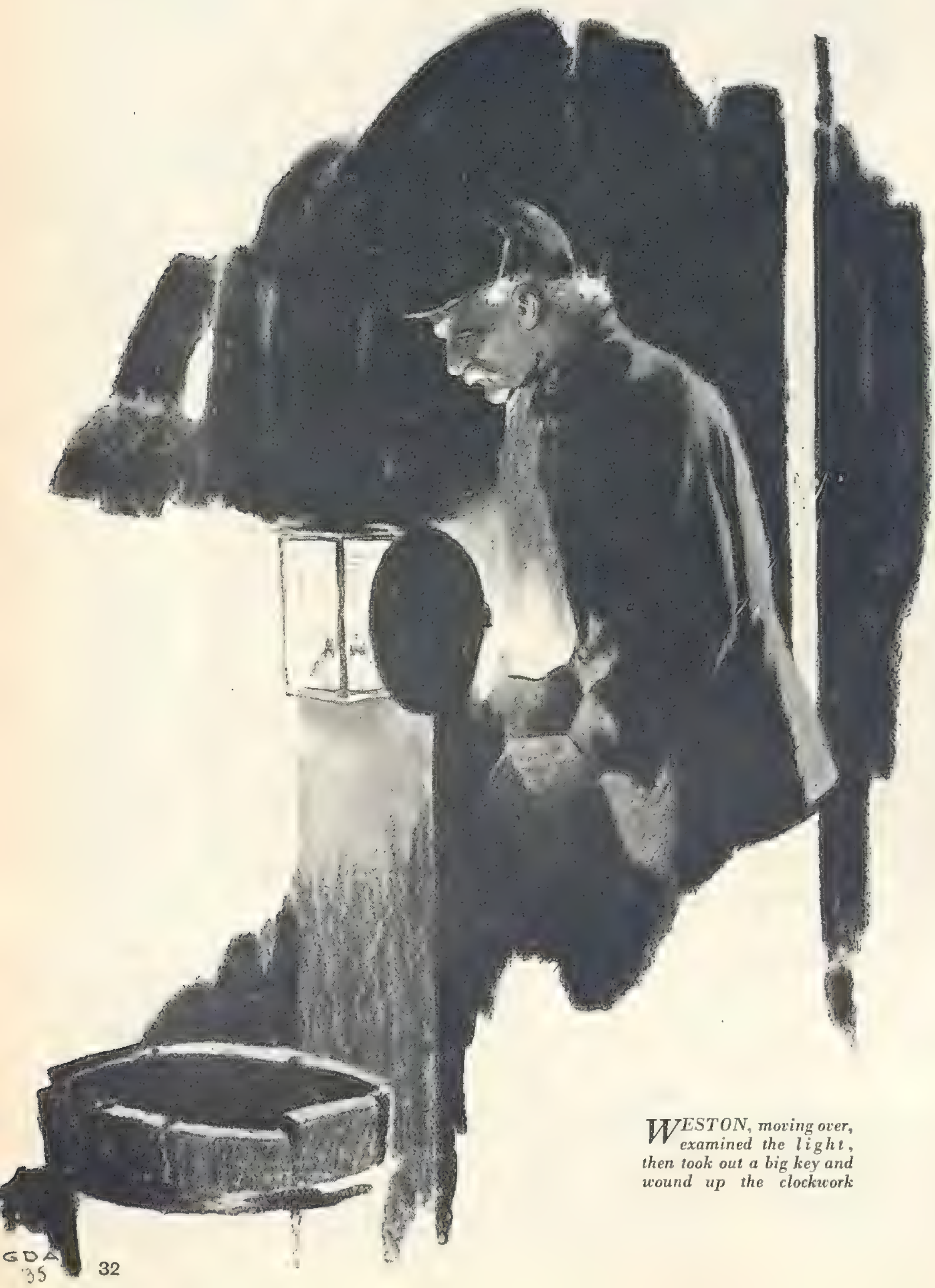
" Two minds with but a single thought," he said, with a doubtful grin.

" There are stores ? "

" One or two. Quite a settlement hereabouts. It's all right, son, you go buy yourself something and pretend you're back in civilisation. I'm old enough to know what it feels like to get back to some of the gadgets a man's been used to. If you climb up this rock a piece and hit to the left you'll find a trail'll take you there. I'll expect you when I see you."

As soon as breakfast was over Sonter went. Mounting the rock, he found the trail, pausing only long enough to note where, high up on the hillside, and perhaps a mile away, old Joe Weston's cabin stood boldly out, whitewashed and neat in the brilliant morning light. Then he went on down a further declivity to where in a valley, lay the little town. It was larger than he had imagined : a smelter, a canning industry, and a sawmill bore testimony by their activity to the fact that business was improving. In ten minutes he was abreast of the mill, the smell of fresh lumber and the whine of saws on wood coming to him. He passed it with small interest, but the smelter made his feet tarry on their way ; in a window of the small office, guarded by iron bars, was an exhibit of raw ore, of gold dust, of ingots of the precious metal. Sonter stood outside gazing at these, a lustful look in his eyes, then moved off when some workmen came out of the gateway.

The one street of the town was wooden-built and excessively ugly, but here were stores in which merchandise to attract the eye was displayed, even jewellery, which men with small need of it, but with money burning in their pockets, bought in a crazy orgy of spending. The sight of other cheap but lurid attrac-



WESTON, moving over, examined the light, then took out a big key and wound up the clockwork tions did not ease Sonter's inner excitement. Had he been lucky up north, he, too, might be among those who spent their money freely, madly, in places like these. Right next to the gambling joint a second-hand shop flourished. Remembering the ring on his finger—relic of a day long gone—he went in and flung it down on the plain pine counter.

"How much for that?"

The proprietor, a lean-jawed, shrewd-eyed, impassive man, looked it over.

"Five bucks."

Sonter cursed. He picked the ring up and started out. "I'll make it seven," announced the man languidly. "Not a nickel more. Take it or go jump in the river."

Sonter took it. The money in his pocket, he went next door. There were card games. They might be run by sharpers, but Sonter had his own ways. He could deceive the devil's elect. He won—not too steadily—lest he awaken suspicions. Finally he rose, pocketing his gains. He was in funds again. He felt reckless and ready to spend.

"The drinks are on me, boys," he said.

They crowded round him, voting him a good fellow. A man, coming in the doorway, stood watching the scene. He was a short, wiry, wizened old man, attired in ancient trousers, thrust into long boots that seemed too large for him, a gaudy but faded windbreaker, and a peaked cap with ear-flaps.

"Round up the old-timer," said Sonter. "Tell him to join us." But the word was unnecessary; the old fellow was coming forward.

"You are a stranger hereabouts?" quavered the old man. "Well, I'd like for to get a word with you."

Somebody, grinning, made the introduction. "Meet the one guy in the world who knows where a fortune lies in gold, and won't do nothin' about it."

Sonter shook hands. The hand in his big palm was curiously thin and transparent, though weathered and gnarled with many hard years. He sat down readily to listen again to the story of Joe Weston, from the lips of Joe Weston himself. Substantially his tale was what Sonter had already heard.

"It's good of you to hearken," quavered Joe Weston. "And if you should anywheres run across a chap like that, you'll pass the word to him? Nigh on ten years of nights I've kept that beacon burnin' for him."

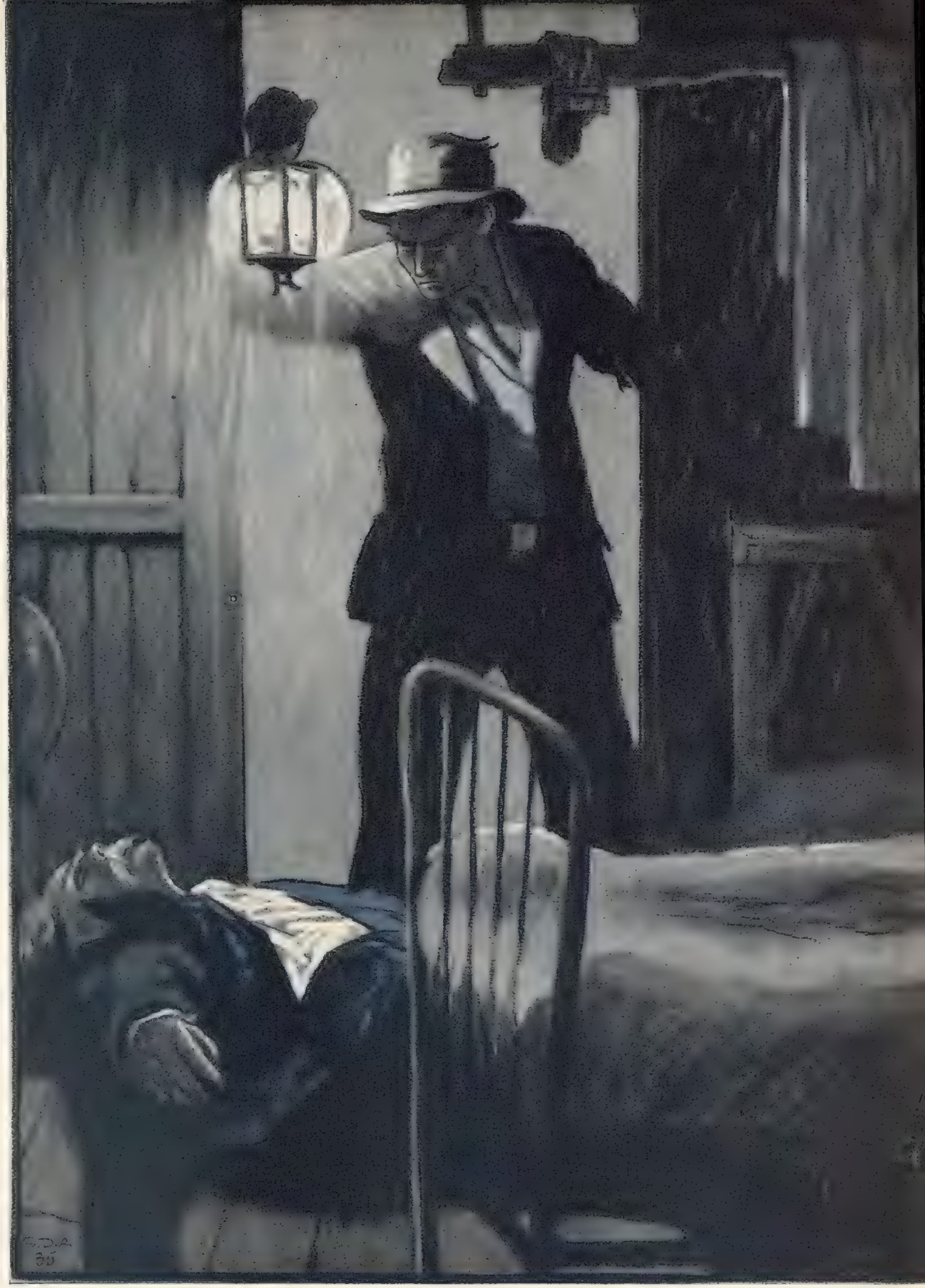
"Sure," nodded Sonter. "Sure."

He stared after the retreating figure of Joe Weston, then turned to ask a bystander.

"Is it straight goods—about the gold?"

"When it comes to gold, buddy," he said, "that old coot knows *p* from *q*. Half the population hereabouts have tried to buy or worm his secret out of him—but it's no go."

Sonter stood up and ordered drinks all round again. For a time a sense of well-being elated him, but by and by this died. When he became morose the crowd drifted clear, leaving him alone in a corner, brooding.



HE heard a little cry and, focusing the strong light on the doorway, saw just within it old Joe Weston stretched out on the floor

A SLICE of moon lit Sonter's way that night. It could not compete with the alluring lights of the main street, grown still more garish with the coming of dusk. Now there seemed to be more women about, in dance halls and gambling dives—loud or furtive creatures, whom, for the moment,

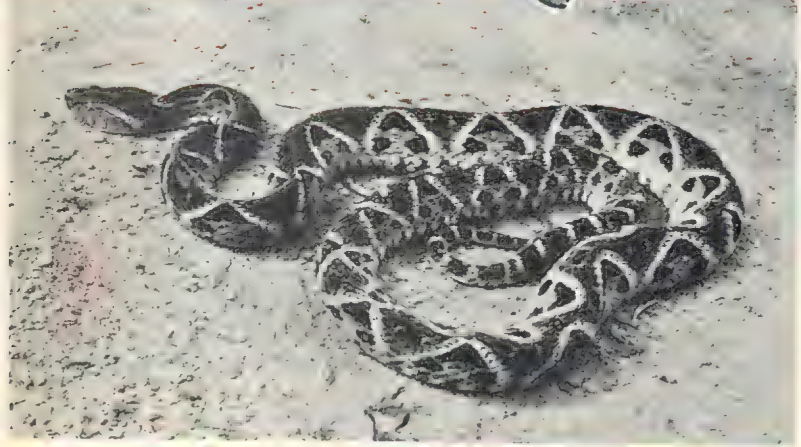
(*Continued on page* 92)

Fighting *the*

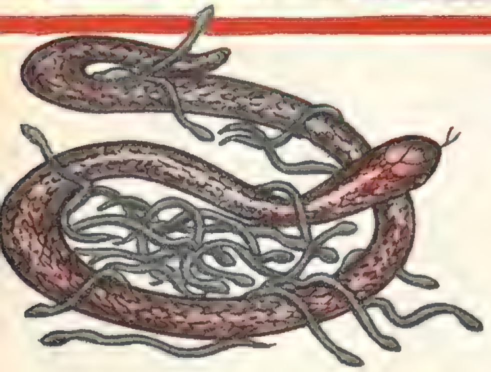
IT was our first sight of land for nearly a week, and the long, white beach with the palm trees beyond seemed singularly inviting ; several people were in swimming and the whole place had a sort of holiday appearance which I later discovered to be merely an agreeable camouflage wholly unapparent to the people who had to live there.

Having already tipped my room steward, I took one last, rather regretful look around the now deserted deck, and shaking hands with the purser, stepped on to and down the gangway, and in a few minutes found myself in the midst of the usual customs examination. Fortunately the way had been paved for me, so that this was even more perfunctory than usual, and very shortly I found myself and all my various belongings in one of the small railway motor cars they use in this part of the world and, almost before I realised I was actually on land again, we had pulled up in front of a small bungalow and the boy was helping me get my bags up the steps and into my room.

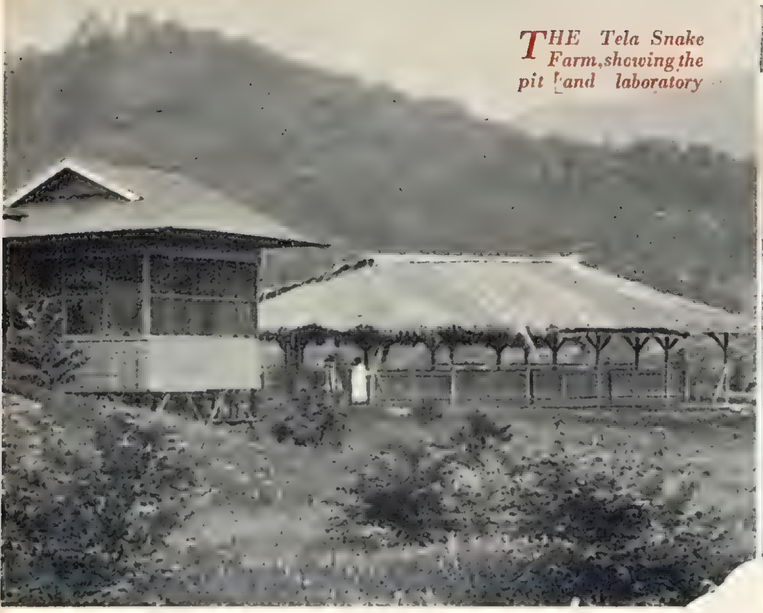
By working hard, everything was made shipshape by the middle of the afternoon, and as I wanted to call on the fruit company manager before he closed his office for the day, I called a taxi and was soon bowling along the only road the little settlement boasted, the while I sat back and enjoyed the late afternoon breeze which was just beginning to come in from the ocean in fitful, though cooling gusts.



THE Barba Amarilla, or Fer de Lance, one of the most deadly of all snakes



BURCH enticing a Green Tree snake to strike him. (Enlarged from a Motion Picture film)



THE Tela Snake Farm, showing the pit and laboratory

Death *that* Crawls

Breeding Poisonous Snakes and collecting their Venom for Anti-toxins is an Adventurous Occupation

I was in a small seaport (Tela) on the east coast of Honduras, and while my business there was to obtain both still and motion pictures of everything pertaining to the growing of bananas, my chief aim was to get something unusual of the amazing local Snake Farm, which, next to the one located in Brazil, was the largest of its sort in the world.

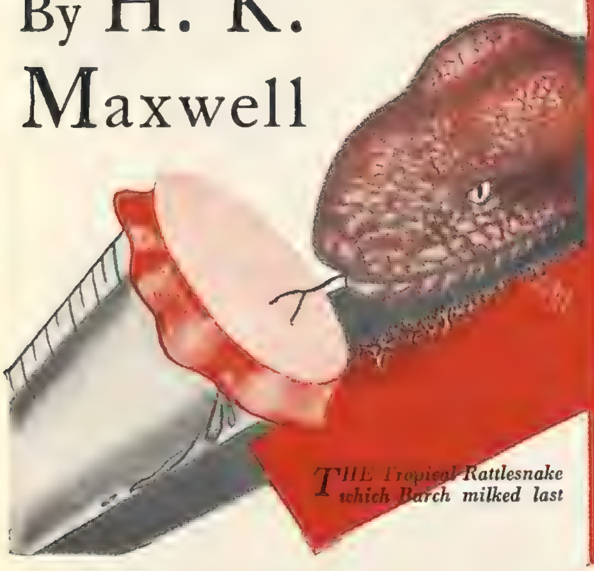
In case any of my readers are in doubt as to just what a snake farm is—and I am frank to state that until a few weeks ago I was very much in that category—it is a place where all kinds of snakes are kept and bred, in order that the venom may be removed at regular intervals and made into anti-toxins, serums, antidotes and other foul and valuable concoctions to be sold as remedies for snake bites.

This sounds a perfectly straightforward and legitimate enterprise, but I want to state first that if I were unable to illustrate this article with actual photographs taken by myself of everything I am writing about, I wouldn't even attempt to start, for the whole thing is one of those totally unbelievable stories that in this particular instance merely happens to be true.

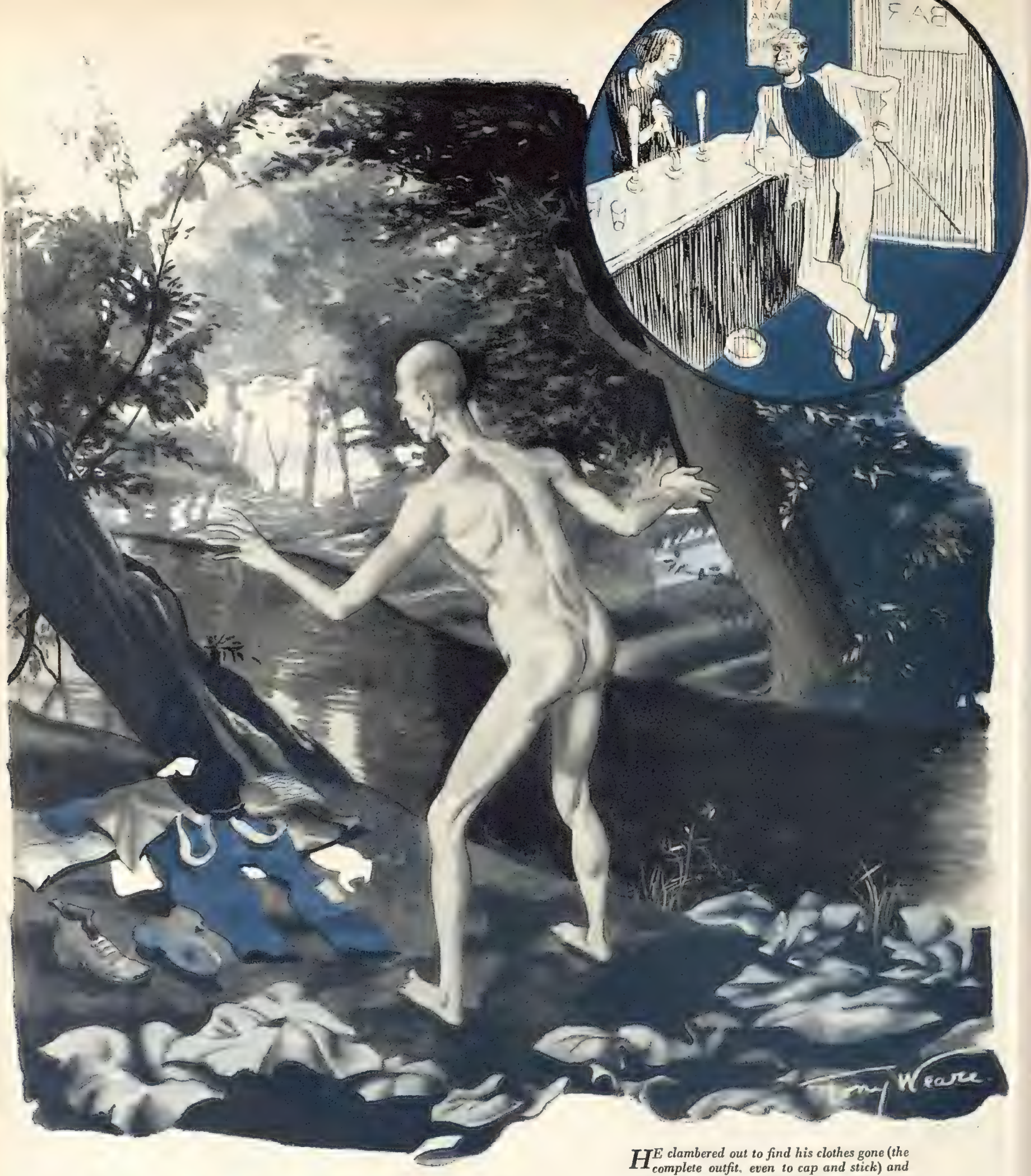
My call on the company manager was an eminently satisfactory one, leading as it did to a delightful dinner and evening, during which I brought up the subject of the snake farm and my intense desire to get some pictures of it. I was delighted to find him more than receptive, and it didn't take much persuasion on my part to have him tell me some of this curious place's history; but as most of this centred round the man in charge, I'd better try to give you some little idea of the sort of person who spent most of his time playing nurse to a lot of poisonous reptiles.

His name was Burch—it wasn't really, but that's as good a name as any—and he was apparently quite a famous person in (*Continued on page* 88)

By H. K. Maxwell



THE Tropical Rattlesnake which Burch milked last



He clambered out to find his clothes gone (the complete outfit, even to cap and stick) and in their place a small heap of unsavoury rags

IT COULDN'T HAVE HAPPENED

The Preposterous Dilemma of a Dean among Deans

By **Neil Bell**

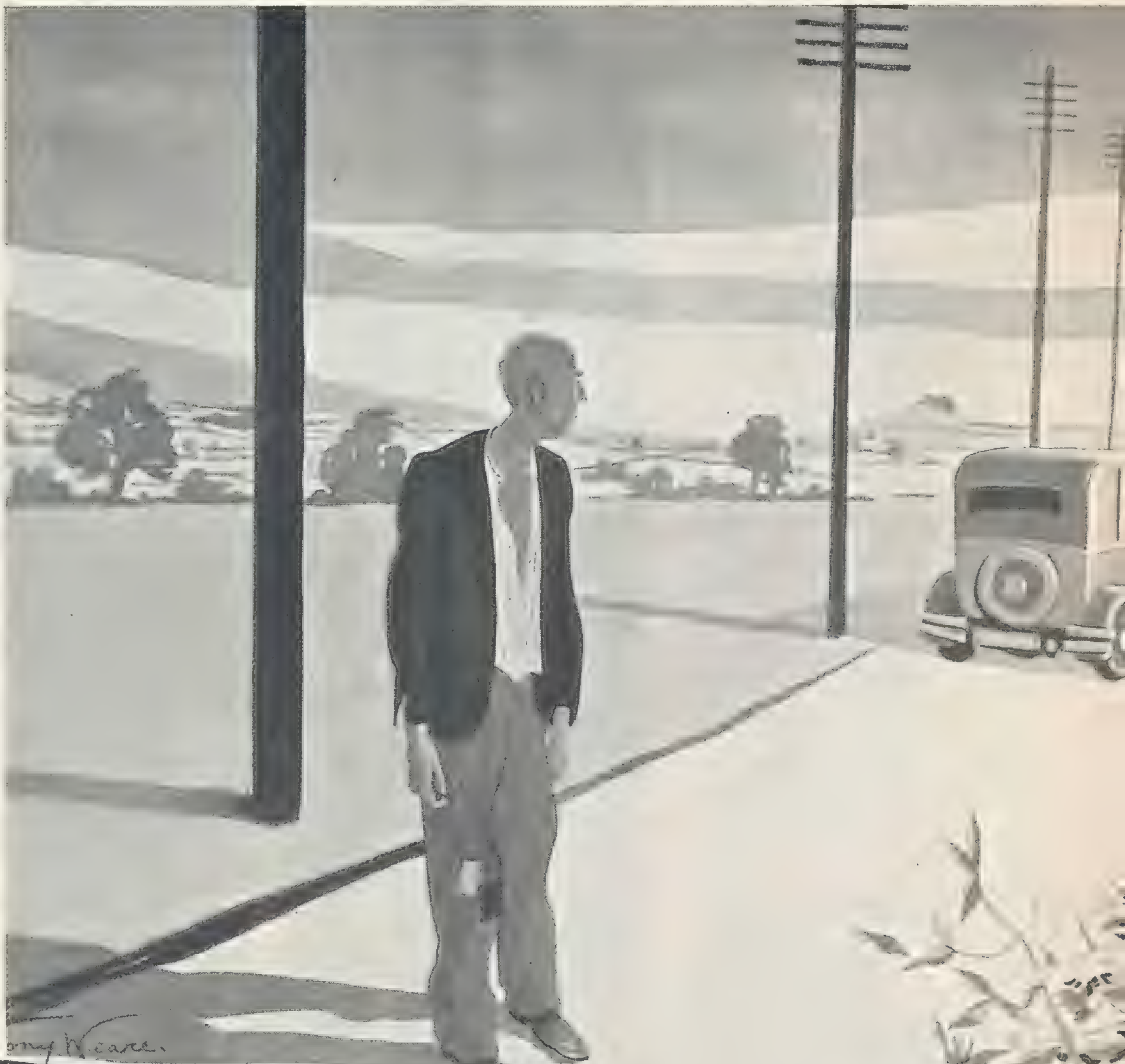
Illustrated by Tony Weare

THE odd thing is that it *did*, as highly improbable things have a way of doing. It may be objected that the affair so closely resembled the most hackneyed of all themes of farce that it is unworthy of note in these days when originality is the only merit and mere story-telling at a discount. But this objection cannot be upheld in view of the fact that a dean was the protagonist; more, *the* dean, Dr. Henry Percival, the notable, the eminent, the celebrated Dean of St. Botolph's, Mayfair.

We have it on the authority of the Press that a judge of the High Court once asked blandly " Who is Charlie Chaplin?" It may therefore be assumed that there breathes a man to whom the fame of Dean Percival is a closed book, a book rather of whose existence he is unaware. For the benefit, then, of this supposititious person a biographical item or two concerning Dr. Percival may be offered.

Scholar and Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford, he became chaplain to the Bishop of Chelcaster, and in that famous see he laboured in obscurity for twelve years; obscurity in so far as the general public was concerned. But clearly the Church had its all-seeing eye upon him, had weighed him in the balance and found him admirable; and it therefore caused no surprise to the knowing in ecclesiastical circles when, the Deanery of St. Botolph's falling vacant, Dr. Henry Percival, M.A., D.D., LL.D., was the chosen recipient of that nonpareil plum of preferment.

He came, then, to St. Botolph's at the age of forty-one, a man unknown to the Press and the public. By the time he was forty-five he was news in every paper in the Kingdom, and his name was as well known to the average man as that of the most famous of our drolls, the most victorious of our heavyweights. His unorthodox and daring sermons packed St. Botolph's; his brilliant articles were popular features in the best periodicals of the day; he was quoted even more frequently than he was caricatured. Clearly so outstanding a personality had his detractors; they were possibly more numerous than his admirers. It would not, perhaps, be exaggerating too much to say that the country was divided into two camps, the pro- and the anti-Percivals. It has been said that the two worst biographers are the hater and the lover. Yet perhaps a mixture of the poisoned cup and the honied draught may make a concoction from which one may drink with benefit. The pro-Percivals said that their idol was a man of immense culture and supreme attainments; that he was a frank and fearless adversary and a polemical writer of genius; that he had shone the white light of truth into hitherto dark places and that in the stuffy atmospheres of ecclesiasticism and sacerdotalism he was like a wind blowing from the sea. The anti-Percivals said, or shouted, that he was an agnostic who denied most of the teachings of the Church and yet was not ashamed to take its money; that he was an intellectual snob, a worshipper of, and toady to, aristocracy in all its forms; that he despised the common man, hated the reforms which



THE big car shot forward, missing the outraged Dean by a shade less than the proverbial hair made life less hard for the people and would, had he been able, have brought back the tortures, the tyrannies and the infamies of the Middle Ages.

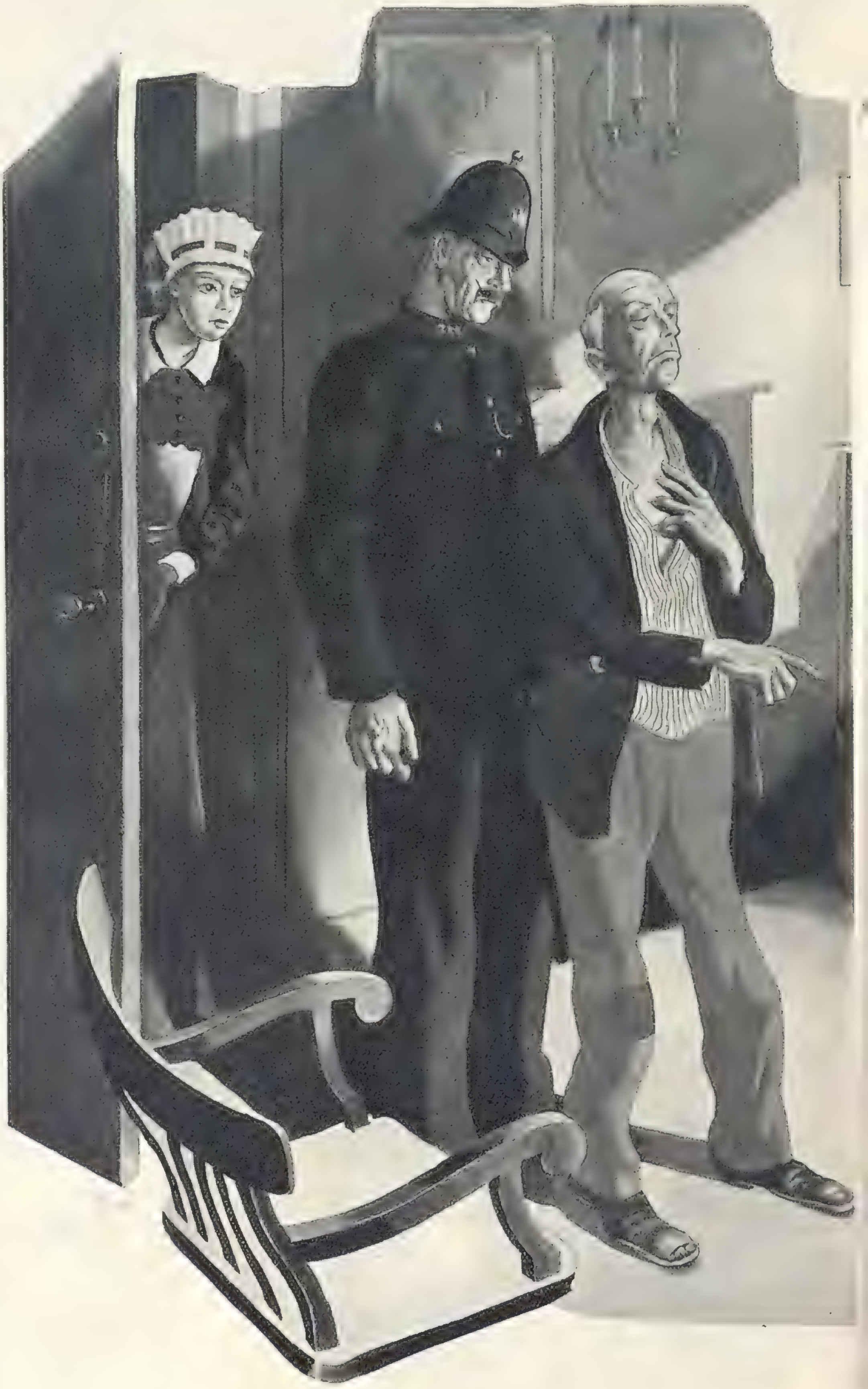
So much for the picture; let an item or two of physical description be added before we follow him on that holiday in Devonshire during which the almost impossible happened. He was now forty-eight; of medium height and build with a tendency to spareness; his features typically prelatical; his bearing that of a man conscious of a mental superiority to most of his fellow men and accustomed, as by unquestioned right, to respect and deference. He had been something of an athlete in his younger days, had boxed as a middleweight at his school and had obtained his blue for the mile at Oxford; he now played golf, at which he was ten and was not unduly fatigued by a twenty-mile tramp. He was married but without any children.

HE had been ordered by his doctor to take an immediate holiday, and that eminent healer had suggested that a month on a Devonshire farm, with plenty of walking and as much cream, butter, eggs and milk as he could stow away, would supply that bland covering for his nerves which had been dissolved away by the Dean's excessively strenuous mental activities. The doctor further suggested most deferentially that it would perhaps be better if Mrs. Percival did not accompany him; this was very acceptable to the Dean, and for once he and his good lady found themselves in complete agreement.

He had already been three weeks at the farm. Discretion forbids any more definite location than that of mid-Devon. It was high summer and the Dean was bronzed and feeling extremely well. He had put on over a stone and had acquired that sebaceous tissue so hungered for by his nerves; furthermore, his whole system was toned up; his muscles were firm; he was doing his twenty-five to thirty miles a day without fatigue and sleeping like the proverbial babe.

His sole sartorial concession to the cloth during this most enjoyable holiday was his collar and cravat; otherwise his grey flannel suit, check cap, brown brogues and heavy ash stick might have been matched a hundred times over in as many miles. He had come to Devonshire, as it were, incognito; neither Press nor public had been informed and he had left instructions that no letters were to be forwarded. Only his wife, his doctor and his very efficient private secretary, Miss Gertrude Whiddell, knew of his whereabouts.

It was three days before his return to town. He had been out walking since nine in the morning; he had lunched at a small tavern on bread and cheese and cider and about two o'clock in the afternoon, being then, as he reckoned, about twelve miles from the farm, he had, after consulting his map, left the high road and set off across country. The field path he was following presently led him into wooded country, and after a while the trees gave place to alternate grassy clearings, small copses of saplings and patches of thick undergrowth. The day was hot; a brassy sun shone from a cloudless sky; the Dean was dusty, a shade footsore and, it must be confessed, wet with honest sweat. An alluringly refreshing sound came to his ears; he stood still a moment listening and then made towards it and discovered one of those entrancing woodland streams that one sees in paintings by Tuke, Birch and Clausen. The Dean did not hesitate long; he felt that bathe he must, and if it had to be naked—well, he was miles from anywhere; there was not a soul in sight (unless birds had souls, a topic he had fully dealt with in a celebrated sermon), and the place had all the appearance of one of those romantic fairylike scenes which had never known the soiling feet of man. And so without more ado the Dean stripped and plunged in. The stream was deep, rapid and, in consequence, very cold; he gasped as he came up, and striking out strongly swam vigorously for some five minutes with the current. When at last he turned it



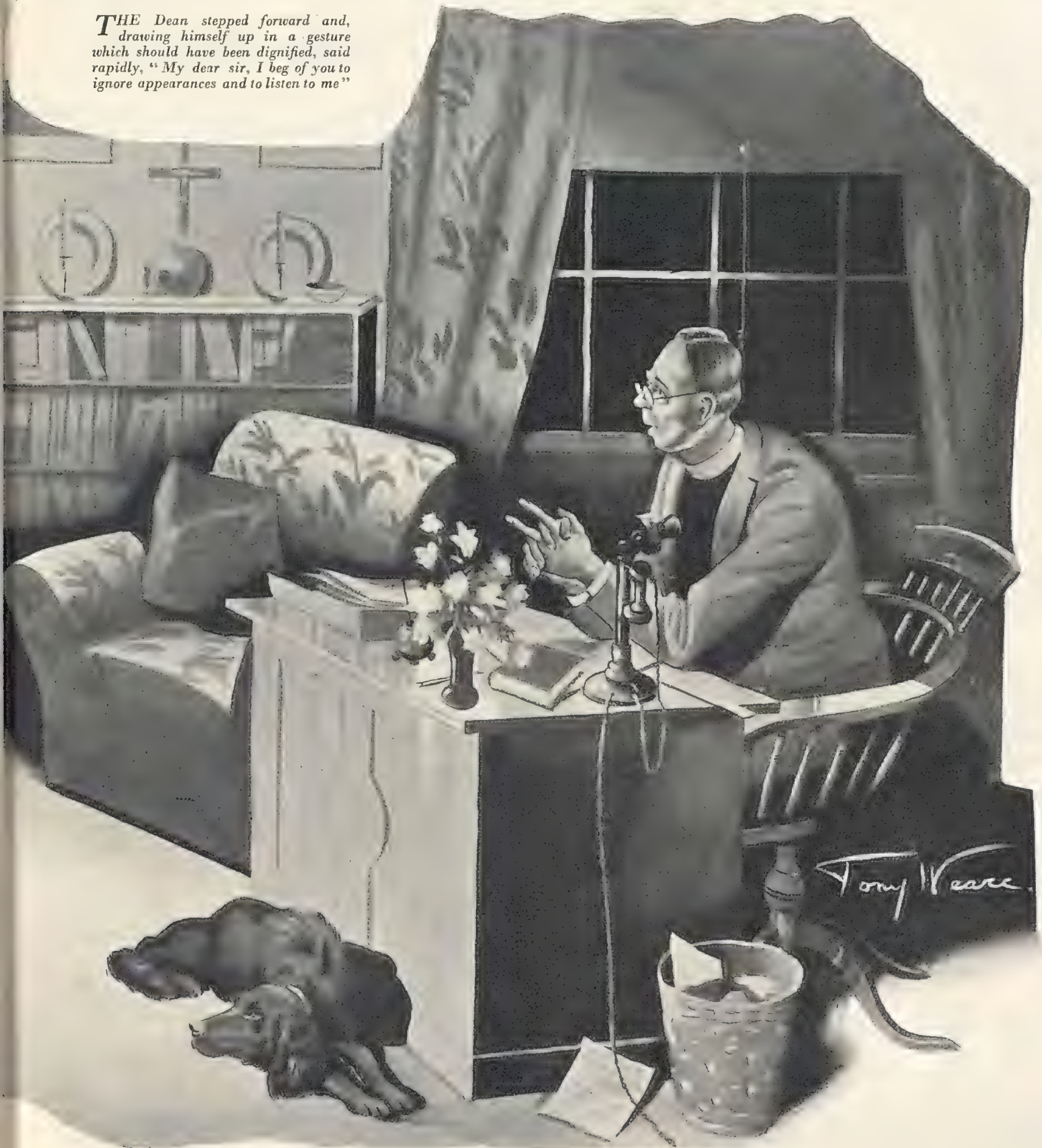
took him nearly three times as long to reach the point of departure. Tingling all over, body, mind and spirit linked in a sort of blissful trinity of well-being, he clambered out to find his clothes gone (the complete outfit even to cap and stick) and in their place a small heap of unsavoury rags: the wardrobe, as both eyes and nose attested, of a particularly noisome and tattered tramp.

THE Dean sat down and surveyed the heap; it was his boast that all his life he had faced facts without flinching; he faced this one, but it must be admitted without that calm and steadfast imperturbability which he had hitherto shown in his career. But then those previous facts had been mostly abstractions; this was a concrete one and so harsh and unpleasant as to seem utterly unreal in a world of culture, fine breeding and intellectual richness.

Necessity is, however, a fine solvent of fastidiousness, and the dean presently stood arrayed in his rags and even managed a wry smile as he surveyed himself. After all, he thought, the worst was now over; certainly he was nearly five miles from the nearest village according to his map, but once there his troubles would be over. He allowed his mind for a moment to play with a picture of the tramp striding triumphantly along in his stolen garments, and he suddenly remembered that besides his watch and some twenty-odd pounds in his wallet there was in the breast pocket of his jacket an important business letter which had been so urgent that his secretary had forwarded it on. However, it didn't really matter very much, any more than the watch and clothes and money; they were, after all, bagatelles; the one urgent matter was to reach a village where he could establish his identity, get into touch with the police and set pursuit hot-foot after the unwashed rascal who had so incommoded the celebrated Dean of St. Botolph's. His expression hardened as the thought crossed his mind that in the good old days, before modern pestilential democratic doctrines were thought of, they had a way with tramps and sturdy beggars which kept the countryside fit for a gentlemen to live in, whereas now, pah! these foolish fallacies and soft sentimentalities of the equality of man merely encouraged the scoundrels. He made an angry

(*Continued on page* 100

THE Dean stepped forward and, drawing himself up in a gesture which should have been dignified, said rapidly, "My dear sir, I beg of you to ignore appearances and to listen to me"



The Family Exchequer

How Much to Spend on What, According, of course, to your Income

By Elizabeth Hughes Hallett

T. BROWN, BUTCHER

ANOTHER year lies ahead, the advent of which makes most of us feel optimistic and resolute.

And if gradually our optimism wanes and most of our resolutions go by the wall, we should at least try to be faithful to those plans we all make just now about the better and more economical running of our houses.

We shall be grateful for doing so when there is no hateful scraping up for the life insurance policy, or the income tax demand, school fees or telephone bills.

To spend wisely is an art, one well worth cultivating. This applies particularly to young couples, who, if they wish to avoid tiresome quarrels, should get down to brass tacks immediately.

The lack of the odd pound causes many a heartbreak, and the only way to allow for it is to draw up a budget and try to keep as far as possible within its limits.

It is impossible to lay down any hard-and-fast rules, as standards of living are so different. There are certain essentials, however, which are more or less fixed for all classes, and these must therefore have the first consideration.

THE apportioning of the income is a mutual affair between husband and wife. At the beginning of each year they should confer, taking into consideration the mistakes of the past. At the same time, they must realise that beside the family and the locality in which they live, their own aims and ideals in life play an important part when determining the various allotments.

For the sake of illustration I give, on the facing page, a budget which will help to indicate the lines on which to work. It is further calculated into percentages, so that different incomes can be worked out accordingly. The smaller the income, of course, the more is allowed for essentials, and luxuries have to be ruthlessly cut down.

As a basis an average income of £500 a year has been taken, allowing for two parents, two children, and a maid of all work. The income and the expenditure must balance, allowing at the same time for savings and a margin for little incidental expenses.

This budget is merely a skeleton upon which to work, as what might be termed an extravagance in one house may be a necessity in another. Again, emergencies arise. An unexpected operation is a very heavy item; in fact, sickness of any kind, with bills for doctors, special treatment and food, adds considerably to the family expenditure, and must be allowed for by saving on something else for the time being.

Education, again, may be cheaper, depending on the locality, while housing and transport may far exceed the allowance suggested.

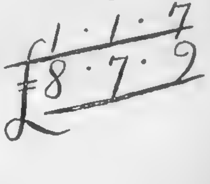
THESE latter headings, however, are foreseen and therefore accounted for, but it is the little drains on the income which knock a well-arranged budget off its balance.

Hairdressing and the hundred and one beauty aids which are essential to a woman's well-being are not understood by the average man. A dress allowance and pocket money should therefore be reckoned with, if it is possible, as it often saves a strained situation.

There is a great deal to be thankful for that men's fashions in clothes do not change so frequently as women's. A regular valet service will work wonders.

MONEY BOX
£1.0.0

£. s. d
TELEPHONE BILL



The holiday allowance may appear small in these days of high-priced summer resorts, but the normal housekeeping allowance and a proportion from " heating and lighting " can be added to it.

Maid's wages can be large or small according to how much the mistress assists with the housework. While it pays one woman to have a young, inexperienced maid, another would simply have no time for her.

The home is like a business and, in order to run it successfully, it must be run on business lines.

The spending of the household income is largely the wife's concern, and for this, therefore, she must have some simple method of keeping her household accounts.

1. Rent—Rates—Taxes, etc.		£80	16%
Rent	£52		
Rates (occupier's)	13)		
Income Tax	8.5.0)		
Telephone	5.15.0)		
Fire Insurance	1.0.0)		
2. Food and other Household Expenses		150	30%
3. Heating and Lighting		20	4%
4. Education		45	9%
5. Insurance (Life)		20	4%
6. Clothes		85	17%
7. Maid's Wages		30	6%
8. Health		10	2%
9. Recreation and Holidays		30	6%
10. Miscellaneous (subscriptions and incidentals)		10	2%
11. Savings and Husband's Pocket Money		20	4%
		£500	100

Most people consider book-keeping an irksome task, and so it can be if done on an elaborate scale.

There is no need to buy a special book for the purpose. Many are excellent in their own way, but the majority of them are expensive and very often rather complicated. A book of handy size with stiff covers and money columns, which will conveniently fit into the desk drawer, is simplest.

As each amount is expended it is jotted down, preferably each day, as this keeps a better hold on the small amounts of money which are so often frittered away on unnecessary purchases.

A weekly system of accounting is really best, but there are many who find monthly accounts more convenient. The ideal method, of course, is ready cash, but this entails a great deal of extra work, which, with the present-day stress of life, is not always possible.

Whichever system is adopted, all accounts must be paid with punctilious regularity, this giving the housewife a clear understanding of her financial position.

An invoice should be received with all goods for the purpose of checking the order—and the account, when it is rendered. Unpaid and receipted bills must be kept in separate files, and should only be destroyed after a considerable time has elapsed, when there is no possibility of the bill being rendered again, in mistake.

WHEN preparing the pass-book for weekly or monthly expenditure, the various shopkeepers should be tabulated down one side and the extra headings, such as laundry, repairs and sundries, should be included.

For the bigger items the husband has generally a similar book in his own desk, which should be brought out and balanced each month with the household book. For the ready cash system it will be found necessary to write the days of the week across the top for easy entering of daily purchases.

Sundries must be watched and, no matter how little, they should be entered, if possible under their own headings rather than in one total, as is so often done to make the book balance. A page should be kept at the end of the book to enter up the total monthly expenditure, balancing it with the housekeeping allowance.

Any surplus left from the housekeeping allowance should be used with ingenuity for replenishing linen or china or things about the house.

The food for the family is the housekeeper's chief concern. The money at her disposal, the age and occupation of the various members and the storage accommodation must all be taken into consideration.

The main point is to allow plain, wholesome food, especially where there are growing children. If foods are bought in their proper season they will be found to be at their cheapest and best, and where the storage accommodation is ample, it is an advantage to buy certain foodstuffs in bulk.

Marketing is essentially the housewife's duty, as a well-run house depends almost entirely on personal supervision. Shopping in person keeps one in touch with the foods in season, and in this way variety is brought to the menu. Again, prices are continually fluctuating, and one can see at a glance what is most reasonable for that particular day. False economy, however, must be avoided. Buying in the cheapest market is not always economical, as inferior food can be most wasteful.

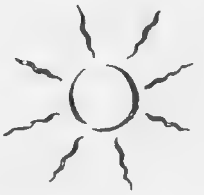
Shops with a big turnover should as far as possible be dealt with, as supplies are fresher, and something new is always appearing on the market.

Every good housewife knows that skilful spending is more important than a too rigid economy and that, in actual working out, one thing tends to balance another.

She knows, too, that those things which were once regarded as desirable extras—the electric sweeper, the efficient modern cooker, the refrigerator — are all practically necessities which mean not only greater efficiency and freedom for her, but which are actual economies in the long run.

Modern entertaining demands up-to-date accessories. An attractive sherry set or smart table appointments represent money well spent. A newer idea in curtains or chair covers, or perhaps an ornamental lamp or cushion, isn't an extravagance. It is a mental tonic which does good to the whole family. Scrapping out-of-date furnishings, or improving on them, adds greatly to the general well-being of a household.

And that, after all, is the housewife's main preoccupation.



GOOD NIGHT SLEEP WELL SWEET DREAMS

There's hardly a reason why you should ever be sleepless, but if you ever are here are some simple things to do for it, prescribed by

Dr. JOHN FISHER

SLEEP, so appropriately termed "Beauty" sleep, is all-important to your engine of flesh and blood. In many other things, for instance, food, even exercise, you may profitably economise. Never in the matter of sleep.

During this still rather mysterious state the restorative processes of the body are in full operation, and the daily wear and tear, mental and physical, is made good, as psychic tension is loosened.

You should so arrange your habits of life that, upon waking in the morning, you feel eager to get up, to face confidently and cheerfully the new day.

This, in truth, means that your sleep has given you what you need, a balance in the bank of health rather than an overdraft.

A sturdy reluctance to rise (not just that mild evanescent feeling) is the result either of improper hygiene or of insufficient sleep. It may be laid down as a general rule that everybody requires at least *eight hours' sound sleep.*

CHILDREN and young adults need more sleep, nine to ten hours in bed, because they are growing. The old can do with relatively little sleep, six hours or even less, not only because they take naps during the daytime, but because their metabolic fires burn low and there is little, if any, body-building to do.

But nobody is standardised in this respect. The thin, nervy type of person who finds relaxation difficult during the daytime needs more sleep than her more robust, placid sister.

In these tear-about days, an occasional sleepless or restless night is a not uncommon event, and though of itself the circumstance need occasion no anxiety, it must be remembered that your mental if not your physical well-being will be to some extent impaired on the morrow, and that if these morrows should chance to accumulate like the little drops of water, your looks, and ultimately your general health, are sure to fail.

There are many possible causes for sleeplessness; they are easily determined and quite as easily avoided. Apart from organic disease with its associated pain or disturbance of function, you must think of eyestrain, excessive smoking, constipation, lack of exercise, over-fatigue of mind or body, and such psychical causes as worry, repressed anxiety, or the dread of not sleeping.

YOU cannot, of course, avoid your reasons for worrying, but you can influence the subconscious mind by the exercise of will, and tell it earnestly in the last five minutes as you are undressing for bed, that there is nothing to worry about, or that, even if there is, consideration of it can profitably be delayed until morning.

In effect this is the old method of Coué, a form of curative self-hypnosis.

Once worry and anxiety so far as possible is eliminated, a careful attention to the laws of hygiene and the avoidance of excesses should bring refreshing and healthy sleep, remembering that sleep is a rhythm, a habit.

Make a point of going to bed at a *regular* hour each *evening*, not morning. Irregularity of the sleeping hours is responsible for many disturbed nights.

Take adequate daily exercise in the fresh air. A sharp half-hour's walk last thing may serve to induce that sense of agreeable weariness which is the overture to natural sleep.

The last meal, best not heavy, should be taken not later than three hours before retiring.

If a light supper is deemed necessary—and it is often advantageous not to sleep on an entirely empty stomach—take a cup of cocoa, hot gruel, arrowroot or Horlick's, with one or two digestive biscuits.

Half to one teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda in a half-tumblerful of warm water taken at bedtime will work wonders if flatulence is the cause of your sleeplessness.

Always cease mental work an hour before you intend to sleep. The bedtime book of dreamy poetry, that sublimated form of hypnosis, may be found of material assistance in encouraging the desired sleepy feeling.

THE bedroom must always be well ventilated and the bed away from the wall. Lie on a good type of spring mattress. Sagging beds and feather beds are alike inadvisable. The bed-clothes should be of medium weight, neither too light nor too heavy. (*Contd. on page* 94)

SECRETS OF A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

By Chrysis

THREE men were discussing the subject of feminine beauty. The first said: "A woman cannot be unattractive if she has a good carriage."

"Carriage and figure are important," said the second man, "but it is lovely features and a good skin that win my vote."

The third man said: "There is only one thing that counts in my opinion, and that is charm."

Just then a woman entered the room. She was neither young nor especially beautiful, but everyone turned to look at her as she greeted her hostess.

"That woman," said the first man, "has the most perfect carriage I have ever seen."

"She's forty if a day," said the second, "but her skin's marvellous."

"She is charming," said the third man. "Watch her smile," and he dashed off to be introduced.

And this, I think, proves first that youth and a pretty face do not always hold the trump card in the beauty game; and secondly, that a woman needs more than one good point to her credit to earn her the title "beautiful."

Women to-day can be very attractive without possessing lovely features.

If you were to analyse the type of woman whose appearance receives admiration wherever she goes you would find that, though she may not have a regular feature in her face, by skilful make-up and perfect grooming she gives the effect of *soignée* good looks; that her body is correctly proportioned for her age and height; that she has dress sense and a natural charm which springs from a poised, alive mind.

When a woman enters a room the first impression we get of her is a general one. The way she moves, the colour and line of her clothes, her expression. A closer view reveals her best feature, detail, finesse of make-up, hairdressing, hands.

THE woman who can pass with honours both the first impression test and the detail test is so rare that when she does achieve the feat she steals the picture from every other woman who may be present.

One of the reasons that a combination of all these essential points to beauty is so rarely met with in one person is due to the fact that many women have a pet vanity which they cherish at the expense of the rest of their appearance.

The woman who is particular about her hair and neglects her nails is perhaps more common than the woman whose hair is unkempt but who keeps her nails immaculate. Both types exist, however, And so does the woman who goes to every length to keep her slim figure but who uses the same make-up at thirty-eight as she did at eighteen.

Although a good carriage is one of the most important points in the creation of a beautiful woman, not one woman in a thousand holds herself correctly. Here is an easy test for correct posture.

Take off your slippers and stand with your back to the wall, heels touching the skirting, knees slack. Now draw the abdomen muscles inwards and upwards and try how much of the wall you can touch with your spinal cord.

Then walk round the room, still keeping the abdomen muscles taut but with knees and shoulders relaxed. Walk round and round, return to the wall again and repeat the exercise.

With a little practice this posture will become second nature to you, and when it does you will know a new and lovely feeling of lightness and poise which will carry you through the day without fatigue.

The woman who impresses as she walks into a room can be a sad disillusion when it comes to a close-up view.

Eyebrows, which, if plucked at all, should be kept immaculate by daily grooming, are left with stragglers that destroy the clean-cut appearance so essential to modern beauty.

Powder stops at the jaw line, and lipstick, from frequent applications during the day, has left a bluish ring round the mouth that detracts from the wearer's charming smile.

Many Englishwomen, I think, do not realise that a good make-up cannot be put on in five minutes.

With an evening make-up even greater care in detail is necessary, and it is absolutely essential to good grooming to have different sets of cosmetics for evening wear from those which are correct by day.

BEFORE I tell you about the new film make-up for evening wear here is a simple body beauty secret. If you want to feel really refreshed, exhilarated and soothed after the day's work put a Novopine tablet (it costs you threepence) in your bath. It is made from the concentrated essence of pine needles. It encourages normal pore action, clears the skin, tonics you up generally, and has definite remedial properties for the rheumatically inclined.

The new film make-up for evening takes a little extra time to complete. But it is time well spent, for this newcomer from Hollywood will take you safely through a long night's dancing or partying without disaster.

The secret of the success of this Nuchromatic cream among American women is the effect of youthful lustre it gives to the skin, a heavy powdered appearance, whether for evening or day, being entirely out of date.

A little of the cream, which ranges from ivory to deep bronze, is squeezed out on the palm of the hand and warmed slightly by working it with the fingers. It is then smoothed into every inch of the skin, face, neck, eyelids, even the ears. It is worked and worked into the skin, obliterating shadows and fine lines as it goes.

Cream rouge is essential, but with this foundation it will go on easily and smoothly. When the colour has been blended into the cheeks, powder is applied heavily by pressing it into the foundation with a large theatrical puff. Surplus powder is then removed with a complexion brush.

Eye make-up need not be heavy, but it is essential that the brows and lashes should be well groomed and that the eyes, if tired, should be cleared with a special lotion that will lend them fire and sparkle.

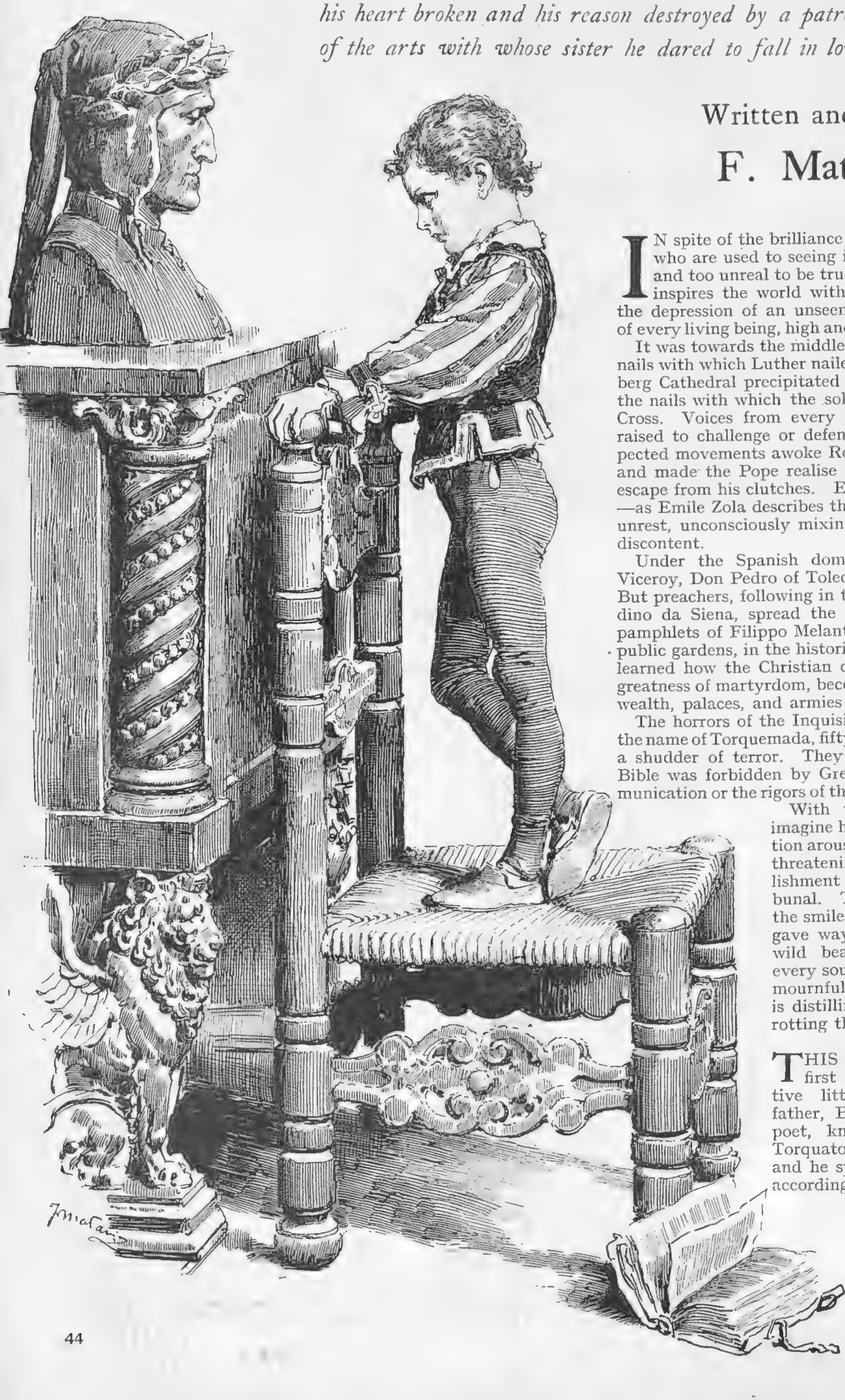
"Beauty is the infinite capacity for taking pains." That is the modern outlook on a woman's appearance, and it is attention to small details such as these that has earned many a plain woman a reputation for good looks.

If you want further particulars of anything mentioned in this article, or have any beauty problems to be solved, write to me at Britannia and Eve, 346, Strand, W.C.1, enclosing a stamped envelope for my reply

Old Tales Re-told

The World Shattered His Brain

Tasso, the poet to whom a Brigand paid homage, had his heart broken and his reason destroyed by a patron of the arts with whose sister he dared to fall in love



Written and Illustrated by

F. Matania, R.I.

IN spite of the brilliance of the blue sky that, even to those who are used to seeing it every day, looks always too blue and too unreal to be true ; in spite of the dazzling sun that inspires the world with peace and joy, Naples lay under the depression of an unseen storm that disturbed the serenity of every living being, high and low, rich and poor.

It was towards the middle of the sixteenth century, when the nails with which Luther nailed his Theses to the door of Wittenberg Cathedral precipitated almost such a world revolution as the nails with which the soldiers of Pilate nailed Jesus to the Cross. Voices from every learned centre of the world were raised to challenge or defend the Latin dogma. These unexpected movements awoke Rome from her comfortable slumber, and made the Pope realise that humanity was threatening to escape from his clutches. Even Naples, with its childish people—as Emile Zola describes the Neapolitans—had shown signs of unrest, unconsciously mixing religious questions with political discontent.

Under the Spanish dominion Naples was bruised. The Viceroy, Don Pedro of Toledo, tyrannised over the population. But preachers, following in the footsteps of the famous Bernardino da Siena, spread the new creed, helped by the caustic pamphlets of Filippo Melantoni. All along the Marina, in the public gardens, in the historical market square, the Neapolitans learned how the Christian clergy had, from the humility and greatness of martyrdom, become despots and tyrants, possessing wealth, palaces, and armies like the kings of the earth.

The horrors of the Inquisition were told them in detail, and the name of Torquemada, fifty years after his death, still provoked a shudder of terror. They learned how even reading of the Bible was forbidden by Gregory IX under penalty of excommunication or the rigors of the Inquisition.

With that preparation, one can easily imagine how strong was the wave of indignation aroused by an edict in the market square threatening the Neapolitans with the establishment of the dreaded Inquisitorial Tribunal. The City of Song ceased to sing, the smiles on the faces of the childish people gave way to the haggard look of cornered wild beasts. The fear of spies infected every soul and gave the gay city that air of mournful, unbearable silence where hatred is distilling its secret poison and distrust is rotting the most sacred bonds of humanity.

THIS was the world that formed the first impressions of an extremely sensitive little child, Torquato Tasso. His father, Bernardo, a man of letters and a poet, knew very well that his *bambino* Torquato was a prodigy of intelligence, and he spared no pains in bringing him up according to his ambition. Brought to Naples from his native Sorrento, he was entrusted to the care of the Jesuits, where he progressed so rapidly that at the age of ten he was able to translate at sight the classics of Greece and Rome. But the last two years of his residence had been so stormy, for Naples in general and his family in particular, that it had been impossible to keep him in ignorance of the horrors and calamities that befell his father.

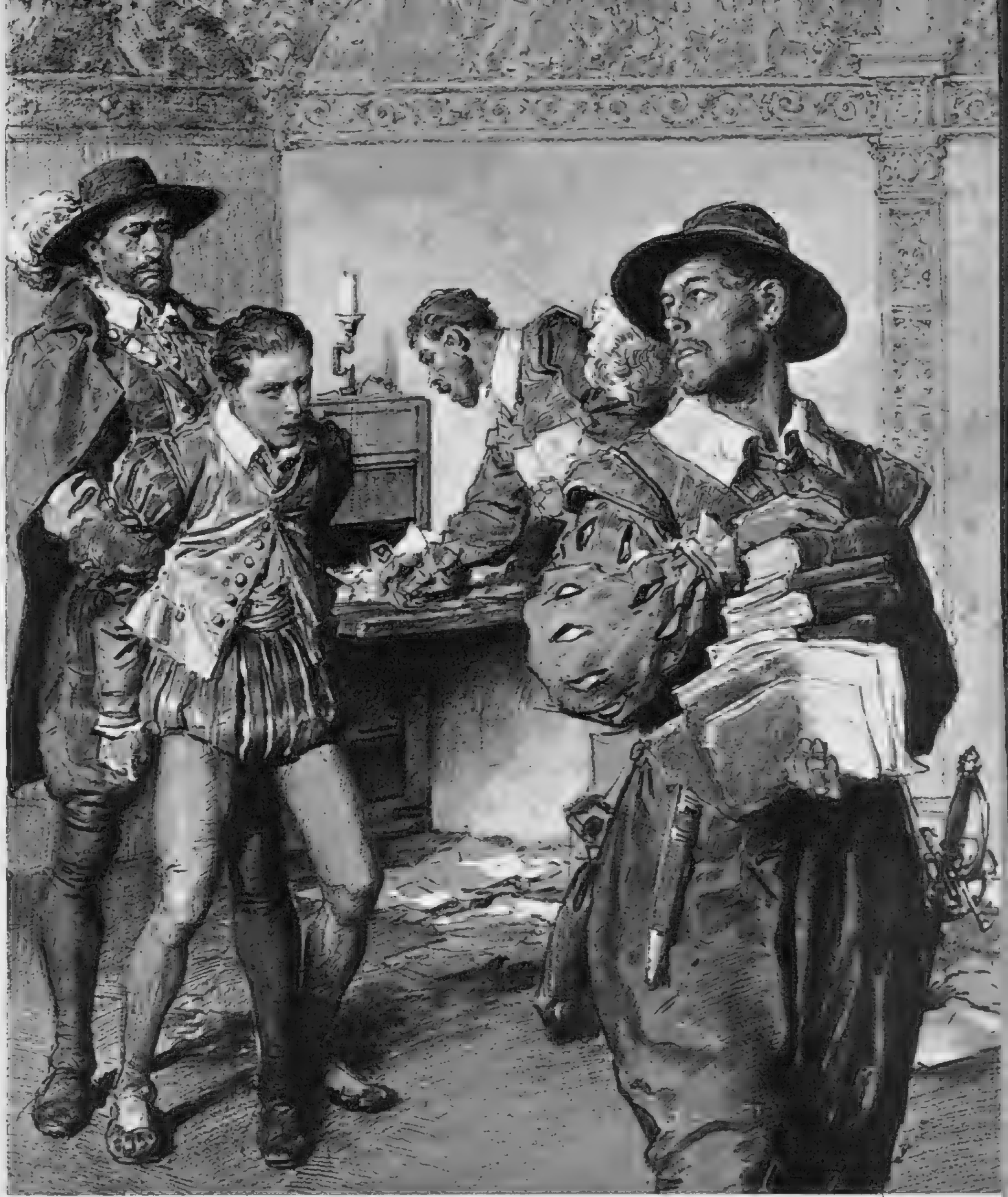
The latter, Secretary-General to Ferrante Sanseverino, Prince of Salerno, shared the fate of his master when a general protest of citizens was organised, and the Prince of Salerno was chosen to bring to the Emperor in Germany the accusation of the city of Naples against the Tyrant, Don Pedro.

Bernardo Tasso accompanied the Prince of Salerno, but when they arrived in Nuremberg they found that Don Pedro had forestalled them. He had sent an emissary of his own to the Emperor describing from his own view-point the seditions and disorders of Naples, and accusing the Prince of Salerno as the instigator.

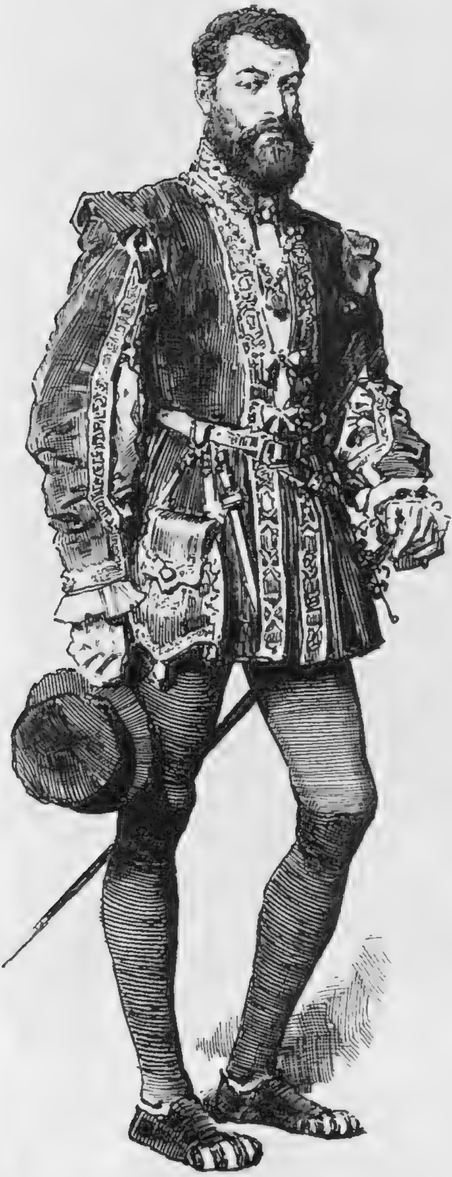
On the journey back, a mercenary assassin hired by Don Pedro just failed to kill the patriotic prince.

Stringent orders were issued by the Emperor against the "culprits." Vengeance lay, sinister and ominous, ahead. The Prince of Salerno, with his Secretary-General, Bernardo Tasso, saved their lives only by fleeing from Naples.

The sentence in the hands of Don Pedro was carried out mercilessly. The property of the two fugitives was confiscated. They were declared rebels, and little Torquato was forced to bid farewell to a broken-hearted mother and, for safety, was taken by his tutor, Angeluzzo, to Rome.



ONE day his room was invaded by a group of guards with a warrant for a wholesale requisition of every book and every paper belonging to him



ALPHONSO II., Duke of Ferrara

Wherever he went, he evoked profound astonishment by his intelligence and learning, which made him a prodigy. The historians all agree in relating almost the unbelievable. At six months, his pronunciation was perfectly distinct, and his mental faculties enabled him to answer questions. At three he already showed an interest in the study of grammar. At seven he was bold enough to make public orations of his own composition. The following poem was written to his mother when not ten years of age:

Relentless Fortune in my early years
Removes me from a mother's tender breast:
With sighs I call to mind the farewell tears
That bath'd her kisses when my lips she press'd!

I hear her prayers with ardour breath'd to heaven,
Aside now wafted by the devious wind:
No more to her unhappy son 'tis given
Th' endearments of maternal love to find.
No more her fondling arms shall round me spread;
Far from her sight reluctant I retire;
Like young Camilla or Ascanius, led
To trace the footsteps of my wandering sire!

But this sensitivity had its drawbacks. It was difficult to keep from him the tragedies which resulted in the death of the mother he adored, and to prevent the impressionable mind of little Torquato away from brooding on her absence. A single word, an overheard conversation, or the unavoidable indiscretion of grown-ups—who always trust too easily to the non-comprehension of children — was sufficient to evoke a vision of horror. There is no doubt that the derangement of the brain that made itself manifest in his later life was due to an indelible series of impressions that had scored furrows of sorrow in his early youth.

MANY were the attempts by the hapless father to join his son, but two years elapsed before they were allowed to see each other at Pesaro, where Guidobaldo, Duke of Urbino, not only offered hospitality to young Torquato, but undertook to protect him and educate him with his own son.

This was a happy interlude. The two boys had ample opportunity for studying literature, mathematics, poetry, philosophy, and spent many pleasant hours in the fencing-room of the Ducal Palace. With his father he travelled to Venice, where every stone, every window, every corner breathes romance; where the silence is athrill with forgotten voices dictating verses and creating inspiration.

There he helped his father to finish the "Amadigi," a poem Bernardo had started to write a long while before, which, for lack of means, he had never succeeded in getting published. This disillusion, in combination with his other difficulties, deterred Bernardo from encouraging Torquato to pursue his poetic vocation. He thought it wiser to make of his son a good lawyer.

The tenderness existing between father and son was such that Torquato did not press his passion as he wished. In order to satisfy his father, he consented to go to the University of Padua to study jurisprudence under Guido Panciroli.

Farewell to the beloved "Divine Comedy" of Dante, to fantastic Ariosto, to Ovid, to Vergil. Farewell to the fascination of prosody and the music of words. Torquato had to bend his free-born nature to the cumbrous intricacies of the Roman Law. Somehow, captivated by the profound knowledge of Guido Panciroli, he faithfully attended all his lessons, but after some time he realised that the very essence of that profession was to find loop-holes in laws designed to compel honesty.

Disgusted with the hypocritical majesty of the law, he endured it only for a year. At the end of that time he found that the only work into which he had put his real energies was a poem in twelve parts called "Rinaldo."

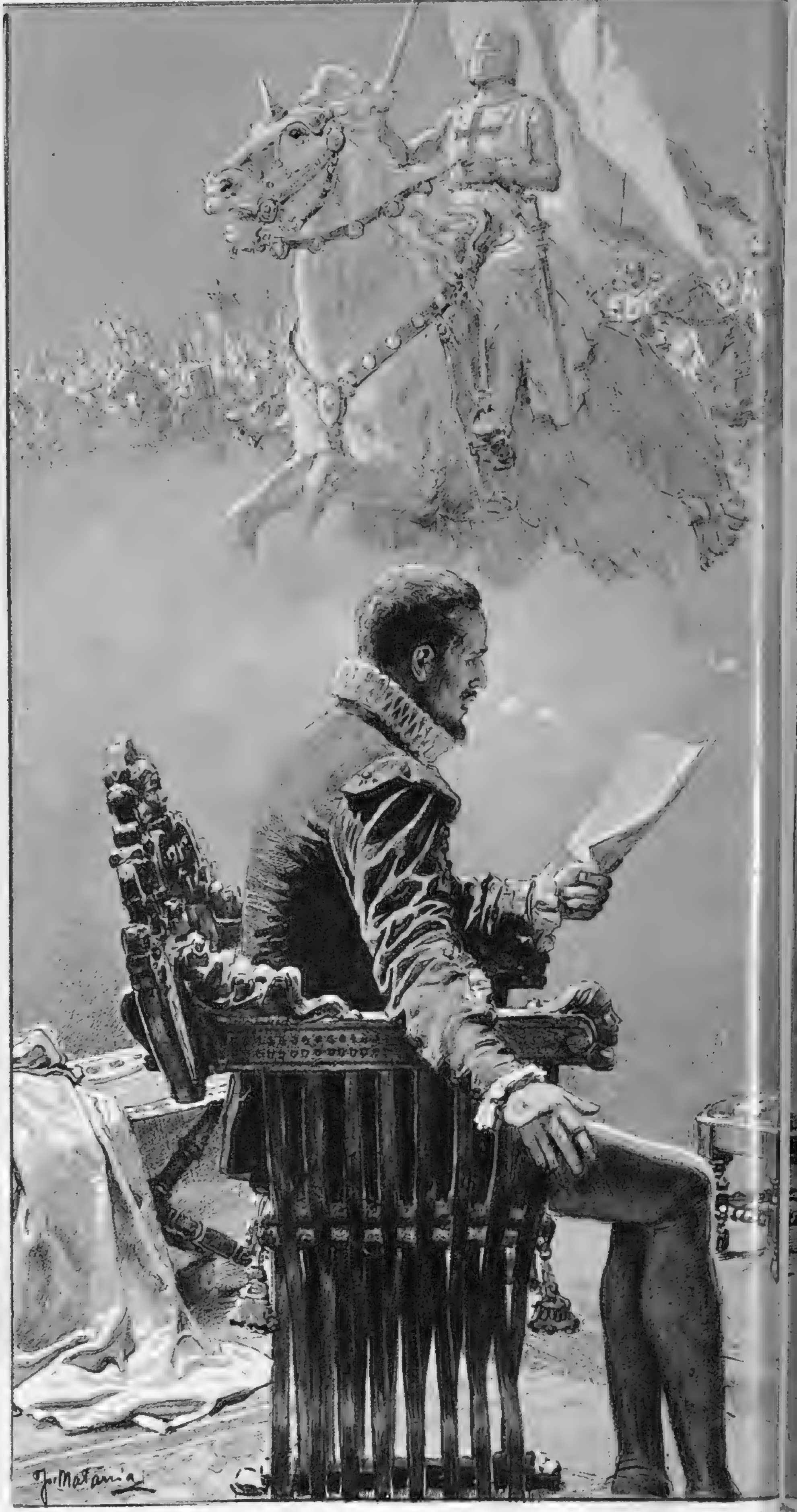
Great was the distress of Bernardo when he saw that a year of rigid studies of the law had produced only a piece of poetry, and he went specially to Padua to reprimand his son. Torquato heard the stern words of his father unflinchingly. His composure incensed Bernardo still further. Infuriated by the silence of his son, he burst out: "Tell me, of what use is that vain philosophy, upon which you pride yourself so much?"

"It has enabled me," said Tasso, with devastating modesty and deadly calm, "to endure the harshness of your reproof."

In the end, the father had to give way. Torquato was born to be a poet, and he passed from the teaching of Panciroli to the Lyric School kept by Carlo Sigonio. Torquato joined just in time to hear the complete series of lectures on Aristotle's "Poetica." At last he was in his own element.

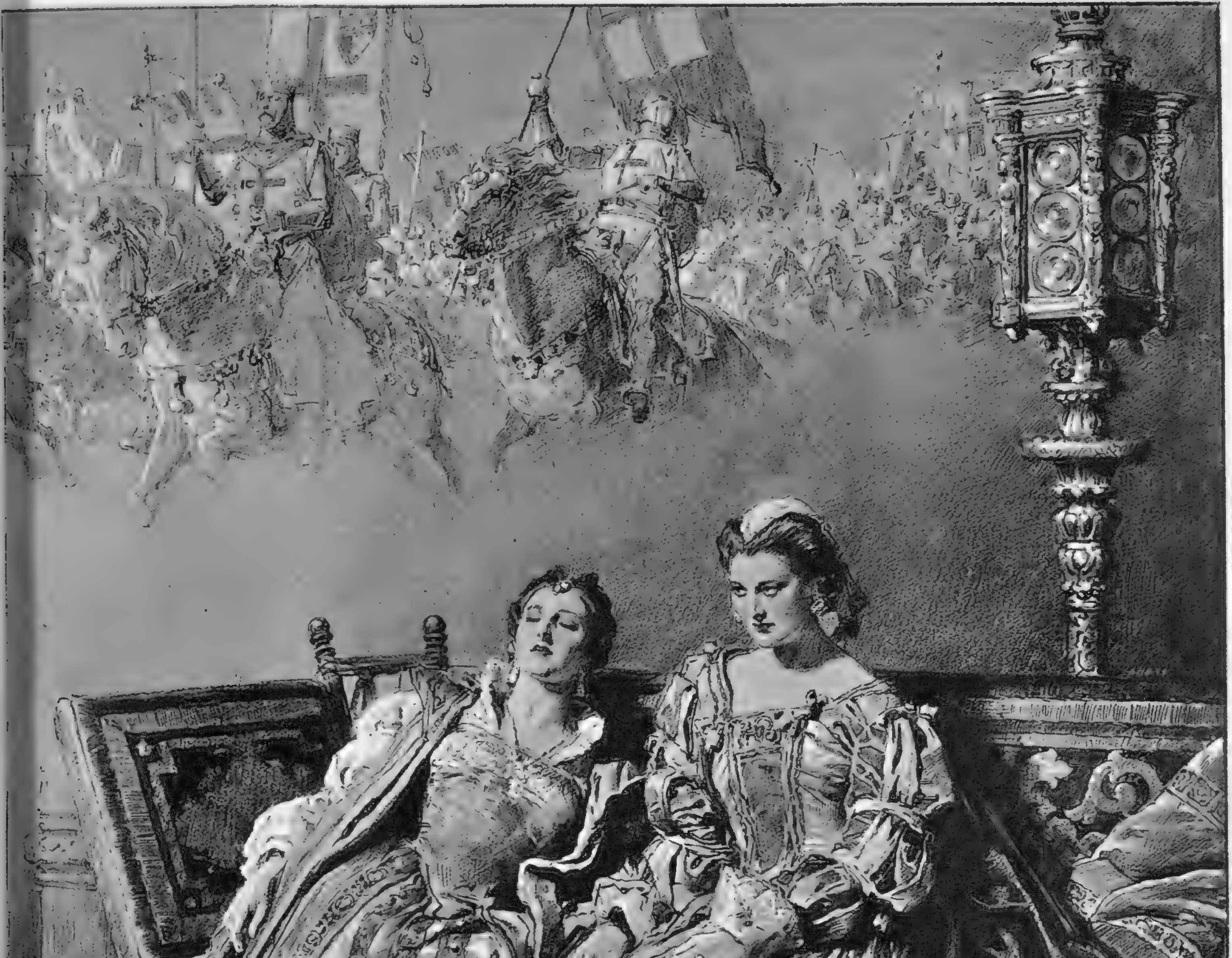
He was only eighteen years old when he had not only attracted considerable attention in the literary world, but, as a pupil, was greatly sought after by several eminent teachers. It was the great Pendasio, who took Torquato to Bologna with him. It was there that Tasso laid the foundation of his great masterpiece, at that time called the "Expedition of Godfrey."

But Bologna proved to be an unlucky place for him. An anonymous libel, lacerating the honour and dignity of several prominent people, appeared in print, and roused a storm of protest, with a sequel in legal actions that riddled the town. In spite of the fact that the name of Torquato Tasso was amongst those libelled, the authorities of the Bargello suspected the young poet of being the author.



In his clear, musical voice he would read to them, the glorious legions of the Crusaders unde

One day his room was invaded by a group of guards with a warrant for a wholesale requisition of every book and every paper belonging to him, while Torquato was held motionless in the professional grip of one. The others took away every scrap of paper, all his books, manuscripts, references—all the substance of his life. This innocent material was all submitted to a careful examination, and passed through the scorching heat of flat-irons in case that anything had been written in lemon-juice or other sympathetic ink. There is no record of



and through the kaleidoscope of his wonderful imagination, Leonora and Lucrezia did not only see the sun of the Holy Land, but recognised themselves being portrayed in the epic of such a poet

any incriminating result. His property was not restored to him. He left for Modena, and swore that he would never set foot again in the City of a Hundred Towers.

All through his life, Tasso never had a permanent abode where he could settle and make a definite centre to his activities.

Yet he had another spell of comparatively quiet life at Padua, in the company of his intimate friend, Scipione Gonzaga, before the latter became a Cardinal. For three years he was able to devote himself to his studies. It was in this period that he composed the three essays on the art of verse. The Cardinal Luigi D'Este became interested in Torquato Tasso, and decided to engage him in his suite. At last Torquato, under the protection of such a powerful family, would be able to carve out his career under the most favourable circumstances. At this point begins his real tragedy—and his real glory.

He was about twenty-one years old when the Cardinal D'Este took him to his brother, Alphonso II., Duke of Ferrara. Their arrival at court could not have happened on a more propitious occasion. The Duke was about to celebrate his marriage to the Princess Barbara of Austria.

Festivities of the most gorgeous nature dazzled the eyes of Torquato. Receptions, banquets, balls, music, public entertainments of all kinds, were held—among them a tournament organised on the grand scale. Princes and knights of the most distinguished families had come to compete. The spectacle was profoundly impressive. Every window, every wall, every roof overlooking the arena was crowded and overcrowded with spectators. The ducal stand was one mass of multi-coloured silks and velvets, glittering with gold.

It was here that the young Tasso had his first glimpse of Alphonso's two sisters, Leonora and Lucrezia. In shining raiment encrusted with gems, they appeared to him like two fairy queens, Lucrezia in the flower of her womanhood, Leonora still in the first bloom of youth. They were surrounded by a semi-circle of ladies-in-waiting—all young, all so alluring that the eye could pass for ever from one to another in a vain search for the loveliest.

One by one the cavaliers, announced by the heralds, arrived, followed by their retinues. Their names passed from mouth to mouth, and, as soon as the couples were arranged, bets soared to fantastic figures. With the eye of an artist, Tasso observed them all. It was the very thing he wanted to see. The encounters were magnificent. The champions unconsciously served as models for the great pen-painter, who has left to us his vivid impressions in the immortal poem, "Jerusalem Delivered."

Torquato was given an apartment in the palace of the Duke, and it was there that he worked peacefully at his masterpiece.

He was asked to read some of his verses to the two princesses. At first he merely obeyed his orders, but when he discovered that their knowledge of literature transcended not only his expectation, but his dreams, his devotion to them rose to adoration. Their intelligent comments, their learned discussion, made him feel that they partook of his work as no one had ever done before.

Moreover, he was fascinated by their beauty. He felt that every minute of their company would spur him on to write like a god. Like a god he wrote.

In his clear, musical voice he would read to them, and through the kaleidoscope of his wonderful imagination, Leonora and Lucrezia did not only see the glorious legions of the Crusaders under the sun of the Holy Land, where—

The polish'd steel reflects the dazzling
light,
And strikes with flashing rays the
aching sight.
Thick and more thick the sparkling
gleams aspire,
Till all the champaign seems to glow
with fire;
While mingled clamours echo through
the meads,
The clash of arms, the neigh of tramp-
ling steeds!

but, as the reading of the poem continued, they recognised themselves as though reflected in a mirror, feeling in their innermost souls joy and pride at being portrayed in the epic of such a poet.

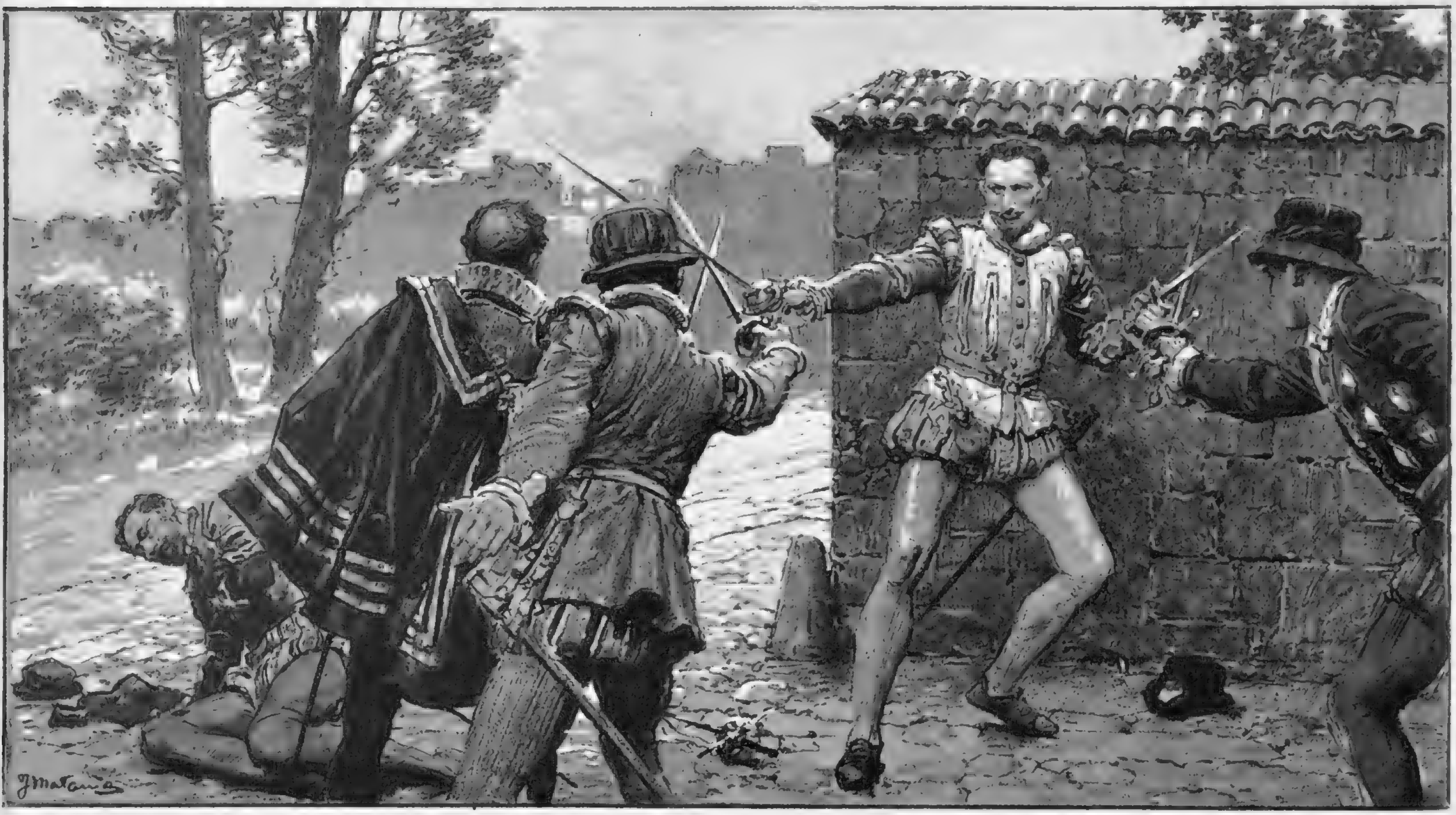
History is vague as to the real state of affairs that grew out of this idyll. Tasso loved Leonora with an ideal love, while the other sister, Lucrezia, granted the young poet a love more terrestrial. In other words, Tasso is supposed to have given to one all the idealism of idolatory, to the other the earthly fire of passion.

Duke Alphonso was not only a lover of art and poetry, but he was also a strict guardian of the family honour, so that the position of Tasso might well become perilous if anything stronger than the mere formality of court ceremonial were suspected beneath his graceful addresses.

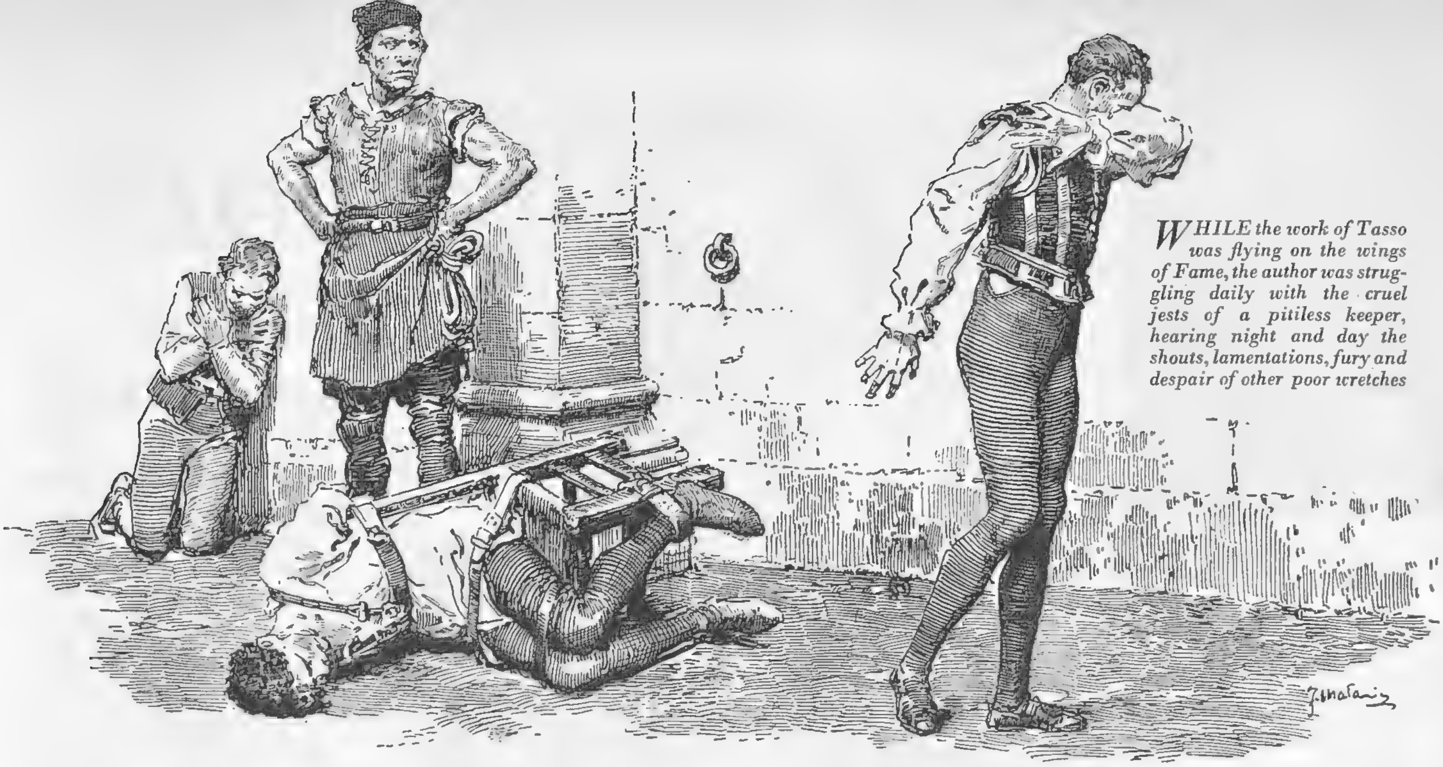
By a strange coincidence, there were three Leonoras at court. One we have already mentioned; the second was a noted beauty to whose particular service Tasso was attached; while the third was the first lady-in-waiting to Leonora D'Este. All three are described as being young, witty, beautiful.

He had been inspired to write concerning all three, and often he, as a mere matter of self-preservation, dedicated to the lady-in-waiting what he intended for a higher personage. At other times he was explicit, and in the following sonnet, translated by John Hoole, one can see how gracefully he expressed the feeling with which the three graces inspired him.

Three courtly dames before my presence
stood;
All lovely form'd, though differing in
their grace:
Yet each resembled each; for nature
shew'd
A sister's air in every mien and face.



His wrist was stronger than steel, swifter than the eye. He parried two or three thrusts at once. Despite the odds he pierced one



WHILE the work of Tasso was flying on the wings of Fame, the author was struggling daily with the cruel jests of a pitiless keeper, hearing night and day the shouts, lamentations, fury and despair of other poor wretches

Each maid I prais'd ; but one above the rest
Soon kindled in my heart the lover's fire :
For her these sighs still issue from my breast ;
Her name, her beauties, still my song inspire.

Yet, to her alone my thoughts are due,
Reflected in the rest her charms I view,
And in her semblance still the nymph adore :
Delusion sweet ! from this to that I rove ;
But, while I wander, sigh, and fear to prove,
A traitor thus to Love's almighty power.

The reconstruction of Tasso's life of love has been attempted rather by searching in his poetry than in the episodes of his physical existence. Summing up, one must conclude that he carefully avoided every kind of easy love affair. Chivalrous to the highest degree towards every woman, he bowed only before those who appeared to him as goddesses. It is, however, undeniable that if Tasso ever loved it was Leonora D'Este whom he really loved.

But besides vague and various presumptions no indiscretions are on record that could justify the change of treatment to which he was subjected by the Duke. It seems more likely that Alphonso grew alarmed in anticipation, and was only looking for a pretext to show his displeasure.

One must also take into consideration many points of no little weight which contributed to work him up into a state against Tasso, such as Leonora's obstinately refusing all advantageous proposals of marriage ; the complete union of the two sisters in accepting Tasso's courtship and defending him in every instance ; and, possibly most potent of all, the envy and poisonous intrigues of the sly, servile crowd of courtiers.

It happened one day that Tasso had entrusted a certain man with a very delicate transaction. This man proved his unworthiness by committing a gross indiscretion, and Torquato, exasperated by such behaviour, struck him. A challenge followed, and the two opponents met at the gate of Santo Leonardo.

Faithful to the observance of the most accomplished school of fencing, Torquato saluted and came down *en garde* with great elegance. He was tall, slim, agile, well built. For a few minutes the blades touched, crossed and dodged in a tactful *traccheggio*, in order to become reciprocally acquainted with their respective styles, when suddenly three men appeared, swords in their hands, and attacked Tasso on every side.

With the resilience of a panther he stepped back, and faced the four rapiers thrusting at him in a chaos of blinding blades. His wrist was stronger than steel, swifter than the eye. He parried two or three thrusts at once. Despite the odds he pierced one. Almost immediately afterwards he stretched a second, wounded on the ground, but while he was holding the others in play people arrived and separated them.

After this affair the valour of Tasso was praised all over Ferrara. Stanzas were composed for the occasion.

With the sword as with the pen.
Tasso vanquishes all men.

It became almost a proverb.

When the Duke of Ferrara learned of the incident he punished the four culprits with banishment from his demain and the confiscation of their property.

Under the pretext of protecting Tasso from any further design on the part of his enemy he placed him under arrest, confined him in a prison, and took possession of all the manuscripts and books belonging to him. No one dared to say a word in his defence. An atmosphere of suffocating mystery pervaded the court. Tasso himself was not satisfied with the pretext that kept him in gaol He was sure the Duke had determined to ruin him.

Is it human logic or the malignance of scandal to presume that such grave steps were taken only for the fact that the indiscretion might have concerned the Princess Leonora ?

Be the cause what it may, Torquato languished in prison for a year. The Duke refused to listen to any of his appeals. It was only by a miraculous escape that Torquato breathed the open air again. Once more he was alone, a fugitive from a place that had been his heaven.

More than ten years had elapsed since he had set foot in Ferrara in the zenith of his hope. For ten years God had granted him the privilege of seeing Leonora every day, and now . . . .

On the dusty road towards the north a lonely figure which might have been taken for a tramp was plodding, carrying the unseen load of a lost paradise, refusing to believe in his past, still more to believe in the present.

For some time Tasso vanished. No one knew where he had gone until, one day, a man answering his description was insistently questioned in Turin. Eventually he confessed to being that Tasso criticisms, polemics and discussions of whose work occupied the literary circles of all Italy. In spite of the encouraging words of his admirers he was suspicious of everyone and everything, and even when he was offered the most friendly hospitality by the Duke of Savoy, reigning in Piedmont, Tasso was not at peace. He feared that the Duke of Ferrara would claim him, and he saw no reason why the Duke of Savoy for his sake should compromise his alliance with so powerful a man. His exceptional modesty, and the reluctance that he felt in.

(*Continued on page* 86)

BOOKS:

Trumpets, Whistles and Bells

Reviewed by

Arnold Palmer

Left:

ELIOT CRAWSHAY-WILLIAMS, *whose book "Simple Story" is a history of his highly complicated career*

MISS MARGARET GOLDSMITH is the author of many good books, some of them written in English and some of them written in German. Her life of Frederick the Great is possibly the best known of them, and as far as my experience goes it is the best. Her newest volume is called *Seven Women Against the World* (Methuen, 10s. 6d.); as its title implies, it contains critical biographies of seven women famous for their revolutionary spirit. They are Charlotte Corday, Théroigne de Méricourt, Flora Tristan, Louise Michel, Vera Figner, Emma Goldman and Rosa Luxemburg. A number of readers, I fancy, will be able to place only the first and last of these heroines.

The second, third and fourth were all French, and their history covers, approximately, the history of the feminist and revolutionary movements, from 1750 to 1900, in their country. Vera Figner is still alive. This old Russian lady—she is 84—was one of a small group responsible for the assassination of Alexander II. As a result, a worse Tsar, Alexander III, ascended the throne. Vera Figner was confined in a fortress for twenty years, and then exiled to Siberia for two more years. She now lives in Moscow, "a legend of courage and conviction to the population of Russia." Emma Goldman is the American anarchist. She is 67, and lives in Canada. Several of Miss Goldsmith's revolutionaries sought hospitality, at one time or another, under the Union Jack.

This bare record of identification will attract some readers and, perhaps, scare others, but it will give no one any idea of the liveliness, detachment and scope of Miss Goldsmith's essays. They are models of their kind—short enough, comprehensive enough, with the political and human interests in fair proportion. But I wish it had been found possible to include portraits of more of these relentless females. Only Vera Figner is shown—the sweet, compassionate face of an old lady who was once, clearly, a most beautiful girl.

Recent historical biographies include a life of *Don John of Austria*, by George Slocombe (Ivor Nicholson and Watson, 15s.) and *The Son of Marie Antoinette*, by Meade Minnigerode (Jarrolds, 18s.). Don John, young, fair, good-looking, and the half-brother of Philip of Spain, was the darling of Europe in Elizabethan days. He turned the Moors out of Spain by a great victory on land, and then, commanding the combined fleets of Venice, Spain and the Pope, he defeated the Turks at Lepanto—a battle which was then, and perhaps should still be, considered far more important than the destruction of the Armada, seventeen years later. But Don John was too

Four

"What a Word!"
by A. P. Herbert

(Methuen, 6s.)

THAT irascible humorist Mr. Herbert, M.P., should surely have laid aside his wit and gone forth with an extra bludgeon of fury in the sacred cause of rescuing our tongue from misuse. Some people will persist in treating this as a humorous book on a humorous subject, and nothing would have persuaded them to the contrary but a photograph of Mr. Herbert, with a gashed bosom, dipping his pen into his life's blood. Such a photograph is not, alas, contained in the volume. It must therefore be carefully explained that the author, in giving examples of careless, inaccurate, and generally inappropriate speech, seeks not our laughter and applause, but rather our agony, our tears of passionate remorse, and our armed uprising.

NOEL GODBER, *author of "Don't Do It, Doctor"*

Notes on Novels

"Jamie Simpson": *by Laurence Oliver*

(Nicholson and Watson, 7s. 6d.)

BELIEF in the sanctity of pain had—strange as it may seem—to be combated in many lands. In our islands the fight was particularly fierce, and the victory of common sense was largely brought about by an Edinburgh doctor, the late Sir James Simpson, Bt., the champion of anæsthetics. Mr. Oliver originally meant to write his life, but ended by producing an admirable novel dealing with the early days of one of the outstanding men of the last century.

"Dr. Ibrahim": *by John Knittel* (Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.)

THIS, too, is a story about a doctor—a young Egyptian with strong Nationalist leanings and a gift of healing. Like all Mr. Knittel's books, this one provides a memorable and unusual experience for the reader. It has, moreover, a topical interest, for it shows us the appearance, in Egyptian eyes, of our fellow-countrymen in Egypt.

"The Female Felon": *by Helen Simpson* (Lovat Dickson, 2s. 6d.)

PLEASANTLY produced, and with illustrations by Mary Shepard, Miss Simpson's elegant, humorous account of the adventures of a governess captured by, and captivating, pirates has the flavour of a dry Martini; and, like that excellent *apéritif*, it will be found capable of giving point and distinction to the hour before dinner. One arises refreshed.

"Don't Do It, Doctor": *by Noel Godber* (John Long, 7s. 6d.)

MR. GODBER'S humour is of a more robust kind, and he might be described as having one foot on Wodehouse's ladder and the other on Jacobs's. His novel recounts the adventures of an unscrupulous young doctor among the credulous patients of a new garden suburb, complete with nudist settlement.

"The House in Half Moon Street": *by Hector Bolitho*

(Cobden-Sanderson, 7s. 6d.)

BEST known as a biographer, Mr. Bolitho here offers fourteen short stories written during the last twelve years, and all (most sensibly) dated. These stories are good and, what is more, progressively good, the latest being the subtlest and the most profound. They place the author high among contemporary writers of short stories.

Right:
GEORGE SLOCOMBE, author of "Don John of Austria"

Below:
MARGARET GOLDSMITH, author of "Seven Women Against the World"

MRS. CLARE LEIGHTON, whose book "Four Hedges" will make many people who read it sigh to own a garden. The book is illustrated with eighty-eight delightful woodcuts the work of the author

gifted, too handsome, and above all too popular, and he made Philip of Spain uncomfortable. Some suspicion still hangs round his early death, at the age of 31. In his crowded and brilliant life, as in his rather mysterious death, he was a typical leader of his time. With such a subject, nobody could fail entirely, but Mr. Slocombe's book achieves success. It is at once picturesque and reliable.

As for Mr. Minnigerode's volume, it deals with a mystery of which the world, apparently, never tires—the fate of Louis XVII. No fewer than three different graves showed where he was buried; no fewer than five separate impersonators claimed that he still lived. Even before the earliest date on which he can have died, his death was announced; eighty years later, claimants were still claiming. Mr. Minnigerode provides a useful summing-up of the evidence, and of the probabilities.

Gipsy Petulengro, whose autobiography appears under the title of *A Romany Life* (Methuen, 10s. 6d.), is a grandson of Borrow's famous tinker, Jasper Petulengro. His book, full of interest and romany lore, is nearly all that one could hope for—nearly, but not quite. Mr. Petulengro, doubtless from the best of motives, has laboured to bring his world and the great world together. He has written more books than one; he has broadcast; he has contributed articles to Sunday newspapers; he has acquired an enormous fan mail. It might not matter greatly if, as a result of his efforts, I felt that he was no longer a genuine gipsy; but it is surely a disaster if he agrees with me. I do not know, of course, that he does so. Nevertheless, in reading his book, I frequently had the impression that he was speaking of a world which he had left behind him—on which he looks back, indeed, with some incredulity. But having explained why my romantic soul experienced slight disappointment, I must hasten to add that students of the ways of Egypt will find Mr. Petulengro's pages rich with information. What would Borrow himself not have given—or Mérimée, either—to possess this book?

Two successful writers, Miss Berta Ruck and Mr. Eliot Crawshay-Williams, have recently produced autobiographies. It is not surprising that neither author is, apparently, known to the other, for they have different professional ambitions and their Welsh natures are poles apart. Miss Ruck's volume is called *A Story-Teller Tells the Truth* (Hutchinson, 18s.), and the title is characteristic, because Miss Ruck is one of those

(Continued on page 94)

Humorists

"Weepings and Wailings": *by J. C. Squire*

(Cobden-Sanderson, 6s.)

TWENTY sad poems of what was and what might have been, many of them reprinted from *Punch*. The little volume is illustrated by Mr. Ian Fenwick.

"You Have Been Warned": *by Fougasse and McCullough* (Methuen, 5s.)

SUSPICIOUS though we all are of one another's sense of humour, it is surely not too dangerous to suggest that this is the funniest book that has been produced for a long time. From the introduction to the final drawing, there is not a single misfire. As one reads, one decides to send copies of the book to a motoring friend; then to all one's motoring friends; then to the compilers of the Highway Code; and to sundry hotel-keepers. A few readers, fortunately, may be relied upon not to keep these resolves, and so Fougasse and McCullough may, after all, not become too rich ever to work again. They make an ideal combination. Fougasse is known to everybody; and McCullough, who presumably provides the text, will want no higher praise than to be told that he is worthy of his partner. One of the happiest touches in a skit full of uproarious bangs is McCullough's road-book entry of that old-world hotel, the "Norman Close, 65 brms, 2 bth, C. & C. Tel.: Domesday." Mr. Hore Belisha will doubtless recommend both authors for Honours. They have done more for his campaign than all the policemen with their backs turned to the road in England.

FOUGASSE and McCullough, partners of one of the funniest books produced for some time

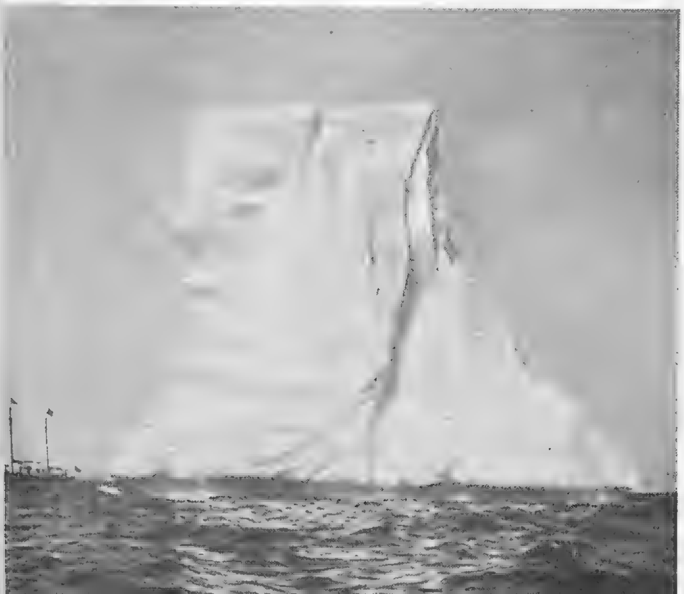
ICE

A MAGNIFICENT specimen of an iceberg seen off the coast of Greenland

A SPRING morning on the Grand Banks of Newfoundland—but with nothing about it to suggest thoughts of blue skies and balmy airs, new-born lambs and nesting birds, and all the other things usually associated on land with that fair but fickle season. Grey skies, grey, sullenly heaving seas, and thick white mist between the two—and the super-liner *Magnificent* forging steadily ahead at reduced speed, her progress punctuated at intervals by the melancholy note of her foghorn.

Her spacious decks are all but deserted. Most of her passengers have taken refuge from the unspringlike nip in the air before the electric log fire in Ye Olde Tudor smokeroom, or are trying to forget, in the Jacobean cocktail bar, the disagreeable reality of latitude 40 N. in the Atlantic Ocean. The captain's presence—that happy blend of bluffness and urbanity—will be missed in the dining-saloon this evening. He has other business on hand than that of entertaining passengers.

Up on the bridge he is bending with knitted brows and intent gaze over the outspread chart of the North Atlantic. There will be no proper rest for him to-night—just a stretch off the land on the settee, "all standing," if he is lucky. A message has come in from the Ice Patrol notifying the presence of bergs and field ice in the track of shipping. Speed has been reduced several revolutions. Extra lookouts have been posted. But all the same the hours till daybreak are going to be anxious ones. The weather conditions are not the best for a ship among ice. The sea is almost smooth, so that the sight and sound of water breaking along a berg's base cannot give timely warning of its presence. There is no moon, so that, even should the fog lift, the "ice-blink" will not be visible. Nothing remains but to attend to the third of the seaman's three *L*'s, log, lead and lookout, and hope for the best. Wireless and the Ice Patrol have done much to lessen the ice danger. But there still remains that thousandth chance of a combination of unlucky accidents such as that which sent the *Titanic* to her tragic doom. The skipper of the *Magnificent* with forty years of sea experience behind him, is leaving nothing to luck.



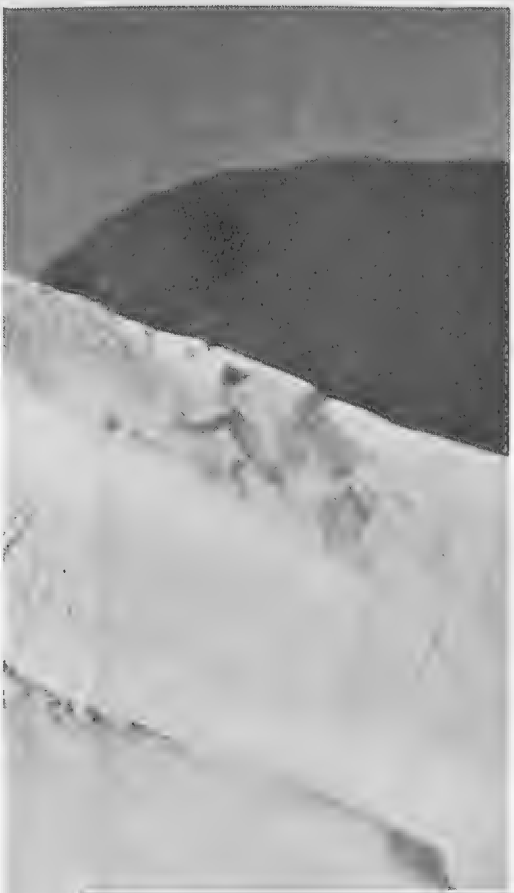
ONE of the terrors of the North Atlantic towering over a steamer, which gives some idea of the size of an iceberg

Given a staunch, well-found ship and plenty of sea-room, the fiercest equinoctial the Western Ocean can produce is not much to be feared. The chairs in the dining-saloon may be emptier than usual, and so, incidentally, may their late occupants; but since passengers as a rule eat about three times as much as they should, that is no great matter. There may, also, be casualties in the crockery department; but it is an ill wind that blows no one good, and the Potteries, at least, will rejoice and be glad thereat!

But ice, especially when it is accompanied, as it often is, by fog, is the kind

The White Peril of the Seas

By C. Fox Smith



An iceberg photographed from the S.S. Manchester Division about 25 miles east of Belle Isle. It had just commenced to disintegrate as the steamer passed it

of marine risk which seamen dislike more than any other—and little wonder! For, to adapt the familiar quotation, "Peace hath her perils no less great than those of War." It is probable that the number of lives lost at sea through encounters with ice would, if it could be fully known, prove considerably greater than the loss of life in the world's chief naval engagements put together.

When the loosening up of the Polar winter comes, "the bergs begin to bow their heads, and float, and sail in the sea," crowding in ever-increasing numbers down the Labrador current until they come within the influence of the Gulf Stream and gradually dissolve. It is then, perhaps, that they are at their most dangerous. As the bergs melt, they "calve"—that is, large pieces break away from the parent mass, forming independent bergs. The newly-broken surfaces are at first almost black, becoming white as time goes on through exposure to the air, and at this stage they are more difficult to see at night than when they assume their later ghostly hue. This was believed to be one reason why the berg which the *Titanic* struck was not detected from the crow's-nest. Again, as they melt under water the bergs often turn over, so that, while the portion above water is hardly visible, spurs and ledges project beneath the surface calculated to rip open the plates of the stoutest vessel afloat. Bergs during the process of "calving" emit the most eerie groanings and shrieks which, to the old-time navigator, seemed to be the voices of evil spirits or demons of the deep.

"Ice, mast-high, went floating by as green as emerald"—quite possibly the Wedding Guest thought the Ancient Mariner was pulling his leg. But such dimensions are in fact by no means uncommon even for Atlantic icebergs, which generally speaking are considerably smaller than those met with in the Southern Ocean. In 1906, a year remarkable for the amount of ice on the steamship lanes, some seen were estimated to be 700 feet in height, and one was said to reach a thousand feet—as high as the top of Pendle Hill, in Lancashire.

Early seekers for the North-west Passage, and whalers and sealers in later times, had frequent encounters with drift ice, and the valiant Captain Thomas James, of Bristol, finding himself hemmed in by bergs and floes off the coast of Greenland, adopted the bold expedient of hitching his little vessel of seventy tons by means of grapnels to one of the floating monsters and thus securing a tow, much as a boy on a bicycle gets a motor lorry to help him up a hill. Curiously enough, in spite of the merciless driving and reckless "cracking on" of the passenger packet captains, there seem to be comparatively few cases of their ships being in difficulties with ice. Probably the reason was that in the ice season they took a more southerly route.

Of the early steamships, on the other hand, the white peril took a heavy toll.

The fate of the *President*, of the London Line, is one of the world's unanswered riddles; but, though there were several queer points about her disappearance, it seems more than likely that she met her fate through colliding with ice. The vessel, which was built at Limehouse in 1839, narrowly escaped loss while being towed round to Liverpool to receive her engines—a fact which might be regarded as inauspicious by both the credulous and the practical: the former because it proved her unlucky, the latter because it suggested that she was unmanageable. However, she continued her career without further mishap until March, 1841, when she left New York for Liverpool with a hundred and twenty souls on board. It was a time of very heavy weather in the Atlantic, and nearly all the ships arriving at Liverpool were several days late, so that at first no great anxiety was felt when the *President* did not put in an appearance according to schedule. But the days grew to weeks, and sinister reports came in of ice very far to the south'ard for the time of year. At last it became all too certain that the missing vessel had

(*Continued on page 84*)

TREASURES

Or, in other words, Good Servants. Where to find them—what to pay them—how to keep them

The English Nannie is typified in this serene middle-aged woman called upon to take care of the infant Prince of Kent

This is a close-up of the modern domestic expert taken in her own mixed club. The Wayfarers' Clubs, run for girls new to town, have been a tremendous success Courtesy Wayfarers

IT was a shrewd old lady who said to me, when I first started housekeeping: "*My dear, never trust a woman who says she cannot keep a servant.*"

Some time back that old lady died. Her will ran something like this :—

> "*. . . to my faithful maid and friend for 35 years, Mary Ellen Smith . . . to Ruth Jane Baker, nurse to my family for forty years . . . to all my other servants who shall have been with me five years or more at the time of my death . . . to my gardener, John Brown, after nearly fifty years of loyal work, his cottage . . . .*"

There is nothing remarkable in such a will; the papers record such appreciations of "faithful service" every day. But what about the moderns? Those who, like myself, married in the shadows of crises, personal and national—who serves us?

It is a bold thing to say, but there is no servant problem for the modern mistress who modernises her home. The daughters of the paragons of the past are the treasures of the present, and they are willing and ready to serve.

For, of all the productions of Britain, the maid, the English butler, the English Nannie and the English governess are among our most prized exports.

I have just been talking to one of the most famous registry offices. They confess to clients in sixty-four countries. From Poland to Paraguay, from Australia to Abyssinia, from Norway to that district grimly designated as "jungle," they have sent English servitors.

But we are more interested here in the question of maids, cooks, Nannies, trained nurses, nursery governesses, for the young Englishwoman living at home, living in the small home, in the adapted maisonette, mews flat, or in the new country house, adapting everything, including her bank balance, to swiftly altering social and other values.

Take, first, the Nannie. The woman who will care for your children is easily the most important item in your ménage. She can make or mar your private comfort too.

Sitting in her modern (and famous) nursery, a certain well-known Nannie said to me: "There are nurses and Nannies. Some are "nursery trained," and others are what they call "college trained." I'm nursery trained, myself; but I expect there are uses for both. . . ."

Both are certainly obtainable; in fact, the young mother out to select her first Nannie is confronted with a problem that seems complicated indeed.

There is, of course, the old-style Nannie, "*gay, energetic, religious and sensible, creating a pleasant nursery world around her.*" This is how Lady Horner describes her famous Nannie Day. There is no better definition and, were this article on Nannies of the past, I could describe the many others. Mrs. Leaker, of the Strachey household; Emma Squires, Lord Reading's Nannie; and Helen Sculpher, who remains to-day the trusted friend of the Playfair family.

The best way to obtain such a treasure is by recommendation. It works thus: "So your Betty is going to have a baby. Do ask her to try to get that delightful Nannie of the Robinsons. Their boy, Giles, is just going to school. . . ." And Nannie moves on: the genius who mothers other women's children.

CERTAIN registry offices will recommend reliable Nannies, too. And, these days, they are persuading them to change with the times, to "do" their own nurseries, if need be, and so on.

At the same time, there is the under nurse who wants to better herself. And there is (as always in the past there was) that girl, the gardener's daughter who was your playmate in the old days, and now who will come to you (and still call you "Miss Helen") and look after your babies until she marries her chauffeur.

A reliable Nannie should command anything round about £50 per annum. And these days when all the best babies sleep alone, she will like to have her own room, which will turn into the sewing-room of the home when baby goes to school, but she remains as friend of the family, and perhaps as housekeeper.

A most famous agency literally fine-combs the qualifications of its applicants for jobs and has brought the art of the interview to a fine, and a human, art.

The most interesting background for the most famous Nannie of all. The nursery where Nurse Knight, the Duchess of York's Nannie, reigns
Copyright Bedford Lemere & Co.

By Joan Woollcombe

And here the young married need not be alarmed. Ordeal by interview is not nearly so grim as it sounds, for either side. The expert in charge at this registry office, and any others of like standing, has already interviewed your prospective Nannie or governess, and her qualifications have been tabulated.

The registry office exists to bring square pegs to square holes. To smooth the impact, questions of every type have been asked the woman you will interview. For instance, if she is a Nannie she will have told of her knowledge of Truby King methods, of her experience with delicate children, her knowledge of sewing and knitting, whether she will "do" her nurseries, give first lessons, if she knows any French and is willing to go abroad or live out of England, if need be; what training she has had with sick children.

YOU would be wise to ask her all these things that seem to concern you, and also whether she can do, and will do, simple nursery cooking if necessary. You will also settle, quite definitely, times off and wages, while you are discussing these things.

And, when Nannie first comes to you, you will wait and see what she does, and how she does it, before you start telling her. She'll call it "interfering," and with reason, if you start by dictating.

Supposing you want a "college-trained" nurse? One institute has raised the status and efficiency of nursery work immeasurably. Here educated women from 18 to 30 years of age take a most carefully planned course of a year.

It is only after her first year as a probationer nurse, actually in a post, that the nurse from this institute is granted the certificate of the institute, and after five years' eminently satisfactory work she is granted her badge.

But the young mother who is thinking of having a nurse of this type should remember that, quite rightly, the institute supervises every step of their nurses' careers, and that conditions of work are carefully safeguarded.

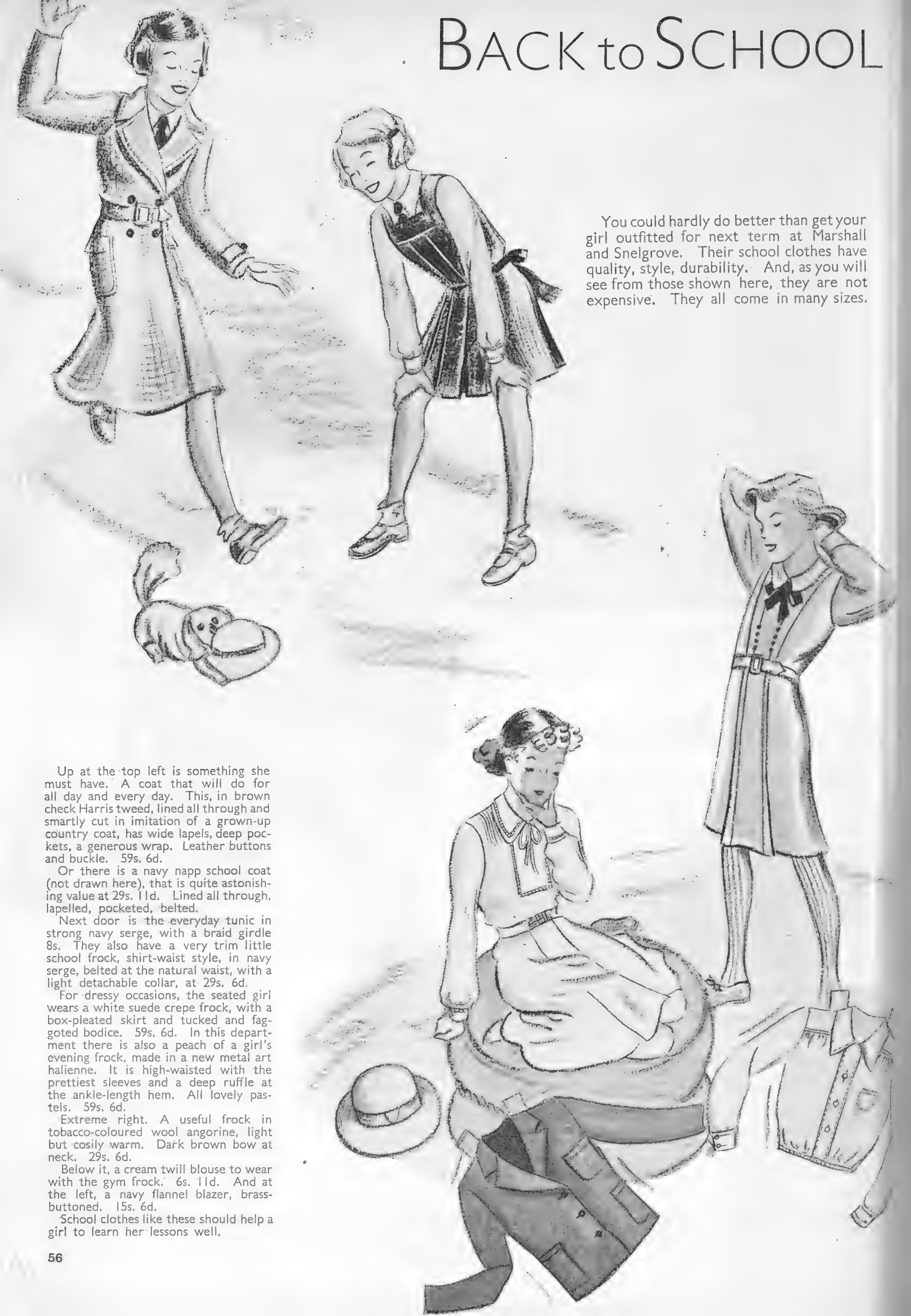
A probationer nurse will get a salary of about £50 a year, a fully certificated nurse from £80 or so. She does not take her meals with the servants, and she (*Continued on page* 116)

Your future "treasure" will have learned all the rudiments of cooking at her school. She will belong to a new, alert, modern type, like the girl here.
Courtesy Gaumont British Instructional Films

There is no servant problem for the intelligent mistress

BACK to SCHOOL

You could hardly do better than get your girl outfitted for next term at Marshall and Snelgrove. Their school clothes have quality, style, durability. And, as you will see from those shown here, they are not expensive. They all come in many sizes.



Up at the top left is something she must have. A coat that will do for all day and every day. This, in brown check Harris tweed, lined all through and smartly cut in imitation of a grown-up country coat, has wide lapels, deep pockets, a generous wrap. Leather buttons and buckle. 59s. 6d.

Or there is a navy napp school coat (not drawn here), that is quite astonishing value at 29s. 11d. Lined all through, lapelled, pocketed, belted.

Next door is the everyday tunic in strong navy serge, with a braid girdle 8s. They also have a very trim little school frock, shirt-waist style, in navy serge, belted at the natural waist, with a light detachable collar, at 29s. 6d.

For dressy occasions, the seated girl wears a white suede crepe frock, with a box-pleated skirt and tucked and faggoted bodice. 59s. 6d. In this department there is also a peach of a girl's evening frock, made in a new metal art halienne. It is high-waisted with the prettiest sleeves and a deep ruffle at the ankle-length hem. All lovely pastels. 59s. 6d.

Extreme right. A useful frock in tobacco-coloured wool angorine, light but cosily warm. Dark brown bow at neck. 29s. 6d.

Below it, a cream twill blouse to wear with the gym frock. 6s. 11d. And at the left, a navy flannel blazer, brass-buttoned. 15s. 6d.

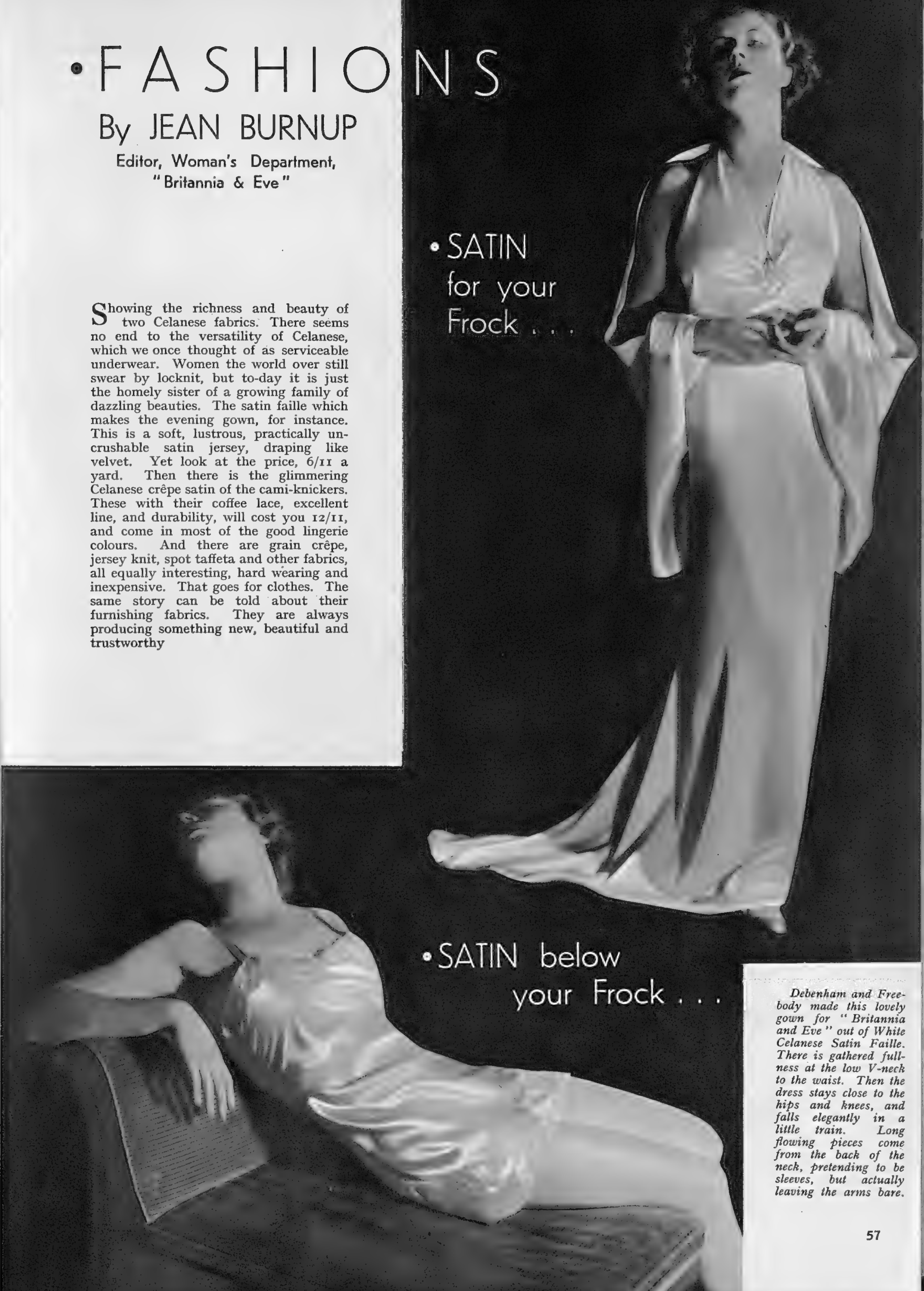
School clothes like these should help a girl to learn her lessons well.

• FASHIONS

By JEAN BURNUP

Editor, Woman's Department,
"Britannia & Eve"

Showing the richness and beauty of two Celanese fabrics. There seems no end to the versatility of Celanese, which we once thought of as serviceable underwear. Women the world over still swear by locknit, but to-day it is just the homely sister of a growing family of dazzling beauties. The satin faille which makes the evening gown, for instance. This is a soft, lustrous, practically uncrushable satin jersey, draping like velvet. Yet look at the price, 6/11 a yard. Then there is the glimmering Celanese crêpe satin of the cami-knickers. These with their coffee lace, excellent line, and durability, will cost you 12/11, and come in most of the good lingerie colours. And there are grain crêpe, jersey knit, spot taffeta and other fabrics, all equally interesting, hard wearing and inexpensive. That goes for clothes. The same story can be told about their furnishing fabrics. They are always producing something new, beautiful and trustworthy

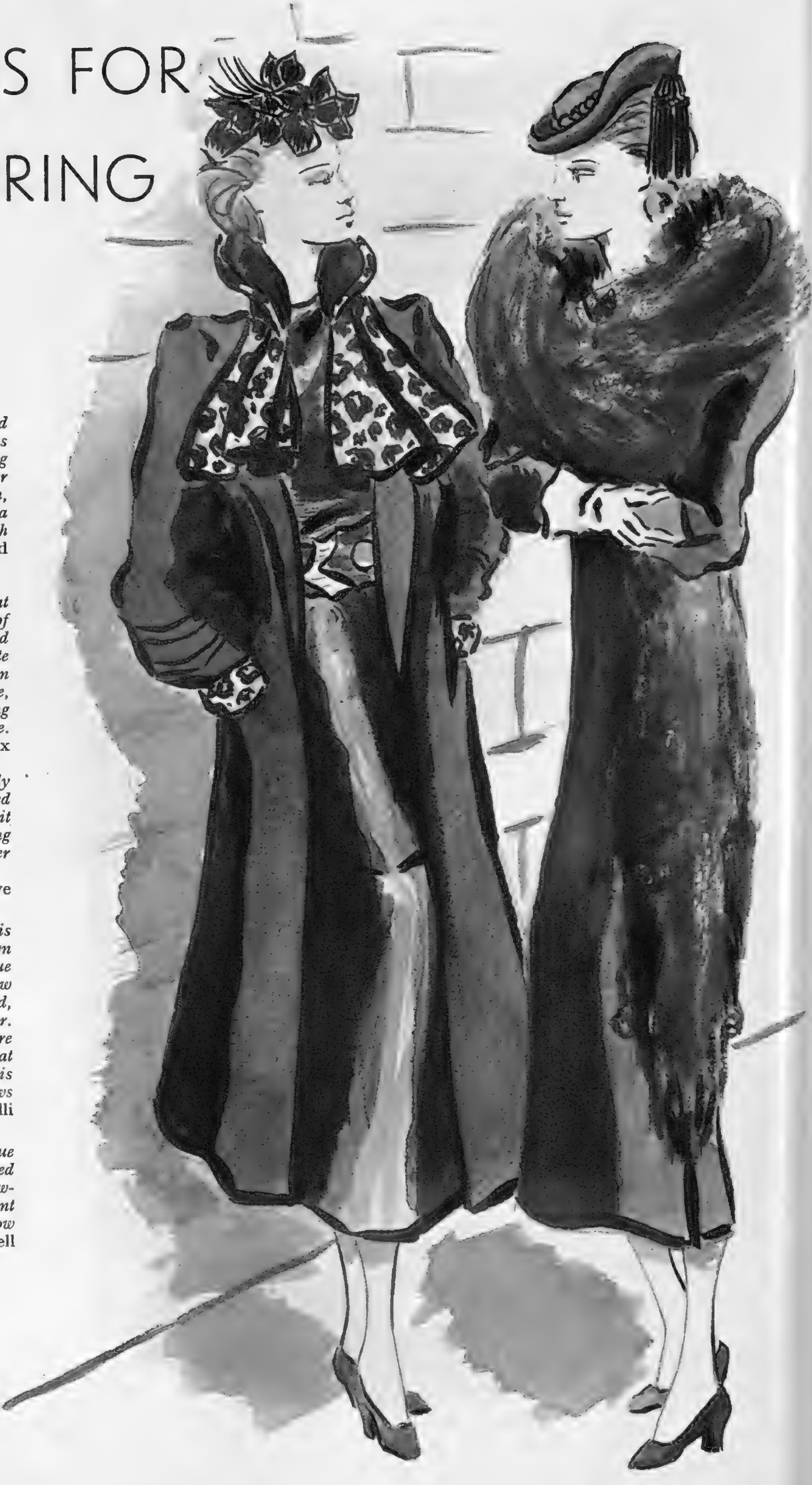


• SATIN
for your
Frock . . .

• SATIN below
your Frock . . .

Debenham and Freebody made this lovely gown for "Britannia and Eve" out of White Celanese Satin Faille. There is gathered fullness at the low V-neck to the waist. Then the dress stays close to the hips and knees, and falls elegantly in a little train. Long flowing pieces come from the back of the neck, pretending to be sleeves, but actually leaving the arms bare.

BORN-IN-LONDON FASHIONS FOR EARLY SPRING



Read from Left to Right:

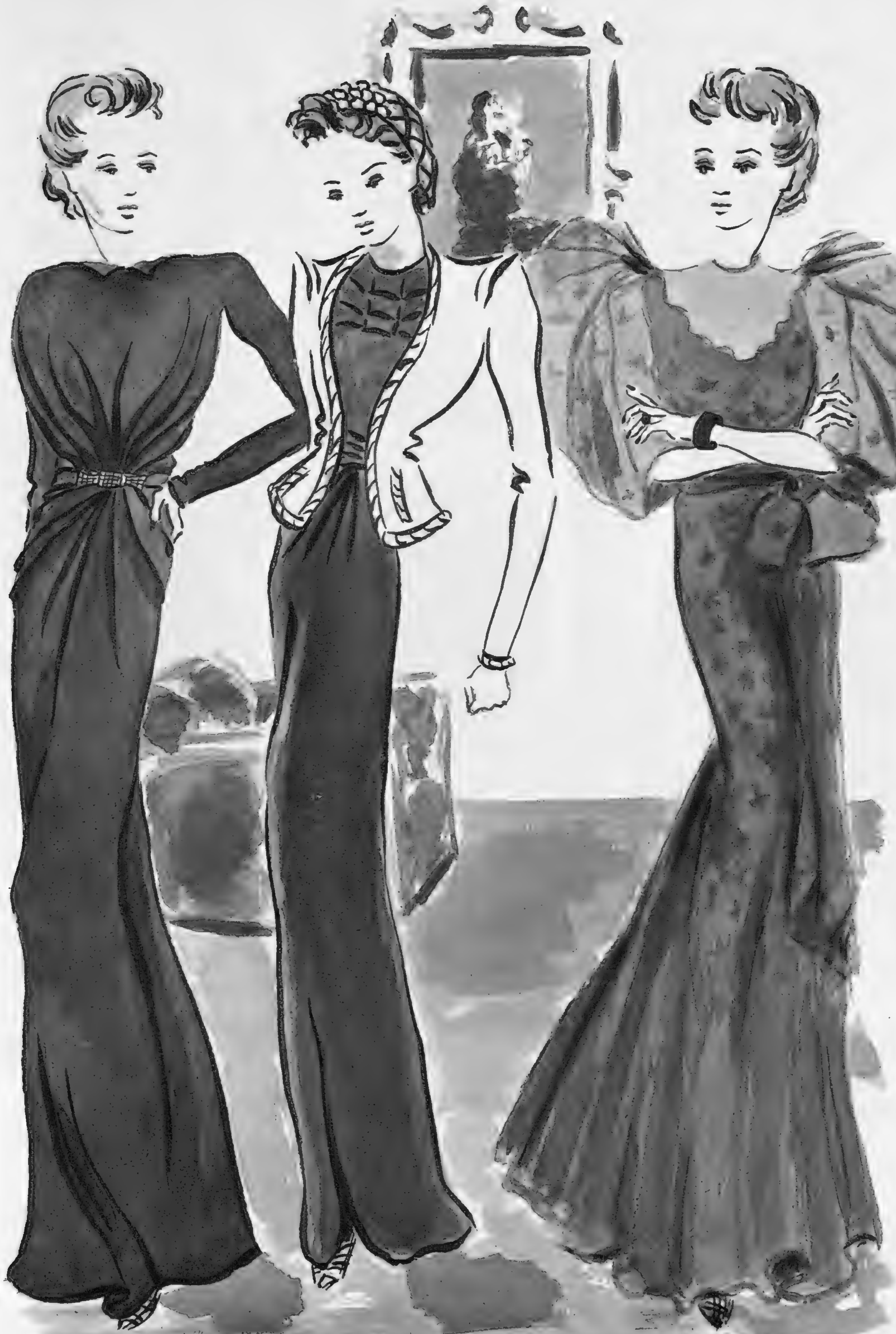
A gay green woollen coat with leopard skin at wrists and forming cascades each side of the neck. Upstanding collar. Wide sleeves. Worn over a satin frock of the same green, which has a front-only tunic, a lamé-lined satin belt clasping with a gold button. Debenham and Freebody

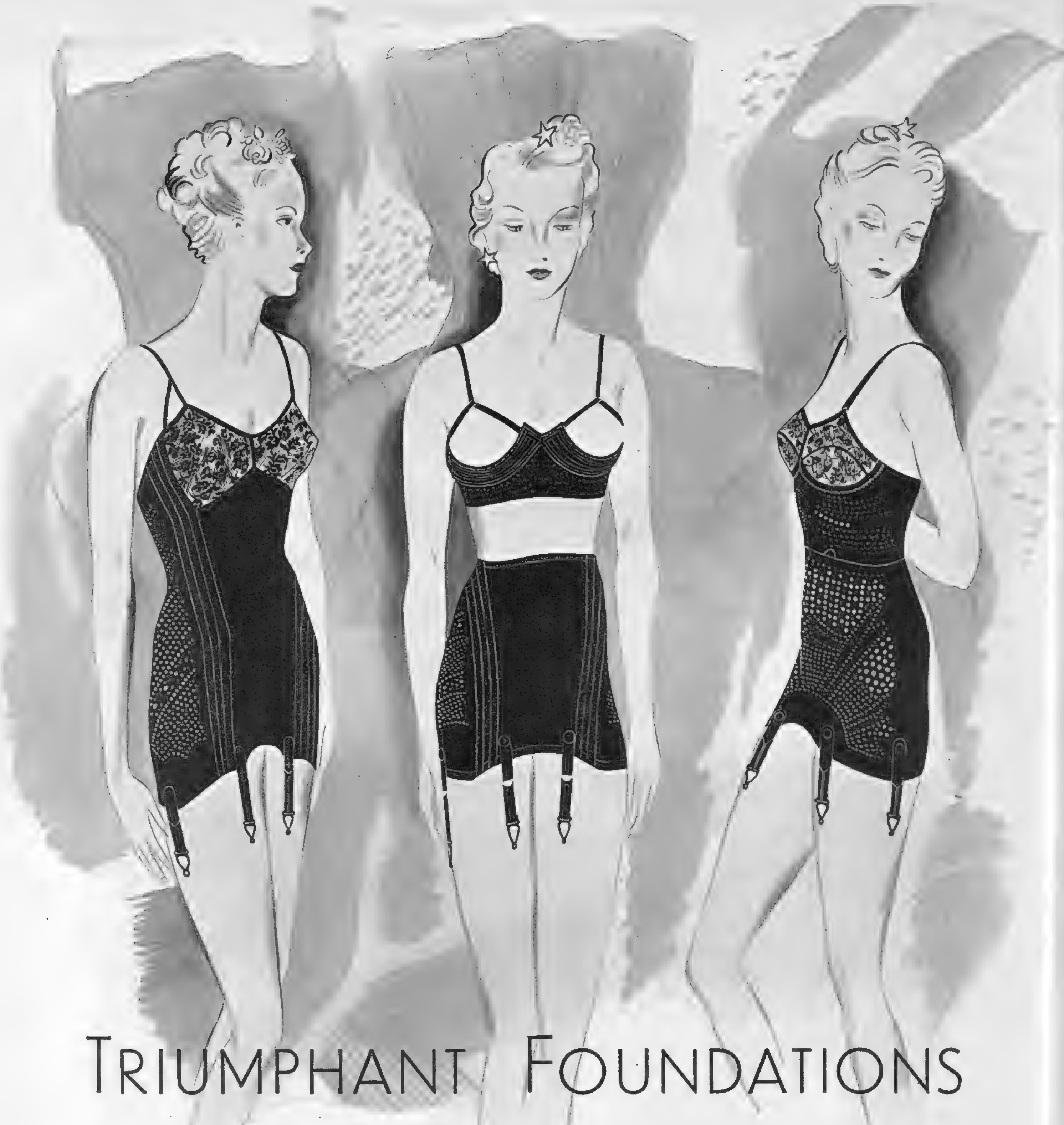
A long, slim brown woollen coat with blue fox starting at one side of the collar, and sweeping richly round and down, almost to the opposite hem. This is worn with a brown thick crêpe dress, Molyneux-simple, V-necked, with a belt slightly dipping at back, and fastening at the side. Molyneux

Black crêpe dinner gown, exquisitely cut, with expert draping focussed on the waist centre front, where it is held by a diamanté clasp. Long tight sleeves, and little turn-over points at neck. Marshall and Snelgrove

Fascinating colour combine in this plum-bronze velvet evening gown with a funny little turquoise blue tailored jacket, made of a new material called Papier Buvard, looking like hat felt or blotting-paper. The dress is draped at the centre front and has new, copy-able flat tucked neckline. The hair-net is coarse brown mesh, topped with rows of turquoises. Schiaparelli

Luscious frock in shaded blue organza, star glinting. It is moulded to the thighs, then goes full. Elbow-length sleeves, high and exuberant at the shoulders. Sash tying in bow at waist. Hartnell





TRIUMPHANT FOUNDATIONS

We had these Charnaux models drawn dark on a light background because it enables you to see faithfully every exquisite detail of these superlative foundations. Actually, the belts and brassières are flesh-coloured

They are made of electrically deposited latex, a smooth, firm miracle material which stretches where you want it to, and always returns to shape. They are cool, light, easy to wear and launder beautifully. If only slightly soiled, you can sponge them down with warm water

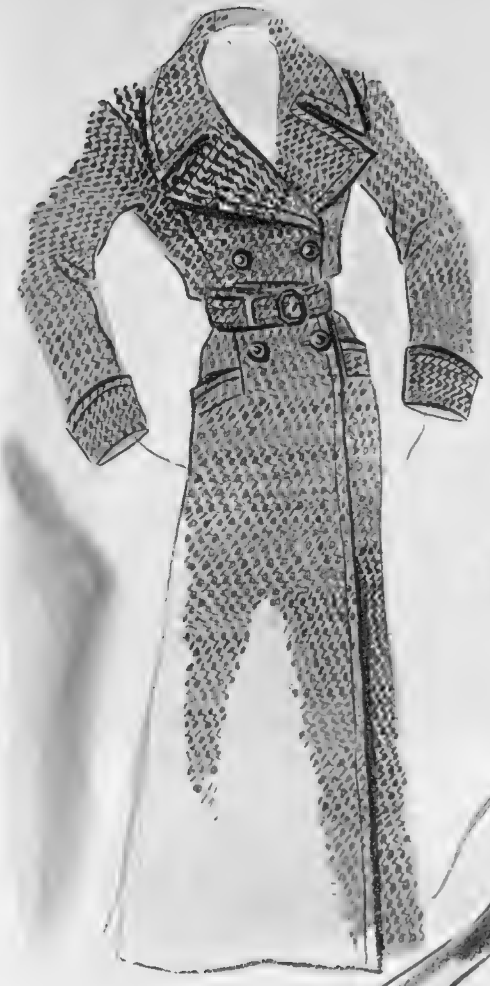
People think the perforations are just decoration and ventilation. They are that, but they also serve a more definite purpose, being graduated to produce bands of force which give upward support, freedom of movement and help the abdominal muscles to function normally

In a Charnaux, you have the flowing line of a young dancer, and it is a very bad case indeed which, wearing a Charnaux belt, shows a diaphragm roll

The corselette on the left is a new model, especially good for evening wear because of its uninterrupted line. The front panel is batiste, sides and back latex, net brassière

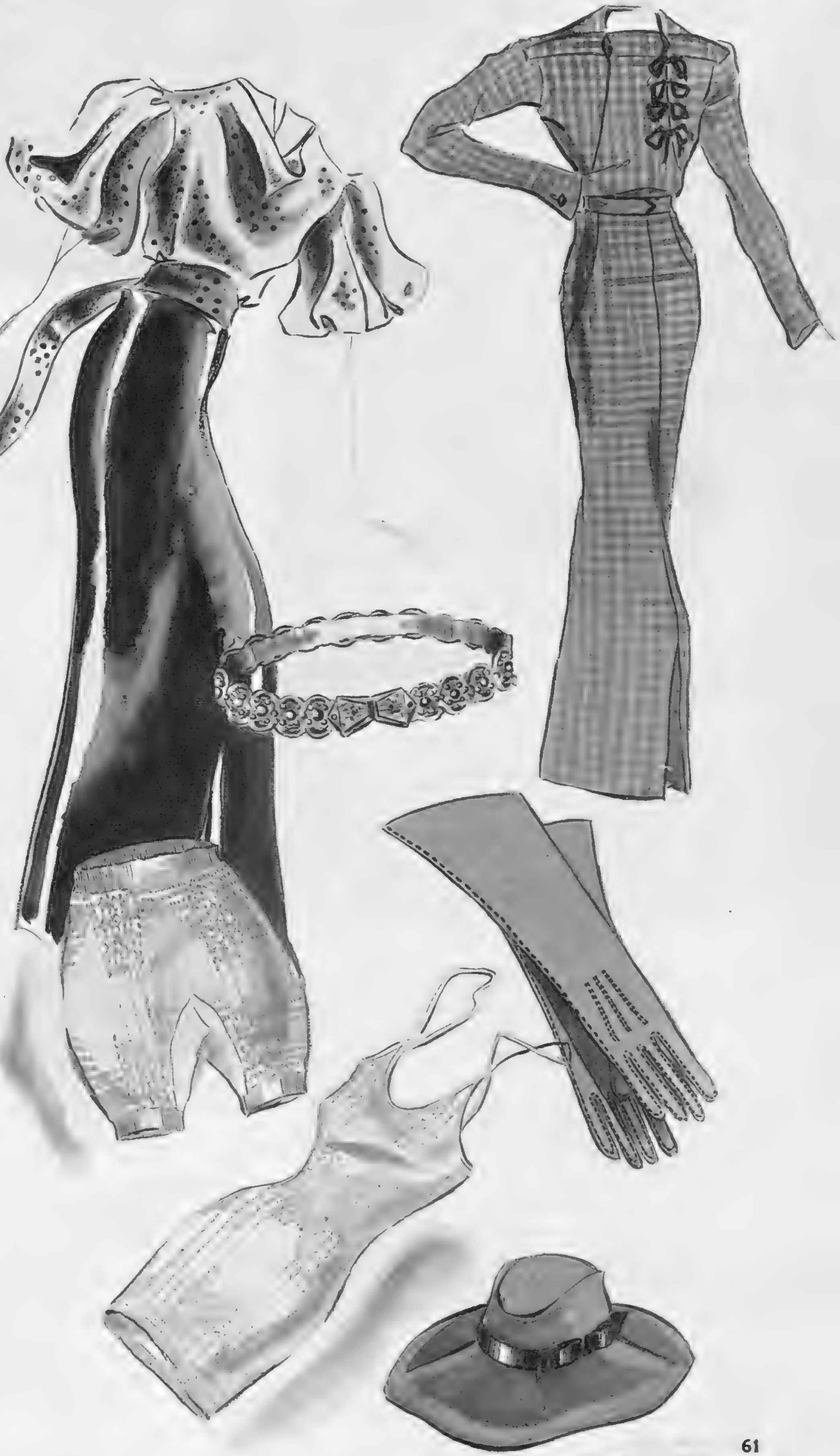
Centre. For the woman who has no bosom to speak of, the Caslis Sling encourages and enhances any curves that are there. A latex basis fits, supports and uplifts, leaving the breasts free and giving a rounded, cleverly emphasised outline. It is worn with the Anonette belt, latex all round and a batiste front panel, with light boning, making the stomach dead straight. Hooks at the side

Right. A deep brassière for those who want extra diaphragm support, tabbing on to the belt. This is the Charnaux famous Model D. You can get it pull-on, side-hooking, side-lacing or zipping. All Charnaux garments have invisible seams and fantom flat suspenders. Write to the Editor, Woman's Dept., Britannia & Eve, 346, Strand, if you want more particulars



For Women who Want to Save Money

We went around the London shops to find bargains—and did. Everything illustrated on this page is the best possible value for the money



Above. Tweed Country Coat, £3 3 0.

Double-breasted with hip pockets, large revers, belt. In bottle green (or navy or brown) checks on natural ground. Plain materials, if preferred, bottle green, navy, brown

Right. Informal Evening Outfit, 59/6.

Gold (or silver) spot lamé blouse, cowl neck, full short sleeves, tying back of skirt. Black velvet (or satin) skirt. Obtainable in three fittings

Extreme Right. Woollen Dress, 49/6.

Soft woollen dress with ties down one side front. Pleat front and back of skirt. In rust, navy, mulberry, grey, red, brown, green

Evening Belt, 18/9.

Gold tinselled thread, jewelled all round

Pants and Vest, 7/10.

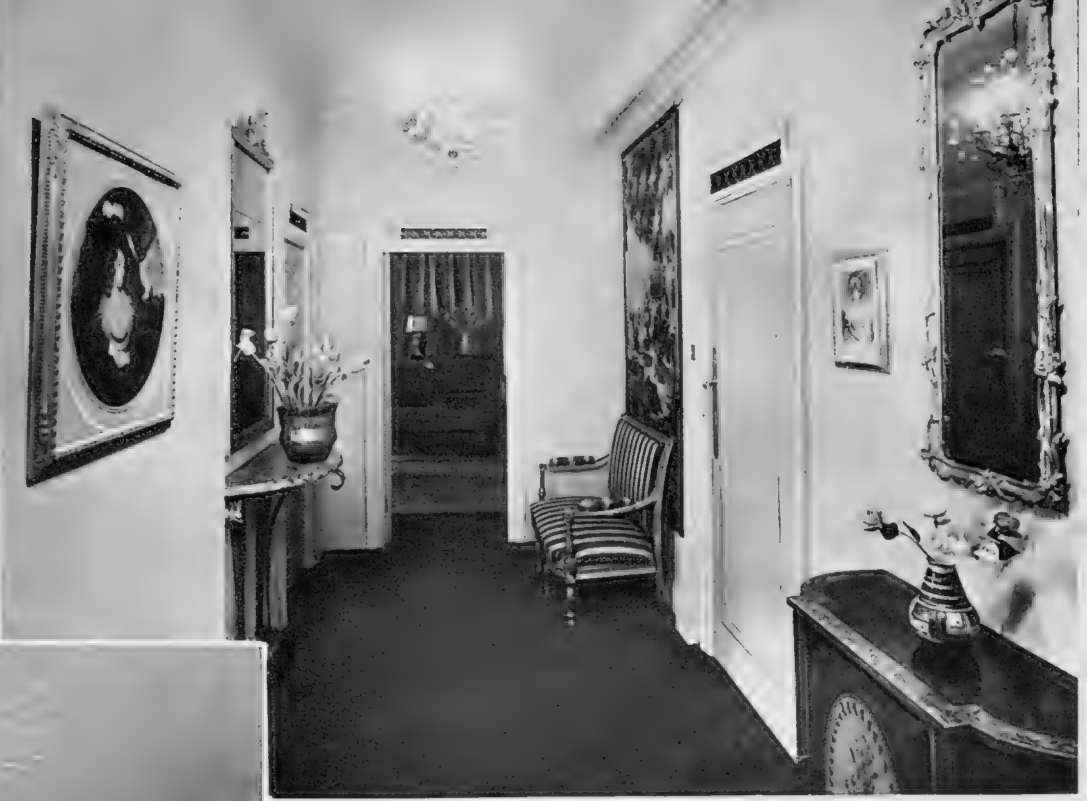
Celanese Spun "Wundies," 3/11 each garment. Light, beautifully fitting, warm

Gloves, 2/11.

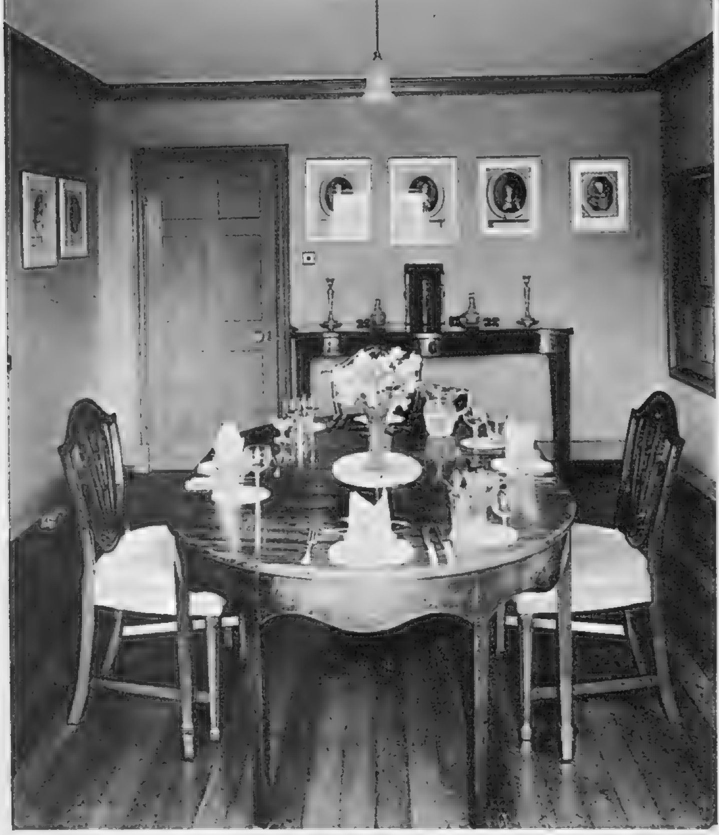
Really smart, hand-stitched gauntlets, fabric, but you can hardly tell them from skin. White, black, chamois, beaver, navy, nigger

Hat, £1 1 0.

Soft felt sports hat, medium brim. In any size, in black, navy, brown, bottle, rust, turquoise



A Louis XVI. scheme carried out in a small hall. The walls are stone colour, the carpet green, and the doors are picked out in gilt. A gilt settee is covered in cream and pink stripe silk, and the console table is of green and gilt surmounted with a gilt mirror



This dining-room has a period character which is in no sense impaired by its size. The chairs are Hepplewhite and the Serpentine side-table is delightfully set off by the walls of palest green

Period Rooms

Showing how Small can achieve

By Winifred

PERIOD schemes have for so long been associated with lofty rooms and spacious interiors that few attempts have been made to reproduce them in small houses. But since it was proved that period furniture can be charmingly displayed in small interiors and against modern backgrounds, people are indulging their tastes for the gracious schemes of the past.

Another reason for the return of period furniture is that reproductions have reached such a standard of excellence. The workmanship of the best reproduction pieces are comparable with that of the original designers. They have also the advantage of being smaller and more amenable to modern use.

Small houses have created such a demand for miniature pieces that the price of smaller antiques has gone to fantastic levels. Here and there bargains are to be found among original pieces suitable for small homes, but a lot of careful searching must be done to find them.

A Queen Anne interior is an ideal one for the small home. The original designers of this furniture carried form and workmanship to such a degree of perfection that the furniture is at its very best when not too crowded. The small chairs of the period with cabriole legs and slender backs are a decoration in themselves, and some delightful grouping can be achieved with them, especially when the group includes one of the delicate little walnut bureaus of the period. These bureaus are generally surmounted by a gilt mirror, and coloured engravings on each side complete the decoration for one side of a small drawing-room.

Looking-glasses were an important detail in furnishing during this period, and still are important inasmuch as they reflect light and give depth to the small room whilst adding a lot to its period character.

Upright mirrors were made in pairs to hang between windows and were fitted with candle branches at the base. The effect of these is charming on a plain painted wall, and they are neither too ornate nor too large to hang in a small room.

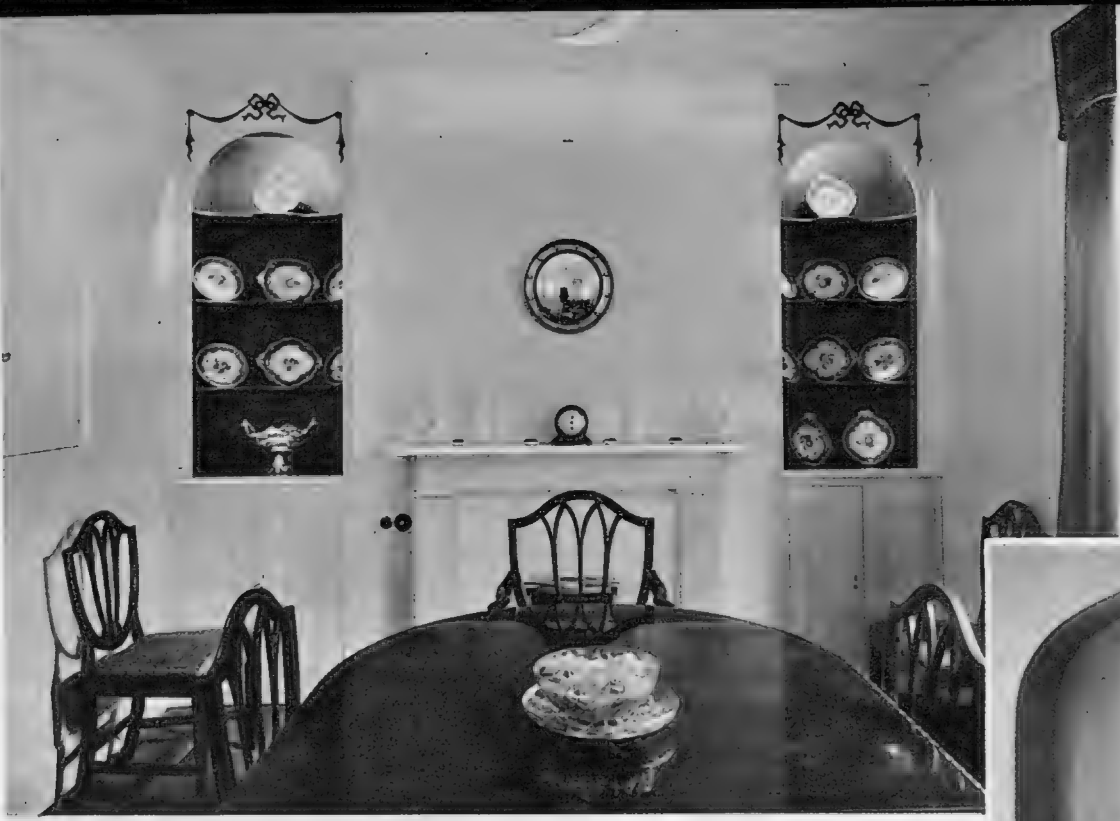
THE grouping of this graceful eighteenth-century furniture is fascinating in itself. It is so perfect in form that the "plain intervals" which would be described as bareness in relation to modern furniture merely accentuate its beauty.

Painted walls of parchment-yellow are good as a background for Chippendale, Queen Anne or Hepplewhite furniture. The delicate little mouldings characteristic of the backgrounds of the period can be introduced, but should be used with restraint if the room is small.

The photograph on this page showing the illuminated china shelves illustrates the point. Over the arched recess is a delicate moulding typical of wall decoration of the Adams style. This is carried out in green against a paler green wall. The china is of exquisite green and gold colouring and the windows of this room are curtained in green and gold damask.

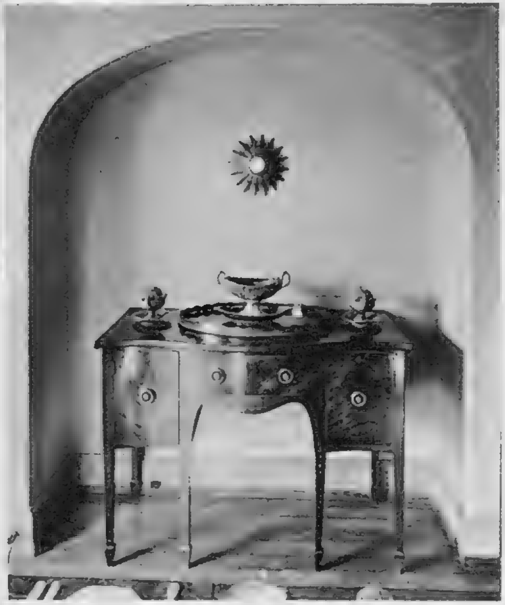
Lacquer is never out of place in the period scheme, but assists at all times in introducing colour. A lacquer bureau, a table or a mirror in green and gold, red and gold or cream, will reintroduce the colour of curtains or carpet and throw into relief the richer tones of mahogany or walnut.

Persian carpets are ideal with the period scheme if a pattern is preferred. Messrs. Hamptons, of Pall Mall, have made a speciality of Persian carpets in the small all-over patterns which adapt themselves best to small rooms.



Another view of the Hepplewhite dining-room shows a delightful arrangement of china. These illuminated recesses are a charming feature with their delicately coloured china of the period

A Sheraton tortoise-shell mahogany sideboard. These delicate pieces are perfect for the small house. This one has been set into a shaped alcove, which forms a delightful setting



for Small Houses

Furniture in Small Rooms a big effect

Lewis

Sprawling patterns are not so well suited to the elegant form of eighteenth-century furniture as the more delicate patterns, and the same rule applies to fabrics.

Liberty's, of Regent Street, are famed for their stock of period fabrics, and especially of glazed chintzes which "go" so well with Sheraton, Chippendale and Hepplewhite furniture.

The wing easy-chairs which are generally introduced into these schemes are comfortable and shapely, and look delightful covered with quilted glazed chintz. This work is a speciality in Messrs. Liberty's workrooms.

Chair-covers and curtains to match are made in the fabrics of almost every period, and expert advice is always available as to the suitability of designs and colourings.

Hand-blocked and machine-printed linens for the Jacobean scheme are plentiful and often inexpensive at Liberty's. Reproductions of tapestry and sampler designs can be had from a few shillings a yard, and many of these are designed with a special view to the limitations of small rooms.

Heavy oak furniture is not at its best in the small house unless it has been specially designed.

Massive pieces inevitably appear out of proportion in the smaller room. This is where reproduction pieces have the advantage over genuine ones. They are made with these points in view.

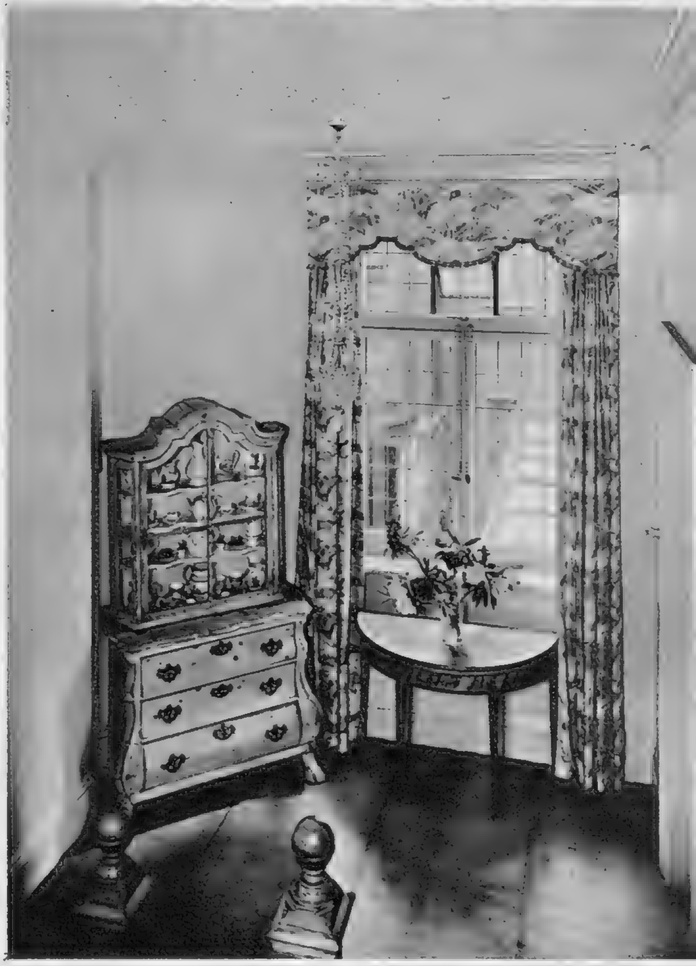
At Gaze's, of Conduit Street, English furniture of the past is reproduced by hand, and compares favourably in workmanship with the work of its original masters. Gothic, Elizabethan and Jacobean pieces for the small house are a speciality.

All the exuberance of carving, the handsomeness of design which characterised these periods are present in the reproductions, but the original massiveness is discreetly restrained.

Some of the finest furniture I have ever seen is made in the styles of the past by these modern craftsmen.

So don't be denied the beauty of period furniture because your house is small.

We are inclined to forget that much of the best furniture of the eighteenth century was designed for the "large villas" which first saw the light at that time, and is, therefore, eminently suitable for the same class of house to-day.



There is a period atmosphere about this small landing, whereas it is actually modern. A reproduction console table, a modern pickled-oak cabinet, reminiscent of the Empire fashion, and some delightful glazed chintz curtains combine for the effect

There is everything in the arrangement of flowers. Not only in the choice of colour, but in the vase which is chosen to hold them. Brilliant yellow tulips are arranged in a black vase and stand against a window which is curtained in cream

The comfortable wide divan, upholstered in bright chintz, is an unusual feature of the room on the left. The walls are white, the woodwork blue, and the chintz combines these two colours with red and green

A dramatic use of colour makes this sitting-room, right, unusual. The walls are a pale beige. The curtains are canary-yellow muslin and blue linen. The leather chairs are covered in bright blue, while the furniture is of dark walnut and the doors sycamore

Fruit is a fine means of decoration for the table. Arranged in careful relation to the colouring of the flowers and the table linen, charming effects can be obtained

Make-Up *for* the Home

Here is a new aspect of decoration. Try it in Your Rooms

GONE are the days when cosmetics were thought to be disgraceful or superfluous. The most beautiful women know their looks are improved by a little " local colour."

Now we are awakening to the power of " cosmetics " in the home. Beautiful furniture, like beautiful features, is not enough. It is the accent here, the touch of emphasis there, which infuses the final note of character and beauty into a room.

What are the cosmetics of the home ?

The vase of flowers, the bowl of fruit, the touch of inspiration which makes mere attractiveness into something vital, arresting.

Some women can create a dramatic effect in a room with a bunch of leaves. They have the art of make-up. They study the arrangement of flowers, they consider their shape, their height, the vases that hold them.

You can go down to the florist and spend a pound on flowers. You can come back and arrange them and they 'll look pretty, as flowers always do. But you can also go outdoors and pick some privet from a hedge and create just as good an effect with it for nothing, if you have a sense of design.

A picture on this page shows a vase of tulips in a window. The room in which these flowers were photographed is decorated almost entirely in subdued cream, and every time you go there the owner has devised some totally different and original colour-effect with flowers.

Sometimes they are scarlet arranged in white vases. Sometimes white arranged in jade vases. The tulips photographed were vivid yellow, and the vase black.

In a corner of this room you will sometimes find an enormous jar of smoky glass with glossy dark foliage arranged in it. Another time, a small lacquer table has replaced it, and a delicate lamp stands upon it, while a single blossom floats in a shallow bowl of exquisite Japanese porcelain.

The shape of the vase should always be carefully considered in relation to the flowers. Don't be content with any vase. Collect them if you wish to achieve something unusual.

ARTIFICIAL flowers are better for decoration than is generally thought. The best of them are so colourful and so varied that changing effects can be had by varying the combinations of colour from time to time.

Real flowers are reproduced almost to perfection and others, more fanciful, are equally effective in an unconventional way.

One lovely rug, a perfect picture, an exquisite lamp, will give the individual touch to a simple scheme of decoration. Furniture may be conventional, but if character is introduced in other ways, the room will assume a personality of its own.

Cushions can be changed to mingle their colouring with the flowers in use at the time. Fruit is as decorative as flowers and foliage, if carefully displayed.

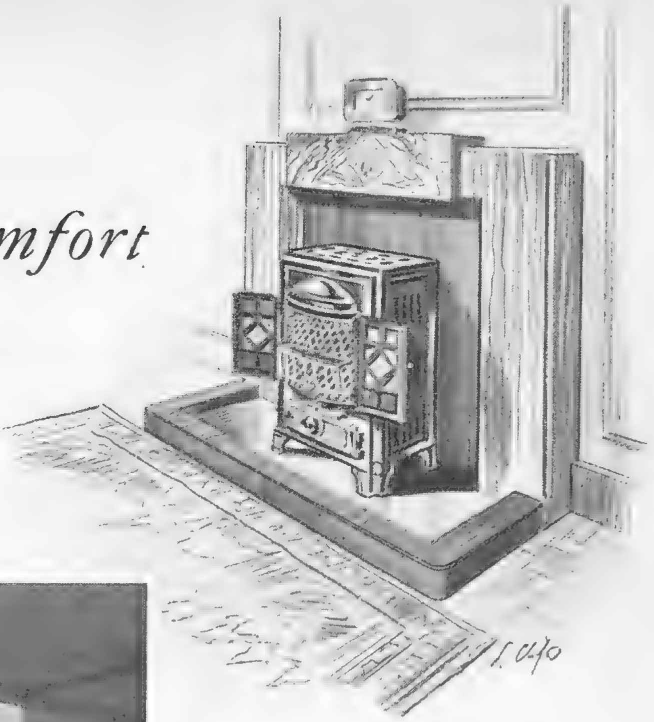
Few people will care to carry decoration to such lengths as the woman who said she didn't eat oranges because they clashed with the colouring of her dining-room, but it is the " little touches " that achieve character.

A corner shelf, lit from behind, displaying a lovely vase ; some good china, effectively displayed ; a charming piece of statuary; any or all of these things give the " make-up " to a scheme which distinguishes from mere prettiness.

Stoves . . .

Help Yourself to Comfort

If economy is a subject of interest to you this article will give you food for thought



The Courtier stove burns anthracite and can be used as an open grate or can be closed in. It is finished in coloured vitreous enamel and maintains a room at a comfortable temperature night and day

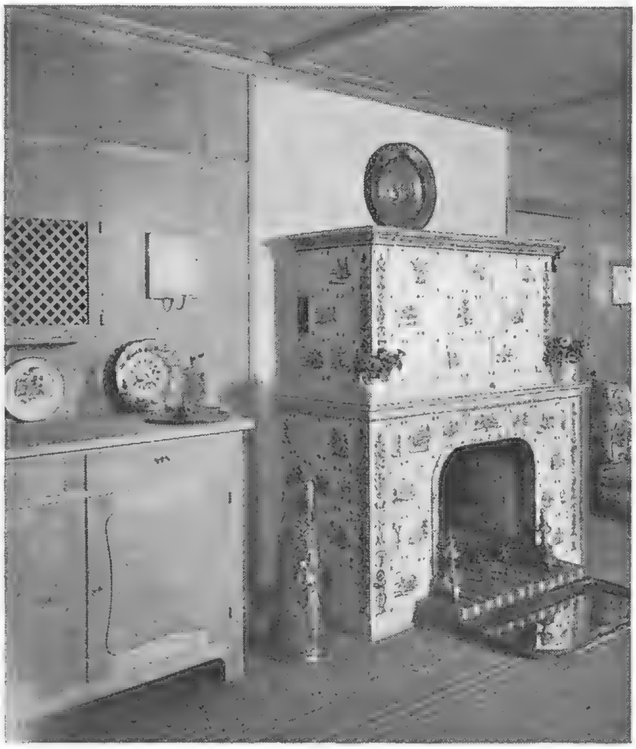
When a home is already run on reasonably economic lines, it is not an easy thing to discover means of economising still further. Yet the average household is conscious of a need for scaling expenses where possible.

Heating and lighting are two of the heaviest items of expenditure, and to economise in these it is often essential to scrap out-of-date equipment.

The most economical type of stove was, until recently, not beautiful. Anthracite and coke heaters, though highly efficient in the matter of performance, were hardly the things to introduce into a living-room. But all that is different now.

Gas coke fires have more than proved their worth in the vital matters of cleanliness, comfort and economy. Moreover, they put up as good an appearance as any stove you can name.

Anthracite heaters have followed suit.



This delightful treatment for a stove is carried out in Dutch tiles. The colour scheme is blue and white and the decoration of the room is carried out to match

The Courtier stove, which we have illustrated on this page, is now installed in the living-rooms of many modern homes. It is finished outside in coloured vitreous enamel, and has an open front. This means that you enjoy the appearance of an open fire during the day, and then, by closing it up at night, find it still burning in the morning.

A Courtier stove maintains the atmosphere at a comfortable temperature night and day. Very little cleaning, if any, is attached to it, and the low cost of anthracite fuel is well known.

Among portable stoves, the Aladdin Blue Flame Heater is really an important innovation.

Everyone agrees that the oil heater has had its advantages. But it has also had its disadvantages. "Oiliness" and "smelliness" are not the least of them.

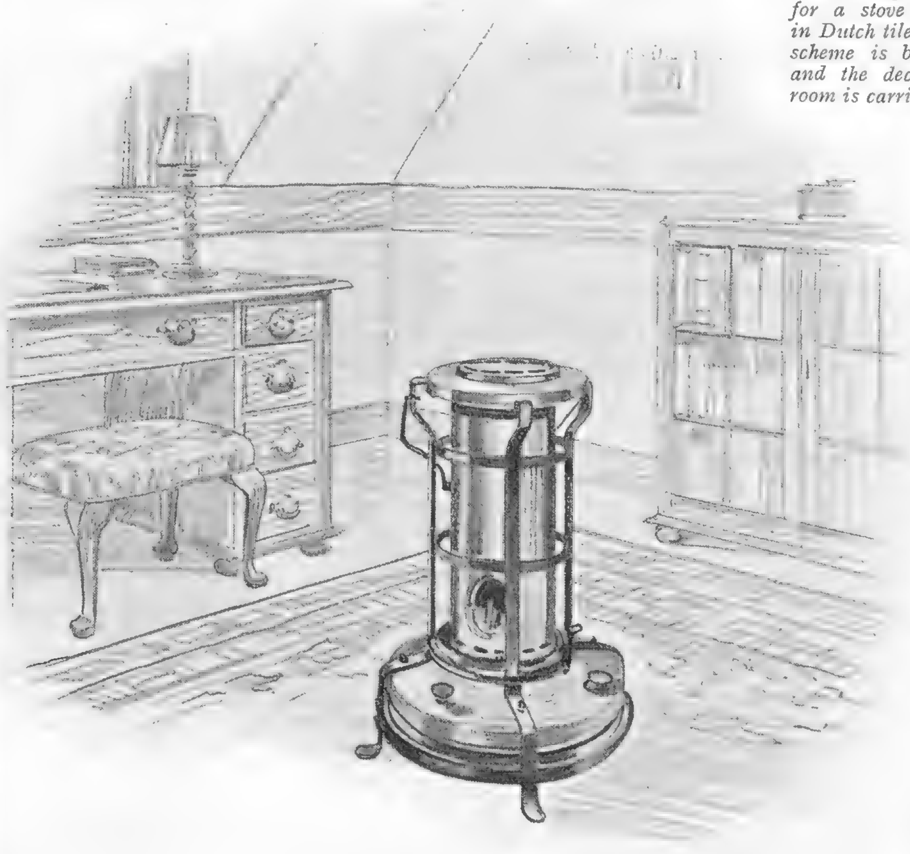
Imagine an oil heater that has neither of these, but which heats with two or three times the efficiency of the older oil stoves, and you have some idea of what the new Aladdin stove does.

The heat given out by this stove is really amazing, and where the stove has been burning night and day there is not the smallest suggestion of odour.

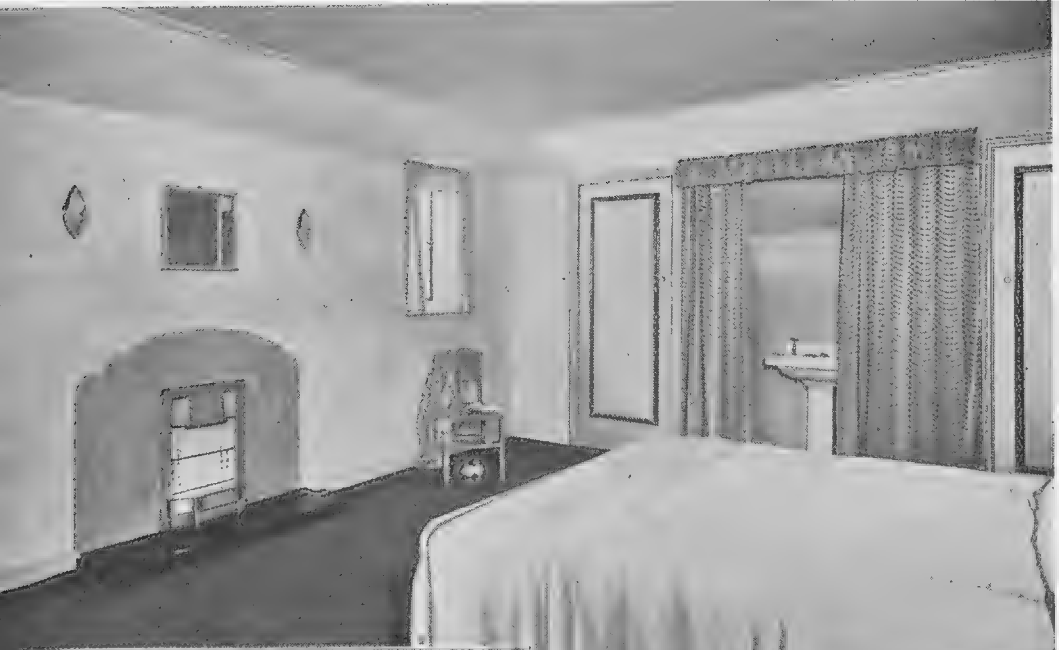
The makers of the Aladdin heater are themselves so satisfied with the tests carried out on it that they have already perfected attachments which will enable the heater to be used for cooking purposes whilst still functioning as a heater.

A hotplate which can be fixed to the top of the stove will soon be available. A kettle and two saucepans can be kept boiling simultaneously on this, and an oven attachment is in preparation.

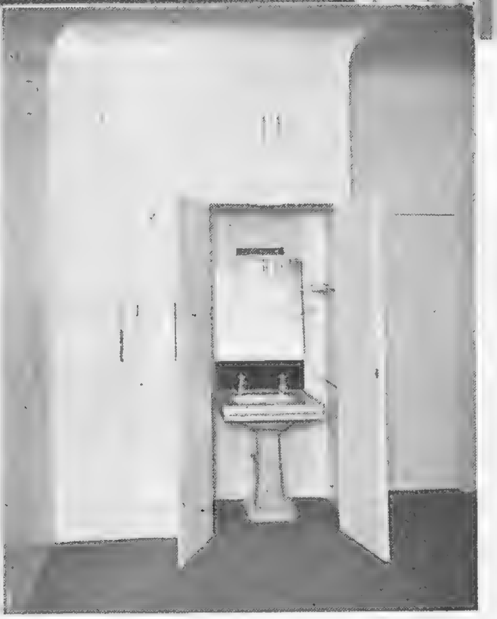
Further particulars of the stoves described can be sent to readers: address enquiries c/o the Editor, Woman's Department, Britannia and Eve, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2.



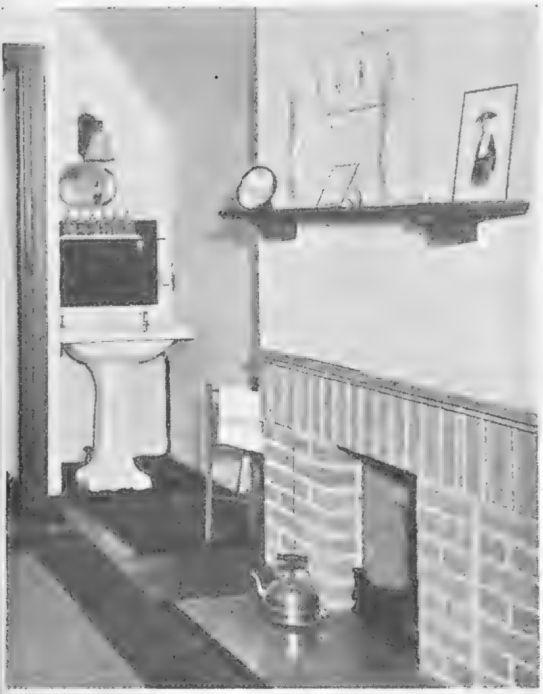
The Aladdin Blue Flame Heater burns oil. It is absolutely odourless and clean, being finished in grey, vitreous enamel. It will heat a large room night and day for one penny an hour and costs 49/6 complete



Here the lavatory basin occupies a recess between two cupboards and is concealed with curtains similar to those used for the windows



Lavatory basin installed in a cupboard en suite with built-in wardrobes



A practical and convenient way of hiding the lavatory basin in a recess beside the bedroom door

Concealing *the Fitted* Bedroom Basin

It usually looks as if it had strayed, accidentally, into the wrong room.

By Baseden Butt

NO well-equipped bedroom is considered satisfactory nowadays unless it includes a fitted basin with hot and cold taps.

This is so not only of new houses and flats, but of older houses which are reconditioned or converted.

The bedroom basin is one of life's necessities. The only alternatives are the old-fashioned ewer and basin, with their constant danger of a spill and their burden of unnecessary housework, or early morning queues outside the bathrooms.

But even if the taps and fittings are stainless steel, and the basin a coloured porcelain carefully harmonised with the walls, or with some other element in the colour scheme, it is difficult to avoid the impression that the basin has somehow got into the wrong room.

It suggests a piece of the bathroom which has lost its way.

So the best thing to do is to hide it.

I have seen a bedroom basin hidden by having a writing table built around it. You lifted up the lid, which had a mirror fixed to the under-side, and there was your basin.

The disadvantage with this kind of treatment is the inadequate ventilation when the lid is lowered, thereby preventing the evaporation of moisture. The dampness which may consequently result is not only unhygienic; it is definitely harmful both to carpets and woodwork and may even lead to dry rot.

A BETTER way is to disguise the entire fitment as a full-size wardrobe-cupboard or to install it in a suitable curtained recess. The first method has both decorative and practical advantages.

The cupboard which conceals the basin may be included in a group of built-in wardrobes, so that, when the doors are closed, it has every appearance of being just another wardrobe. Or, if architectural symmetry were desired, a built-in woman's wardrobe could be installed in one corner, and a man's wardrobe (or another cupboard for evening frocks) in the opposite corner.

The cupboard with the basin would then occupy the third corner, and the fourth would be the entrance door to the bedroom.

The practical advantages arise from the fact that the cupboard gives complete concealment. This enables you to install, in addition to the basin, as many glass shelves as you wish—a chromium-plated towel-rail, a splash-back of coloured glass, vitrolite or tiles, and an extensive toilet mirror—in fact, a miniature bathroom.

Of course, there is the same danger of dampness which I have already mentioned, but with a built-in cupboard this can be overcome if the cupboard is installed against an outside wall and includes either a ventilator or a small window. Alternatively, the ventilator may communicate with an internal air shaft.

IF, on the other hand, the basin occupies a curtained recess, ventilation becomes unnecessary. The curtains should, of course, be of the same material as that used for the windows or furnishing upholsteries and may be lined toward the recess with waterproof oiled silk.

A treatment of this kind is generally effective if the basin is installed either on one side of the chimney-breast or between two built-in wardrobes.

If the recess happens to be an exceptionally deep one, and if it is appropriately balanced by other structural features of the room, even the hangings may sometimes be omitted without the basin seeming too noticeable.

Another treatment which has the merit of extreme simplicity, and is also practical and convenient, is for the basin to be installed in a recess just beside the bedroom door. The fitment is then completely hidden when the door is opened (as is the case, for example, when showing anyone over the house) and at no time is it sufficiently conspicuous to create a jarring note in the general scheme of decoration, yet there is not the slightest risk of dampness.

What Men will Wear this Year

By Helen Masters

ASK a man what he knows, or cares, about fashion—men's fashion—and he will fix you with the eye of scorn. He is in the hands of his tailor, or his outfitter, and he leaves it at that.

Even promoters of sartorial perfection are reticent.

When I inquired among the elite of English tailoring for the latest developments in masculine apparel, they were mildly shocked.

" Perfection of cut is everything," I was informed. " The well-dressed man is much more concerned with this than with changing styles, which are very few and far between."

" But," I protested, " materials . . . colours. Surely the seasons show some particular trend ? "

" Scarcely at all. Individual taste is everything."

" Then man may go clad in blue or grey or brown with equal impunity ? "

" No. Not brown. Most emphatically not brown."

To have discovered what a man may not wear seemed a useful step in the direction of ascertaining what he may, so I renewed the attack.

It appears that brown has had its day. Blues, greys, the darker shades, the neater patterns are correct in town. And pin stripes are much approved of.

" No loud patterns." This seems to be the key to sartorial correctness just now. Gentlemanly restraint has extended even into the country. Noisy checks no longer intrude themselves upon the placidity of golf courses and shooting tweeds are of the same retiring disposition.

But as if to correct this undramatic tendency in day wear the masculine evening cloak has come back with a flourish, they tell me, to stay.

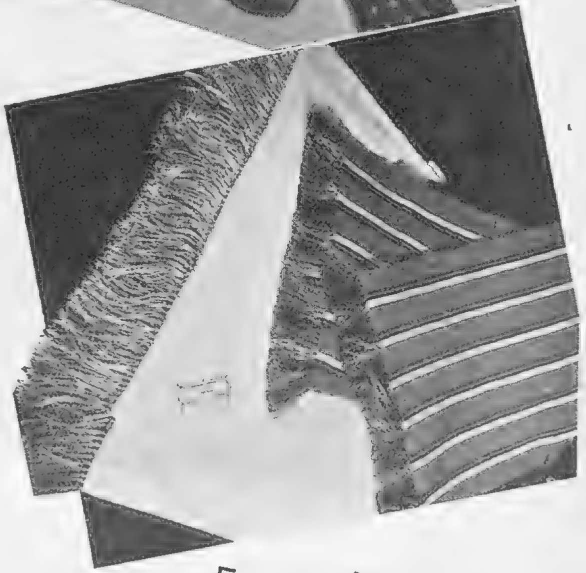
The cloak, which, of course, is black, has a white or red silk lining and hangs easily from the shoulders at the back or is worn thrown over one shoulder.

(*Continued on page* 94)

Here, gathered together in a neat workmanlike box, are the bathroom accessories of the man who always looks as if he's straight from the bath. There's quick-lathering shaving soap in a bowl; after-shaving lotion; talc powder; liquid brilliantine; hair tonic and bath soap. All with the clean, tangy lavender perfume. 15/6. *Yardley's*

Pure wool socks, grey blue, diamond patterned in navy and white, 4/6. Tie in navy barrathea silk with small grey design, 6/6. Pure silk handkerchief, grey blue with silver grey border design, 7/6. *Robinson and Cleaver*

A striped scarf in pure knitted silk, grey with navy, white with red or other colours, 21/-. The evening scarf is pure white silk with hand-made black and white monogram and black and white fringe, 16/6. *Robinson and Cleaver*



Pullover in Scotch wool, knitted in a checked design, black, white and red. Tuck-in band, like a leather golf jacket, 29/6. Real tan cape gloves, hand-stitched, pliable, 10/6. *Robinson and Cleaver*

Below :

Single-breasted evening waistcoat in latticed marcella, with stiffened points, 21/-. Evening braces, black corded silk one side, grey the other. In three lengths, 8/6. *Austin Reed*

Below :

Evening shirt for two studs, in latticed marcella, coat style, 12/6. *Austin Reed.* The pure white silk evening handkerchief with hand-rolled edge, initialled in black and white, is 6/6, and comes from *Robinson and Cleaver*

A Draped Neck Jumper

Knitted in "Ramada," a Viyella Wool

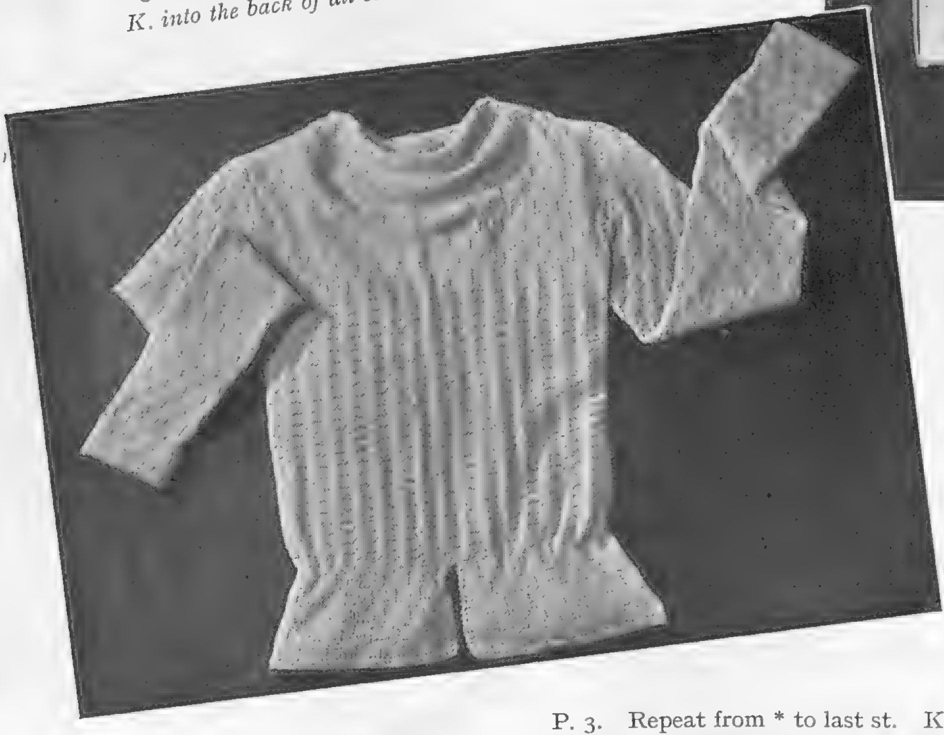
Ramada
KNITTING WOOL

Size: *34 in. – 36 in. bust.*

Materials required: *7 oz. 3-ply "Ramada." 1 pair of No. 9 and 1 pair of No. 10 Double Century Pins. 2 Buttons.*

Abbreviations: *K. knit. P. purl. Sts. Stitches. Dec. decrease. Inc. increase. Pat. pattern. Beg. beginning. Tog. together.*

K. into the back of all cast-on sts.



Front

With No. 9 pins cast on 126 sts.

1st row. Knit.

2nd row. K. 3, P. 3 to end.

3rd row. K. 2, * P. 3, K. 3. Repeat from * to last 4 sts. P. 3, K. 1.

4th row. P. 2, * K. 3, P. 3. Repeat from * to last 4 sts. K. 3, P. 1.

These 4 rows form 1 pattern.

Work until 8 in. from start, then :

Shape Armholes and Yoke

1st row. Cast off 2. K. 1, * P. 3, K. 3. Repeat from * to last 3 sts. P. 3,

2nd row. Cast off 2. K. 1, * P. 3, K. 3. Repeat from * to last st. P. 1.

3rd row. Cast off 2. P. 2, * K. 3, P. 3. Repeat from * to last st. P. 1.

4th row. Cast off 2. P. 2, * K. 3. P. 3. Repeat from * to last 2 sts. K. 2.

5th row. Cast off 2. * K. 3, P. 3 to last 2 sts. K. 2.

6th row. Cast off 2. * K. 3, P. 3 to end.

7th row. Cast off 2. P. 1, * K. 3, P. 3. Repeat from * to end.

8th row. Cast off 2. P. 1, * K. 3, P. 3. Repeat from * to last st. K. 1.

9th row. Cast off 1. * K. 3, P. 3. Repeat from * to last st. K. 1.

10th row. Cast off 1. * K. 3, P. 3. Repeat from * to end (108 sts.).

11th and 12th rows. * K. 3, P. 3 to end of row.

Cont. in following pattern until armholes measure 7 in.

Rows 1 to 6. * P. 3, K. 3 to end of row.

Rows 7 to 12. * K. 3, P. 3 to end of row.

These 12 rows form 1 pattern.

Then shape Shoulders and Neck

Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next 4 rows. Then decrease 1 st. each end every row until 48 sts. remain. Cast off.

Back

Cast on 120 sts. Work as for Front to armhole level, then :

Shape Armhole

Cont. in yoke pattern, casting off 2 sts. every row until 96 sts. remain (a dec. of 12 sts. each side).

Work until armholes measure 3¼ in. Divide sts. for back opening. Work 51 sts., slip remaining 45 sts. on to spare pin.

Right Half Back

Work on first 51 sts. keeping 6 sts. at inside edge in garter st. and making 2 buttonholes in this border on 9th and 21st rows. Make button-holes, thus :—

Work to last 6 sts. cast off 4. K. 2.

On ret. row, cast on the 4 sts. cast off in previous row.

When armhole measures 5¼ in. work.

Neck

Cast off 15 sts. at neck edge. Continue on remaining 36 sts. for ¾ in., decreasing 1 st. every row at neck edge until 30 sts.

Shape Shoulder

Cast off 10 sts. every armhole end row, 3 times.

Left Half Back

Cast on 6 sts. Work 45 sts. from spare pin (51 sts.). Work to correspond with right back, without buttonholes.

Half Basque

With No. 9 pins cast on 114 sts. K. 3 rows garter st.

Cont. in yoke pattern, keeping 3 sts. at each edge in garter st. for 1½ patterns.

Change to No. 10 pins. Work 1 pattern. Cast off.

Work another half basque to match.

Sleeves

With No. 10 pins cast on 54 sts. K. 3 rows garter st., then work in yoke pattern for 2 patterns.

Change to No. 9 pins. Work 1½ patts., then increase 1 st. each end of next and every 8th row following until 88 sts.

When sleeve measures 20½ in. from start, cast off 2 sts. every row until 18 sts. remain. Cast off.

To Make Up

Sew up all seams. Sew in sleeves. Sew on basque (starting from front to back centre). Press with warm iron and damp cloth. Work buttonholes. Sew on buttons. Work one row of double crochet round neck.

I'll *tell* you all I K*now*

By Mary Young

I DON'T apologise for writing, yet again, about hair that shouldn't be there. For if ever there was a universal woman's problem this is it.

However, you can take heart, ladies. It seems that there is a benefactor working away quietly at making smooth the surfaces of the entire female population, or those that will let her.

First she removes every hair, root and all. This is done in her own way, not, I ought to tell you, by electrolysis.

Then you yourself use regularly and faithfully, her root-killer, which practises what it preaches.

She says that if the holes where the hair comes weren't microscopic, the root-killer would do its good work in one go. As it is, it takes time to penetrate and to function. But penetrate and function it ultimately does, gradually weakening, and ultimately destroying the root.

She cherishes packets and packets of letters from grateful clients who wondered how on earth they ever wore thin stockings or showed their chins in a strong light before she came into their lives.

THE other sort of undesirable hair is that on your head, or mine for that matter, when it has lost its neat hairdressed look.

We can all manage to look slick and soignée for the first day or so after a set. But how about it when the waves get stormy, and the curls look lost, forlorn, undecided. We are inclined just then to keep our hats on, though hats don't hide many hair sins this month. We are inclined to say, hopelessly, combing our hair: "I can't do a thing with it to-day."

This is where I come in, to suggest you should wear clips. All right. You hate to wear ordinary clips, because they reflect the light, are shiny, and spoil the line of your hair. But these clips are a different story. They are made with a texture finish that looks just like hair. So they are almost invisible. Otherwise, they have all the good features of a clip. They hold your wave and curl in place securely and are steel strong. Made in a series of shades to match the hair. Twopence a card of eight.

LIFE being the odd business it is—where have I heard that before?—you find that the great ones of the world—some brilliant person, say, with half a dozen letters after his name, a terrific athlete or a successful playwright—will be proud not so much of their big achievements but of their ability in trivial things, like being able to make the ears move, mix a perfect salad dressing, shake a good cocktail.

Well, we can't all get letters after our names or win matches or write plays or be great in other ways, but we can at least learn how to make a really good cocktail. And from no less an authority than the people who make the best gin there is, the matured, mellow, pale golden gin, coloured that way because it has grown up in wood.

They have gathered together twenty-five cocktail recipes, some established favourites, others invented in famous hotels and restaurants by people who probably long to get degrees, win matches or write successful plays. These are published in a little leaflet which is yours, free, on application here.

AND talking of drinks, which is as good a subject as any, here's a notion for you refrigerator-owner ice makers.

It is the answer to the question you always ask yourself when you put your precious ice cubes into drinks that only taste good ice cold, and yet are spoilt immediately the melting ice dilutes them.

You don't use ice at all. Instead, you use little silver-plated balls filled with water, hermetically sealed with a small vacuum to allow for expansion and contraction of the water as it freezes and melts.

Place them in the ice tray of the refrigerator and freeze them just as you do ice cubes. Then, there you are with no water from ice cubes melting in the bowl, no dilution in the drinks. Perfect, too, and most decorative for serving butter ice cold.

After use, you buffer them like ordinary silver, and like ordinary silver, they will be something to hand down to the grandchildren. Thirteen shillings for six. In themselves, they are a decoration for the sideboard.

IT is about now, midwinter, that most women realise that all is not as it should be with the Face.

However pleased we may be with the particular beauty things we are using, we can't help feeling that we need something supplementary, a little more powerful, to help repair the ravages of bad weather, too many festivities, too much to eat and drink, after flu, and one thing and another.

You can't cover up with extra cream, powder or rouge. You have to find some extra nourishment. So put away your hare's foot and take up with the turtle.

The oil of the green turtle—and don't confuse this aristocratic grass feeder with the common or garden mud turtle, that scavenger—is already known to skin specialists as something of intense value for preserving the skin, helping contours, easing away wrinkles, preventing enlarged pores.

It is rare, but not so rare that supplies have not been obtained by a famous research chemist, already honoured for the beauty benefits he has conferred upon women.

He has made it into a bland, nourishing night skin food which does that something extra to our faces. You can get a two-ounce pot for four shillings. Never will four shillings be better spent.

WHAT, I asked myself, as I lay in my nice new bath, was the good of my newly done blue green ceiling, walls, paint, floors, new shiny coral chintz curtains, if my sponge spoilt the whole theme? As it did, being yellow, stark staring yellow.

The insistent can get almost anything they want in this world. So I went out in search of a sponge that would not hurt my æsthetic eye, and found it.

It is a natural sponge, scientifically coloured so that it can't harm the finest skin.

You can get it in rose-pink, jade-green, and aquamarine. Cost from three to fifteen shillings each, packed hygienically in dustproof paper and separately boxed.

If any of the subjects discussed on these pages are the answer to your own problems, write to me, at "Britannia and Eve," 346, Strand, London and enclose a stamped envelope.

Mary Young

Fumet of fish is made by putting the bones and fish trimmings into a saucepan with onion, carrots, herbs and seasoning

Basic Sauces

Good Cooking is Chiefly a Matter of Good Foundations

By A. H. Adair

Ingredients for a good white sauce are: flour, butter, hot milk, salt, pepper, grated nutmeg, and good timing

DURING the years in which part of my work has been to assist at demonstrations of fine cooking hundreds of cooks, brilliant professionals and aspiring amateurs, have passed, so to speak, through my hands. They all say the same thing about good cooking—that its chief merit lies in its simplicity.

And it is a fact that even the most elaborate dishes are quite easy to make if you start them in the right way, that is, with a good foundation.

If you aim to be a good cook you must know about sauces, how to make the chief basic preparations out of which to build all sorts of the fine *entrées* which give you the chance of doing creative work as well as the ordinary dull routine of boiling and baking.

Let us start with the more important foundations.

White Sauce and Brown Sauce. Take a tablespoonful of flour and a piece of butter the size of an egg. Stir them together in a saucepan over a slow fire until you have a smooth paste. If you are making *white sauce* cook for a few minutes only, just enough to remove the raw taste of the flour without letting it brown.

Now add hot milk, little by little and stirring all the time, until you have a smooth sauce, which you cook for twenty-five minutes, adding salt, pepper, grated nutmeg, and more milk if the sauce becomes too thick—it should be the consistency of thick cream—whipping the sauce occasionally. This is the *Béchamel* sauce so useful in French cooking.

Another white sauce can be made by adding, instead of milk, chicken or veal stock, well strained, in which case it is called a *Velouté.*

For *brown sauces* you cook the flour and butter together until the mixture is deep golden brown, after which you make the sauce with a brown stock.

In all cases the important thing is to cook the flour before adding any liquid and to whip the sauce well while it is cooking. In this way you will have a perfectly smooth, velvety sauce free from lumps, though if you are at all in doubt you can always make sure by passing the sauce through a strainer.

Fumets. These *fumets* or essences are also very useful. They can be of fish or of game or poultry and will give a rich flavour to many dishes.

Fumet of fish is made by putting the heads, bones and trimmings of fish into a saucepan with an onion and a carrot, cut up, salt and pepper, a bunch of herbs (parsley, thyme and bayleaf tied together), a tablespoonful of vinegar and enough cold water to cover them.

Bring to the boil and simmer until at least two-thirds of the liquid has evaporated. Strain through a fine strainer and you have a rich essence which can be used, say, with a *Béchamel* sauce to serve with poached fish, or added to boiling cream it makes a very fine and elaborate sauce to go with fillets of sole.

A game or poultry *fumet* is made in exactly the same way with bones and carcasses of birds, vegetables, herbs, but no vinegar. Added to a brown sauce this *fumet* will make a very pleasant dish with left-overs of roast chicken, etc.

And now you can proceed to use these preparations in various ways.

Filet de Sole à la Crème. You start to make your *fumet* with the bones of the fish, etc., and at the last possible moment put in the fillets of sole, as they take only two or three minutes to cook. Keep them hot in a clean dish just moistened with a little of the fish stock, reduce the rest until you have only about two tablespoonfuls left, strain it into a clean pan and add, for four people, a large teacupful of cream. Bring to the boil and let it boil fiercely until it becomes thick. Take the pan off the fire, add a small piece of butter and shake the pan until the butter has melted evenly into the sauce.

Drain the fillets of sole, put them in a hot serving-dish and pour over the sauce.

You can garnish with a few large white grapes which you have made hot in boiling water and from which you remove the skins and the pips, when the dish becomes *Filets de Sole Véronique.*

Sauce Mornay. This sauce is practically always poured over whatever dish is being served with it, and then quickly browned under the grill. Take a certain quantity of *Béchamel* (about three or four tablespoonfuls for each person), put it in a clean saucepan and add grated cheese to taste. Mix well over the fire and then put in the yolk of an egg, whipping well, after which the sauce should not boil.

Have ready in a fireproof dish fillets of sole poached, flaked fish, poached eggs, or whatever you are serving; pour the sauce over and brown quickly.

Velouté. This can be used in many ways. It is the foundation of *Blanquette de Veau.* Boil the veal, cut in pieces, with onion, carrots and herbs, and having strained the liquid make your *velouté* with it, finishing with a binding of yolk of egg diluted in vinegar (after which it must not boil). Into this sauce put the pieces of veal and a few mushrooms and small button onions cooked separately.

Another good luncheon dish is a *velouté* of chicken. The bird is cut into pieces, the carcass and scraps used to make the stock, in which you also cook the best parts. Having made the *velouté* you put in the pieces of chicken and serve with plain rice.

(Continued on page 99)

Something New in Winter Parties

An Idea which will Save you Trouble and Expense

WITH Christmas and New Year's Eve safely over and the round of family parties dealt with, the modern hostess has still a big social month to face. January is more than ever the party month.

What sort of a party shall you give ? That is the question.

Well, here is an idea which is well worth considering, for if you carry it out it will save you a great deal of bother and a certain amount of expense. My brain-wave is to devote two or even three days to party-giving, and so get rid of everybody in one big effort.

Now at first glance this sounds terrible. But let the thought sink in.

Whatever form your party is going to take it always ends in being much bigger than you intended it to be. Even then you know quite well there were lots of other people who should have been asked.

The house will be turned upside down, a lot of preparations will be made and a great deal of food and drink left over, so why not give two parties on succeeding evenings, and even a cocktail party on the third day to use up all the bits and pieces ?

It will be a strain certainly, but no more so than if you give two or three parties at different times of the month. After it is over, the house can really be put in order again once and for all, and you can accept everybody else's invitations for the rest of the month with nothing more to bother about.

Let us see how it works out in practice, and I will explain how to arrange the parties.

Start with a dinner party to which you ask the really important people, say four or six. This could be followed by bridge, asking just the right number of extra guests to make up as many tables as you can comfortably place.

The dinner menu should be short but perfect, something like this :

Clear Soup

Filets de Sole Véronique

Baked Virginia Ham, Pickled Peaches

Potato Cake

Iced Parfait

For the refreshments later on just a few plates of amusing sandwiches, a few dishes of sweet things like *petits fours*, tiny cakes and a collection of salted nuts, chocolates.

One soft drink, whisky and soda, gin and lime and beer would be quite sufficient for the drinks—I don't mean for the dinner, of course, at which I would serve one white and one red wine.

Now for the second day. This party could be more of a young people's evening. An informal and thoroughly gay affair with dancing, perhaps an impromptu cabaret show, the turns being provided by your more talented guests.

I would arrange the supper buffet fashion, but in a separate room if possible, having everything on the help-yourself plan.

You will have made a few *terrines* of chicken in the morning of the first day, and these with what is left of the ham, cut into very thin slices, would be quite sufficient as a main dish. Two or three different salads would be ready in bowls, and you could have made enough clear soup the day before to be able to serve this in small cups, so that with very little trouble you can easily arrange a supper menu on these lines :

Canapés Variés

Consommé en Tasse

Terrine de Volaille

Salades de Pommes de terre, Russe, Cardinal

Fruits Rafraichis

Mince Pies

Stuffed Celery

The usual party drinks, of course. Whisky and soda, or ginger ale, gin and lime, beer, a cup, a soft drink, some champagne if you can afford it, and above all, plenty of ice.

Now for the third and final affair. This is a very simple matter of sherry and cocktails, and at it you use up everything that has been left over in the way of sandwich fillings, cheese, and so on in the form of little *canapés* made either with toast or dry biscuits.

In this way, you can really feel that you have done your duty properly for once, and, at the same time, saved really quite a lot of money ; for working on these lines nothing at all has been wasted.

Canapés Variés. I have given recipes before for these little morsels, which are simply pieces of fried bread, toast or dry biscuits spread with sandwich fillings or with smoked salmon, sardine butter, etc.

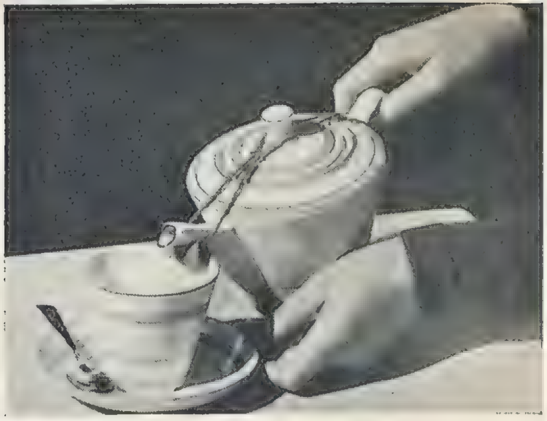
Terrine de Volaille. Bone a chicken (or a duck) and keep on one side the best white meat. Mince up the rest with half a pound of lean veal, and a pound of pork, half lean and half fat. Add plenty of salt and pepper and a good pinch of mixed spices.

Have ready some *terrines* (thick earthenware pie-dishes) and put at the bottom of each a rasher of streaky bacon well trimmed, add a layer of the mincemeat, one thin piece of the best meat, more bacon, mince and so on until the dish is full, finishing with a layer of mince. Cover the top with a few thin pieces of fat bacon and cook, standing in boiling water in a moderate oven for about one hour and a quarter. Put a light weight on top of each *terrine* until they are cold.

(*Continued on page* 99)

Especially for Housewives

Ideas *to* Save Time Trouble *and* Money



The lid of this teapot is secured by a "Poryn," and the sponge rubber attachment beneath the spout catches all drips

CLEANING a gas or electric cooker is never a very pleasant task. It is one over which we are all inclined to procrastinate. Some of us put it off for so long that our ovens become caked with hard, baked-on grease, and then we look in horror and wonder where and how we are going to begin to remove it.

In such cases, or for that matter in any home where there is a gas or electric cooker, Wood's Cooker Cleaner will solve this problem, for it removes all oven dirt without rubbing, scraping or damaging the surface of the enamel in any way.

It is entirely hygienic and odourless and is packed in strong glass jars at 9½d. each. It is equally good for cleaning tiles, drains, enamel ware and sinks, and is an excellent grease remover.

If you want to make your task even simpler and cleaner, get a Wood's safety mop for cooker cleaning. It will save brushes, rags, gloves, time and material, and is fitted with a hand shield which affords complete protection to the hands.

After use simply rinse it in cold water and it is ready for the next attack on the oven. Price 1s. 3d.

Not much resentment here, even though it was the first time our sitter had been "bagged"

MOST dogs are enthusiastic motorists, but perhaps you don't like muddy paws making marks all over the upholstery of your new car.

If you have a "Dirty Dog" bag you need not be worried by such things. They are made of strong brown towelling, and close with a lightning fastener; they are 14s. for small Pekingese and other toy dogs and are made in five sizes, the largest, for Labradors and really big dogs, being 25s. 6d.

They are also useful for "bagging" dogs when they come home wet from a walk and want to dry themselves in comfort on the clean loose cover of the best armchair.

When the dog is bagged roll him over on his back and rub briskly, dealing with each leg separately. He will soon be clean and dry, the mud will be left inside the bag and can be brushed out, or, when necessary, the bag can be washed.

Do remember, though, that the dog should not be left unattended in his bag until he has grown accustomed to it. Use a little patience and he will soon understand and even think it is a game.

The "Joyrag" Bowl

HOW many hours every week do you spend cleaning silver? You need not answer this question. Just make a mental note of the fact that if you buy a "Joyrag" bowl you can clean and remove all tarnish from your table silver in five minutes.

Simply place this bowl in an enamel basin, fill it with very hot water and add a handful of soda. No, you don't have to place your hands in the soda water, for the "Joyrag" bowl has a specially perforated base, so that when the silver has soaked for five minutes it can be lifted out and drained at the same time.

Now rinse well in clean water, dry and polish, and you will find your silver will shine like new. The "Joyrag" bowl costs 6s. 3d.

A Safety First Device

EVEN the most cautious of us is guilty at times of that most dangerous practice of holding a newspaper in front of an unwilling fire to make it draw.

The "Blox Blower" has been devised to do away with this method, and will fit practically any modern open hearth barless fire, most of which are uniform in size.

It measures 20 in. by 20 in., is all steel, and strongly made with folding spring legs, which, when opened out, keep it firmly in place.

It is fitted with a handle, by which it is easily carried from room to room. The price is only 4s. 11d., or, with packing and carriage, 6s.

For Your Teapot

AMONG my most recent discoveries is the "Poryn," quite a novelty with a two-fold purpose.

It holds the lid of your tea or coffee pot in place, so that there is no danger of its falling off, and at the same time, by means of the small piece of rubber sponge which fits securely under the spout, it catches any drips and prevents them from soiling your table linen.

The spring, being made of flexible steel, is instantly adjustable to tea and coffee pots of any size. Price 6d.

News for Home Decorators

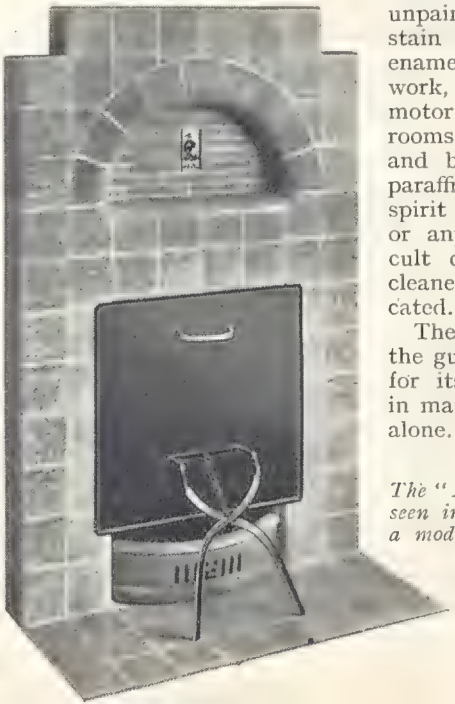
ARE you an amateur decorator, or have you always jibbed at doing your own painting and distempering? I confess I used to be rather nervous about my own prowess in this direction until I discovered the "Bedal" Crystal Patent Spray Gun. Now nothing can stop me.

This gun is constructed for use with the blower end of any domestic vacuum cleaner, and there is no changing of parts, nozzles or sprays, nor is any cleaning necessary between colours.

The advantages of spraying rather than painting are obvious. There are no brush marks to worry about, the paint is distributed evenly, it is thinned down somewhat, which makes for economy, there is no dripping or splashing, and there is a considerable saving of time.

The uses of this gun are many and varied. It will paint anything, will distemper ceilings and walls, creosote fences and unpainted woodwork, stain or varnish floors, enamel woodwork, metalwork, baths, cellulose motor cars, sterilise sickrooms with antiseptic, and by using kerosene, paraffin, methylated spirit or oil, motor cars or any machinery difficult of access may be cleaned or even lubricated.

The price is 35s., and the gun will quickly pay for itself by its saving in materials and brushes alone.



The "Blox Blower" is here seen in position in front of a modern open hearth fire

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IN THREE DIFFERENT SIZES OF PEAS

SMALL, STANDARD, AND MEDIUM

SMEDLEY'S CANNERS WISBECH ENGLAND

A Feature drawing your attention to Reputable Advertised Products to whose merits we are glad to give Editorial Endorsement

We Confidently Recommend . . .

IF any of you have any doubt about the make-up for your particular type, you should visit or write to the Cyclax Salons, 58, South Molton Street, London, W.1, for here you will get expert and really reliable advice.

The following few general hints on make-up for country wear and winter sports may be helpful to many of you.

First of all, remember that your make-up must always be modified when you leave the sophistication of the town for country pursuits and winter sports. It is better, when winter sporting, to use darker rather than lighter shades, for the glare of the snow always lightens make-up. Also, in cold weather the skin is apt to look very pinched and blue if light shades of powder and lotion are used.

If the skin is fine with red veins near the surface avoid a pink powder, and choose a deep cream. This will tone down a high colour. With this, sunbrown powder rouge gives a warm tone, and Cyclax G.16 lipstick completes a simple make-up, well suited to tweeds and country woollies.

Women with darker clear skins without any natural colour can use orange shades. Capucine rouge is excellent, and if the complexion is apt to be sallow, a powder with a little pink in it gives a fresh, clean look.

For every type of skin Cyclax Day Lotion is the ideal powder base. It is non-greasy, so cannot work through the powder and attract dirt and dust in the atmosphere, nor does it clog the pores; also it is as protective against winter winds as it is against summer sun. It gives a delicate filmy surface, and if a shade a little darker than the natural colouring is used, it is quite imperceptible.

Decoration up to Date

THE tremendous range of decorative materials with which to obtain original effects in modern decoration is always being supplemented; one of the newest of these is "Vitroflex." It is mirror-glass, crystal or slightly tinted, and coloured opaque glass, laid on fabrics and cut checkerwise.

Being a supple and flexible material, it can easily be laid round corners and over curves. It is perfect for wall linings, friezes, table tops, columns, cornices and cocktail bars. It is astonishing how it enhances lighting and colour values.

In mirror glass it is obtainable in white, pink, blue and a kind of dull grey, or gun-metal. In coloured opaque glass the colours are green, ivory, turquoise and black.

"Vitrolite," a hard, opaque, brilliantly coloured material, has also revolutionised modern decoration, and is an effective and practical wall covering. It is non-absorbent and provides hygienic, durable and easily cleaned surfaces, and its colour is not affected by condensation from steam.

It is, therefore, the ideal surface for bathrooms and kitchens. Wherever it is used for either interior or exterior work, it saves the recurrent cost of painting.

You can get it in black, white, ivory, green, eggshell, pearl grey, primrose, Wedgwood blue, turquoise, shell pink and a few agate shades and decorative designs can be sandblasted on this material, being particularly sparkling and arresting when done on black.

A corner of a modern bathroom showing how effectively Vitrolite can be used as a wall covering. When studying effect, practicability is sometimes overlooked, but where Vitrolite is used you may be sure of cleanliness, hygiene and durability

A Palliative for every Ache and Pain

FORTUNATE, almost unique, is the person who can get through the winter without an occasional ache or pain. It may be the gnawing pain of muscular rheumatism, the nasty, stabbing, nagging pain of lumbago, or stiff joints to disturb your night's rest and make you conscious of your limbs every time you turn in bed.

Whatever it is, "Volatol" can be relied upon to befriend you and give you relief. Rub the offending part well with this ointment until the local congestion which causes the trouble is rubbed out.

The searching glow of this palliative stimulates the circulation, carries away waste products and causes the blood-vessels to expand and bring fresh blood to the seat of the trouble.

"Volatol" is obtainable from all chemists in 2s. pots, and, in addition to its uses outlined above, it will afford great relief to bronchial sufferers if gently massaged on the chest and back.

An Interesting Anniversary

LINEN is, in every sense, a household word. The mention of it at once makes you think of Robinson and Cleaver.

In their interesting history perhaps one of the most outstanding events was in the year 1878, when Queen Victoria, delighted with the products of this famous house, honoured them with her patronage and granted a Royal Warrant.

In 1894 the 50,000 customers which this firm had in London necessitated the opening of a London store, business having been previously carried on entirely from Belfast. The twenty-fifth anniversary of the establishment of the firm was celebrated by the opening of the "Linen Hall," in Regent Street.

Now, to mark their sixty-fifth year of trading and a further advance in the company's progress, a complete section of the interior of the "Linen Hall" has been rebuilt and new departments have been added, together with a modern restaurant and snack bar.

Although the sale of linens has always formed the basis of their trade, a large and comprehensive stock of other goods is available in "The Man's Shop," while the fashion departments provide women with practically every need, including millinery, beauty treatment and furs.

It is interesting to know that, although mechanically-driven looms have replaced the hand-controlled variety which were originally in use, the methods used in the treating of the flax and the weaving and finishing of the fabric which established the fame of Robinson and Cleaver remain the same.

A Non-spill Powder Box

IN introducing her new Non-Spill Powder Box, Jane Seymour has certainly launched something which every woman will welcome.

Most of us must have experienced the annoyance of unlocking a carefully-packed dressing-case only to find the contents smothered in powder, and if we have managed to keep our powder from spilling on the journey, directly we open the box clouds of powder fly in every direction.

This Non-Spill powder-box really lives up to its name. You can throw it up in the air and catch it, tumble it upside down into a drawer, and when you open it not a speck of powder will escape.

It is an attractive ivory and green box with a screw lid, and the non-spill secret lies in the lid, the centre part of which is convex and surrounded with cork.

It is difficult to explain just why the powder does not spill, but Jane Seymour has spent much time and trouble perfecting it, and has certainly achieved what she set out to do.

The price is 6s. 6d. The box is made to last, and refills cost only 3s. 6d. The powder is obtainable in nine good shades and is made in two weights, one for dry or normal skins one for greasy skins.

Attractive matching containers in ivory and green are also obtainable for lipstick, paste rouge and eye shadow. The indelible lipstick is 4/6 (refills 2/6), and the paste rouge and eye shadow are 3/6 each.

The Romans knew him

The old Romans called him Mercury, *the messenger of the gods.*

The Greeks called him Hermes, *the god of the roads.*

But to the modern motorist he is the winged symbol of

NATIONAL

BENZOLE MIXTURE – *the spirit of*

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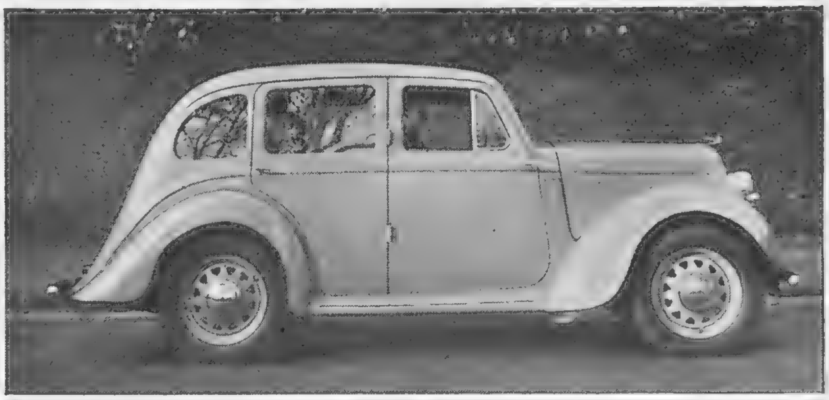
National Benzole Co., Ltd., Wellington House, Buckingham Gate, London, S.W.1

(The Distributing Organisation owned and entirely controlled by the Producers of British Benzole.)

A Popular Light Car *in* New Guise

The 1936 Hillman "Minx"

By The Earl of Cardigan



THE general appearance of the new "Minx" is decidedly attractive. Although the rear panel is curved to give a stream-line effect, coachwork space has not been cramped, and the lay-out is entirely practical

I DO not know whether it is proper, in reviewing the new Hillman "Minx," to reveal that I am the owner of an old, and perhaps now rather *passé* "Minx" myself. An owner is supposedly liable to bias where his own car is concerned, however impartial he may try to be. On the other hand, the years give him a more thorough knowledge of the merits and demerits of a certain make than he can ever hope to acquire in the course of the ordinary brief test run.

My own "Minx" was originally bought almost solely on account of one outstanding quality—a quality which, I suppose, must have influenced many thousands of similar sales. I refer to the "sturdiness" which has always been a marked feature of this 10 h.p. model. It looked sturdy, it gave a sturdy performance on the road, and I have certainly had many miles of sturdy service from it.

While the new "Minx" is, of course, a vastly different proposition, it is pleasant to find that it still retains this same quality. Driving it, one does not feel that one is handling a low powered car, although one knows that it is rated at only 9·8 h.p. There is a willingness about the engine's way of settling down to its job, and a solidity in the car's general behaviour at speed on the open road, that suggest that here is something more substantial than an ordinary "Ten."

It is not altogether a matter of figures, although the new "Minx," even on paper, has a performance which is distinctly creditable. A comfortable 60 m.p.h. can be reached in top gear, while in third gear the car will touch 45 m.p.h. It is rather a case of this respectable turn of speed being achieved in a peculiarly competent and satisfying manner.

It would not do, however, to give the impression that the "Minx" specialises in sturdiness and nothing else. Indeed, the new model is decidedly graceful in its general appearance. The saloon coachwork is of streamline type, and a good point is that running boards have been entirely dispensed with. This omission is both artistically sound and also very sensible. With a low floor level, running boards are apt to be more of an inconvenience than otherwise.

The seating is thoroughly comfortable, and the sloping rear panel has not been allowed to interfere with headroom, so that four passengers will find plenty of space at their disposal. Some drivers may, I think, regret that neither of the front wings is visible from the driving seat; but this is a feature to which one can soon become accustomed.

Among the many improvements incorporated in the new "Minx" perhaps the most striking is that which concerns the four-speed gearbox. This is now an all-synchro-mesh unit—that is to say, each and every ratio can be engaged with equal readiness. There is no gear-change which can possibly be "crashed."

Personally, I regard this as a very great advance. It was, surely, always rather unreasonable to have *some* fool-proof ratios in a gear-box while other ratios still retained an element of difficulty. The new arrangement should lead to better driving; since beginners will now use their first and second gears, when the need arises, as readily as either third or "top." Actually, in this case, first gear is rather unnecessarily low; but second is a very valuable and helpful ratio.

(*Continued on page* 99)

The Hillman "Minx" in Brief

Engine: *Four cylinders with side valves, 10 h.p.*

Transmission: *Four-speed gear-box, all synchro-mesh.*

Performance: *Top gear, 60 m.p.h.; third gear, 45 m.p.h.*

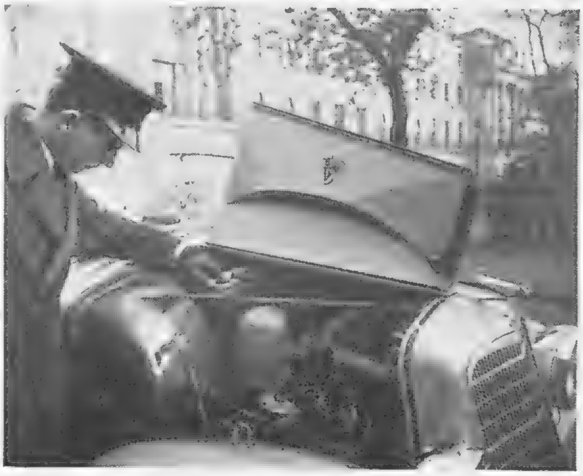
Springing: *By semi-elliptic springs, each having "Vari-load" additional spring leaf.*

Brakes: *Duo-Servo type, very powerful yet smooth.*

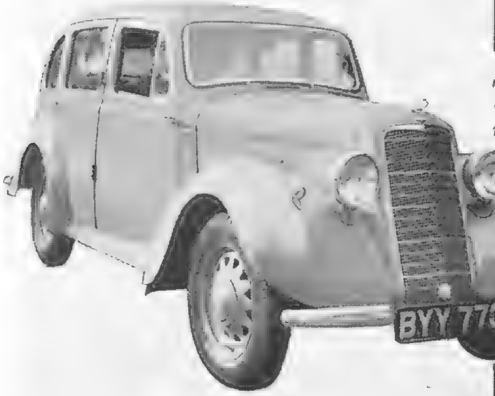
Steering: *Worm-and-nut design, light and efficient.*

Coachwork: *Roomy, comfortable, no running boards.*

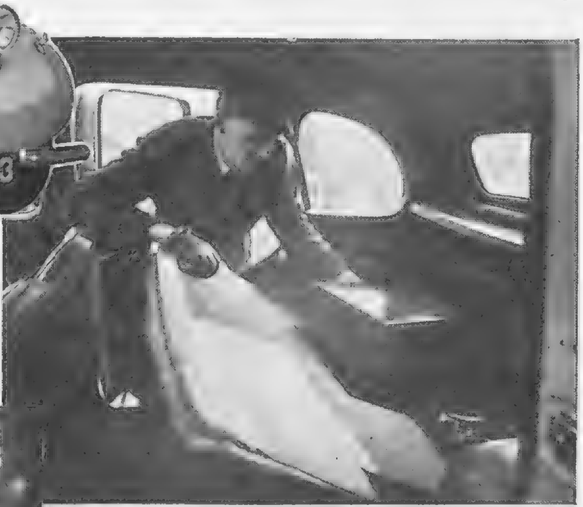
Price: *With saloon body, £159.*



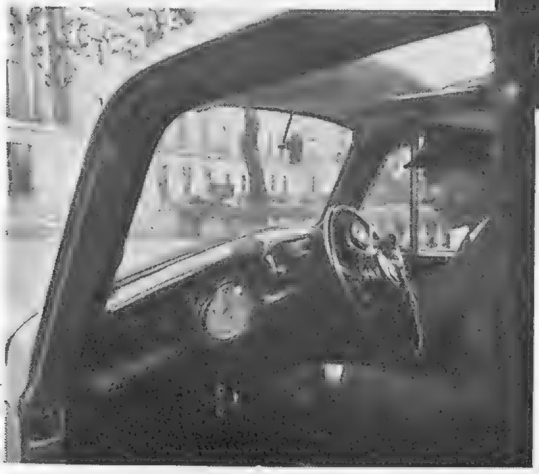
THE engine, though small, develops plenty of power. This position for the battery is well chosen. It is so accessible that the owner will have no excuse for neglecting to "top up" when necessary



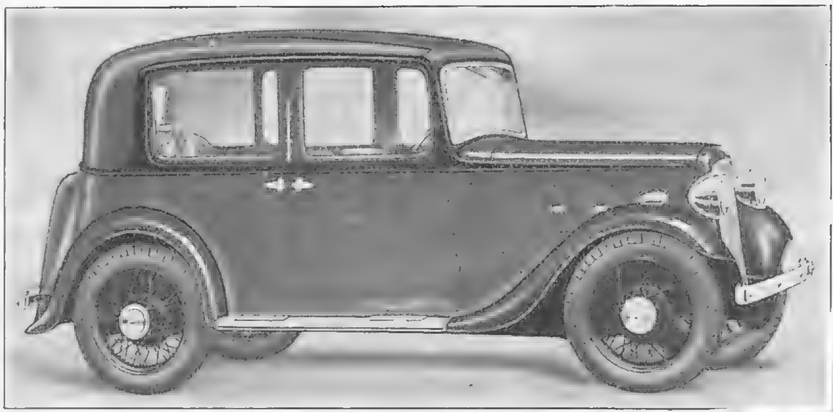
FROM this angle also, the "Minx" is a good-looking car. The clean frontal design gives an impression of sturdiness, which is amply endorsed by the car's actual performance on the road



SPACE behind the back seat is by no means wasted. The cushion hinges forward, revealing a luggage compartment which is big enough to hold several suitcases



THE instrument panel is unusually compact, all other dials being encircled by that of the speedometer. This leaves room for two useful cubby holes

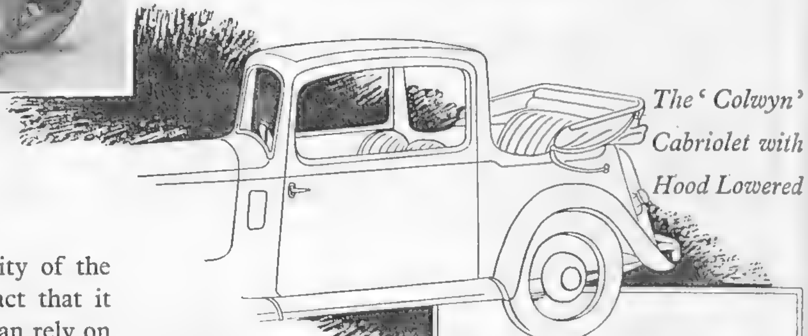


The 'LICHFIELD' TEN-FOUR Saloon

Dependable

The AUSTIN

TEN-FOUR



The 'Colwyn' Cabriolet with Hood Lowered

There are sound reasons for the increasing popularity of the Austin 'Ten-Four'; not the least of which is the simple fact that it is an Austin. Austin means dependability; you know you can rely on one for many thousands of miles of motoring without any kind of trouble and, moreover, if your Austin comes from the Car Mart, you know it is backed by the finest available service for Austin owners. Take a run in this attractive Austin 'Ten-Four', you can do so at any time that suits you.

The complete AUSTIN range always on view:

SEVENS	from £102
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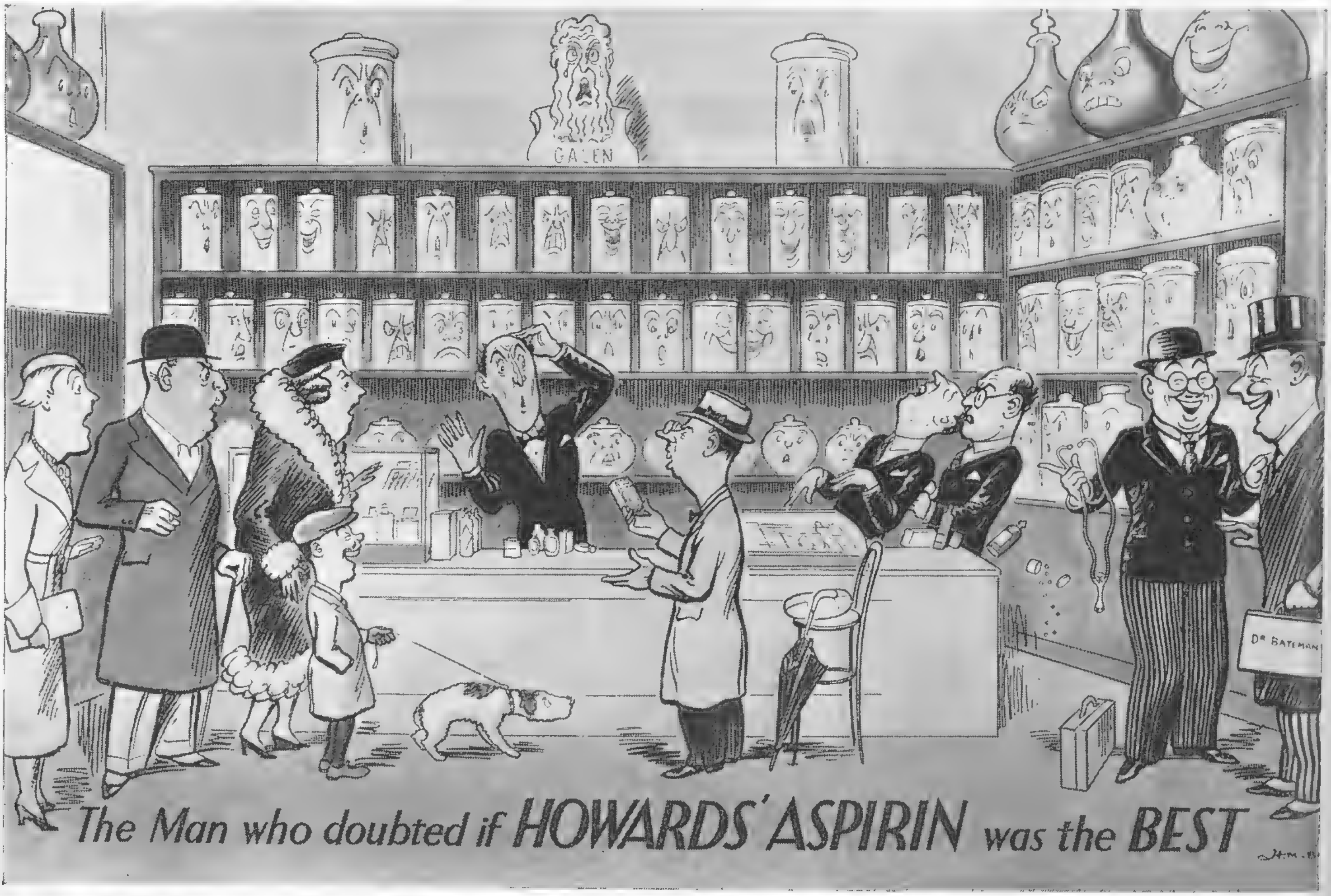
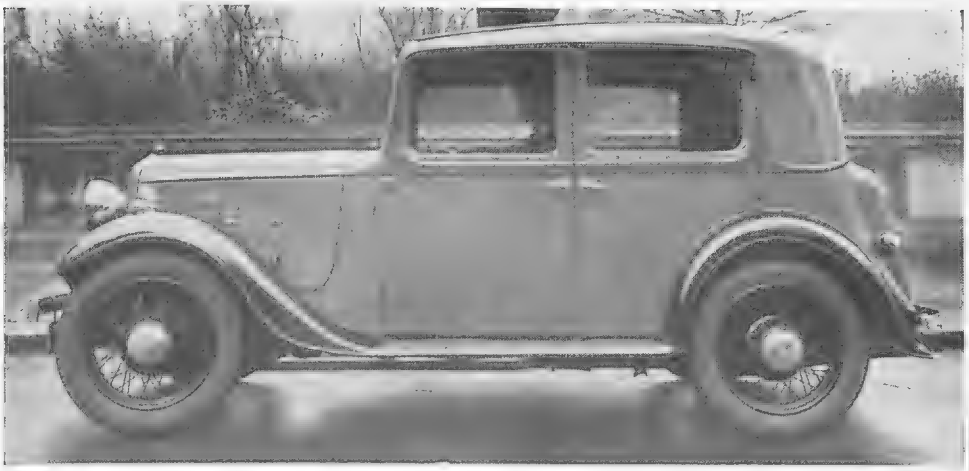

GALEN
Dr BATEMAN
The Man who doubted if HOWARDS' ASPIRIN was the BEST

See the name Howards' on every Tablet.

An Attractive *Small* Austin

The 10 h.p. "Lichfield" Saloon

By The Earl of Cardigan



THE 10 h.p. Austin is a car of decidedly useful size. It seats four people in real comfort, and has a most efficient road performance. At £175 it is modestly priced

IN some recent collection of motoring statistics I noticed the statement that 10 h.p. cars are now enjoying more greatly increased sales than cars of any other category. If this is the case, we may be sure that Austin is one of the makes which is primarily responsible for the public's special preference for 10 h.p motoring. A study of the Austin "Ten" is, therefore, of very topical interest.

Certainly, when one has driven this little car for a few miles, one begins to see that the popularity of the modern "Ten" is by no means ill founded. Here we have what is definitely an economical model, costing less than £200 to buy, and proportionately little to run and maintain. Nevertheless, its behaviour on the road is that of a full-grown motor-car, with a really useful turn of speed and plentiful reserve of power.

This Austin, moreover, is distinctively roomy. In the "Lichfield" saloon, four passengers can sit in perfect comfort. Even with the front seats slid well back, there is plenty of leg-room for those behind—while the amount of head-room might serve as a model for many cars of much greater over-all size. The coachwork throughout bears the mark of skilful planning.

The 10 h.p. Austin in Brief

Engine: 10 h.p., four cylinders with side valves.
Transmission: Four-speed gearbox, with three synchromesh ratios.
Performance: Third gear, 45 m.p.h.; top gear, 60 m.p.h.
Springing: Good, semi-elliptic.
Steering: Improved type, very light and efficient.
Brakes: Powerful and progressive.
Coachwork: Well planned and roomy.
Price: "Lichfield" saloon model, £175.

The engine is a side-valve unit, the outstanding quality of which is its ability to "rev" without ever becoming noisy or giving rise to vibration. Even at maximum speed in an indirect gear, it appears to be entirely free from valve clatter—a malady which at such exceptional moments might well be considered excusable. Thus I was able, without any sign of stress, to record 45 m.p.h. in third gear.

In top gear, the maximum is around 60 m.p.h., so that really good speeds can be maintained on a main road run. The rate of acceleration is distinctively lively, and there always seems to be power in hand when the driver needs it.

As with any small car, the gears must be used fairly freely. With the Austin, there is no difficulty about this, since three out of the four ratios are of synchro-mesh type. The only non-synchro-mesh gear is "first," which is so low a ratio that the catalogue describes it as being for "emergency" purposes only.

It is a fact, I think, that one would hardly ever require to change "down" from second to first gear. Starting on a gradient, one would only need to change "up" into second gear, which, of course, would be a fool-proof operation. Thus, in the normal course of driving, gear-changing problems can really be treated as non-existent.

THE only slight difficulty which I experienced—and that only for the first few miles—lay in getting accustomed to the unexpectedly short travel of the clutch pedal. The clutch itself acts quite smoothly; but it begins to engage when the pedal is, as it seems, only half an inch above the floor boards. This is not necessarily a defect; it is merely an unusual feature to which new owners of Austin cars will have to acclimatise themselves. If one is unprepared for it, the take-up is apt to be jerky.

(*Continued on page* 82)

THE doors are of ample width, and there is plenty of headroom. Even with the front seats pushed well back a tall man can sit at the back without being in the least cramped

THE engine has plenty of pulling power and is able to "rev" vigorously without any symptoms of fussiness. Tool kit and radiator filler-cap are underneath the bonnet

THE gear lever, controlling four speeds (of which three are synchro-mesh), comes easily to hand. The neat grouping of the instruments permits of a wide cubby-hole

THE spare wheel is neatly enclosed. The back panel, however, can be folded down to form a substantial luggage platform

The New German Army

(*Continued from page 29*)

consequent on the officers being thrown too much on their own resources and meeting practically nobody save their comrades—and their comrades' wives. (At Forbach, life had gravitated almost exclusively round the Officers' Casino, where one chiefly got drunk day after day.)

Such were the revelations made of the pre-war German Army—because it is safe to say that in the ten years of attempted improvement, 1904–1914, the Kaiser did *not* effect any noticeable regeneration. The cancer had gone too deep for matters to be adequately remedied in the short while allotted. In 1907–8, when the writer was at Bonn, the officers were still much the arrogant and thoroughly disliked individuals that they had been in Lorraine several years before, disliked both by their own men and by civilians. They continued in personal matters to ride roughshod over "Die Civilen." More important, as the future was to show, they continued to lead an existence widely divorced from the civilian classes, of whom they knew little and wanted to know less. It was this divorce of feeling, of mind and attitude, this total lack of comprehension on the part of the Regular officer—such a one as Ludendorff—which, as we know, added grievously to the débâcle that was in store. The great General Staff found itself completely out of touch with the German people when the crisis came.

If more were needed to show that little had been altered since Forbach, in 1903, it is that in the years directly leading up to the war a trio of resounding army scandals followed swiftly one upon the other. In 1906 there occurred in the small frontier garrison of Allenstein, in East Prussia, the never-solved double murder of a senior officer's wife and her lieutenant lover. A lengthy trial supervened, which only had the effect of making things worse. In the following year the notorious Eulenburg "Camerilla round the Kaiser" scandal broke loose, the names of high officers figuring in the disreputable revelations. Then, on the eve of war, in 1914, there befell the incident of "the Sabre of Zabern," in then Elsass. This provoked an outcry from "Die Civilen" as strident and serious as Bilse's novel had done eleven years before. A young Prussian officer had used his sabre on a cripple who chanced to be in his way on the pavement; and at once the public again became incensed against the officer caste and all it stood for in the way of above-the-law arrogance. So much so, that a first-class political crisis supervened in Berlin, leading to the Emperor having to climb down and order proceedings to be taken against the offender.

The Crown Prince also got into trouble while the affair was at its height for sending a telegram, *Immer Fest Immer* ("Always stay firm"), to Foerster's C.O.

. . . And now we pass rapidly over the years to the demoralised German host returning to the Fatherland, beaten, in the winter of 1918. Actually it passed beneath fluttering streamers, at Cologne and elsewhere, welcoming "Our Victorious Warriors" home. But Germans can be like that. What is more to the point is that but for stout old Hindenburg, standing to his job when all around was chaos and demobilising the army from Cassel, this army must have become a rabble. Hindenburg worked in those days perhaps better than even he knew, since it was upon the degree of honour that he then contrived to salvage that the Reichswehr was subsequently reared by Von Seekt. And upon this post-war Reichswehr, preciously shielding the traditions of the old army, which, for all its pre-war faults, fought well until the testing-time came, is now in turn being reared the great German Army that is to come, on a new model, in the immediate times ahead. The effort will be (is already strenuously being made) to bring this army back to the purer warrior days of a civilian-cum-military nation-in-arms as inculcated by a Scharnhorst, a Roon, a Stein, before the disintegrating and demoralising workings of caste and privilege, run wild, led up to Forbach and after.

If proof were needed of the radical remodelling intended, one need hardly go further than the occasion recently celebrated of the reopening of the German War Academy, destined to be the brain of German militarism in the future as it had been in the past. The day chosen was the 125th anniversary of the inauguration of the self-same Academy by Scharnhorst, and all through the proceedings the idea was to link the names of the author of the Prussian renaissance after Jena with that of the Führer who was now renewing the national sinews in the same manner, following the disgrace of the Weimar Republic. Not possible to tell more clearly the type of officer it is henceforward proposed to turn out than to quote from two speeches made that reopening day by Generals von Beck (the hoped-for "Ludendorff" of the new German Army) and of von Blomberg, War Minister and hoped-for "Stein" of the fateful days ahead.

Said the first (I paraphrase): "The officer this Academy has to produce must be a man of perfect intellectual discipline, and he must be able to pursue logical deductions to their last consequences. His character and his nerves must be strong enough to execute what reason dictates. The German officer henceforward must be *accessible to all humanitarian and sentimental considerations.* He must also obey only the exigencies of war, however terrible they may be. The task of this Academy is to turn out officers possessing this rigorous logic of thought and this unshakeable firmness in action. And, above all, our officers must keep the following fact immutably in mind: that wars are no longer decided by arms alone, but that modern warfare is a conflict between nations no less than between armies. Moral forces will play a part of primary and increasing importance."

Said von Blomberg (again I paraphrase slightly): "The Wehrmacht (Services) must not only be united themselves but also be united with the nation. To serve the nation well, the Army, especially, must know the nation and take an interest in all its activities—its politics, intellectual life, its economics, its technical achievements. The German officer must, furthermore, be acquainted with the sources of the Fatherland's spiritual strength. While not participating in politics, he must, none the less, understand fully the new foundations of the social order and sympathise with these. No new hiatus or breach, ever, between Army and People! On the contrary, the officer must promote cohesion between the two. Only thus will the Army be again what Scharnhorst laid down for it—' the union of all the physical and moral forces of all citizens.' "

Shades of "Die Civilen"! Of Forbach and Zabern!

It may even be worth mentioning how the New Army intends to propagate this unity. It has for some months been making a close study of the national life by the use of so-called observers (in reality secret agents) on all sides, down to the factories and mines. This is being done independently of Nazi activities along the same lines, and is officially referred to as "searching out Stimmung"—which means determining the current mood of the workers and the nation as a whole. Conversely, an intensive campaign has been launched to render the whole German nation —men, women and children—no less military-minded and "army-conscious" vis-à-vis the New Army. A notable aspect of this is represented by the Exhibition of Military Literature, "Militant Germany," in the Prussian State Library. The exhibition counts no fewer than 650 items—books, brochures, leaflets, documents, manuscripts, and letters, all dealing with military affairs through the past century—and is to go on tour after Berlin's Nazis have "directed" as many residents of the capital through its portals as possible. The Exhibition has three sections. First, the historical, reaching down to 1914. Secondly, everything printed during the twenty-one years since the war broke out. Thirdly, an inevitable spate of Nazi literature.

All Quiet on the Western Front is missing, as we may also be sure is *Life in a Garrison Town.*

To return now to where we started from, it is not difficult to see how garrison life in the future will differ from that of the past in several notable ways.

The country has been divided into 36 Divisional areas, as distinct from the old Corps areas, and long-service officers will not be kept buried away for years in outlandish places. They will see the bigger centres as well, and enjoy their amenities. They have been ordered to maintain the most courtly and friendly relations with the civilians where they are stationed, and to join intimately in the general social life, which should make for a greater measure of entertaining and kindred activities than in pre-war times. Officers will no longer be rigidly exclusive and stuck-up. On the other hand, they will not by any means sport the pretty feathers of yore. No money is as yet being wasted on flamboyant uniforms for Lancers and Hussars, beyond in one or two regiments in Berlin, Munich, Frankfort. The times are grim; such is the keynote.

The stern note of it all is well portrayed by this proclamation from Hitler to the first conscripts sworn-in on the Potsdam parade-ground:—

> "The young soldiers must be loyal unto death to the new flag, be as hard as iron, and ready to sacrifice the last drop of their blood for the Fatherland."

Followed by a short prayer:—

> "O God! Strengthen their resolve so that every ray of the sunshine streaming through the barrack windows in the morning may fortify their will to loyalty and sacrifice."

Then this oath was taken:—

> "I swear by God the holy oath that I will be unconditionally obedient to the Leader of the German people and nation, Adolf Hitler, the supreme commander of the armed forces, and that as a brave soldier I will be ready at any time to sacrifice my life for this oath."

Nothing like that was ever demanded by the Kaiser, even in his heyday.

It is safe to add that the three citations above will permeate and govern the new garrison life.

In return, the new conscripts, who have entered barracks all over Germany and are only waiting for the spring to enjoy their much-sung benefits to the full, will be cared for as never in the past: well fed and housed, comfortable and contented.

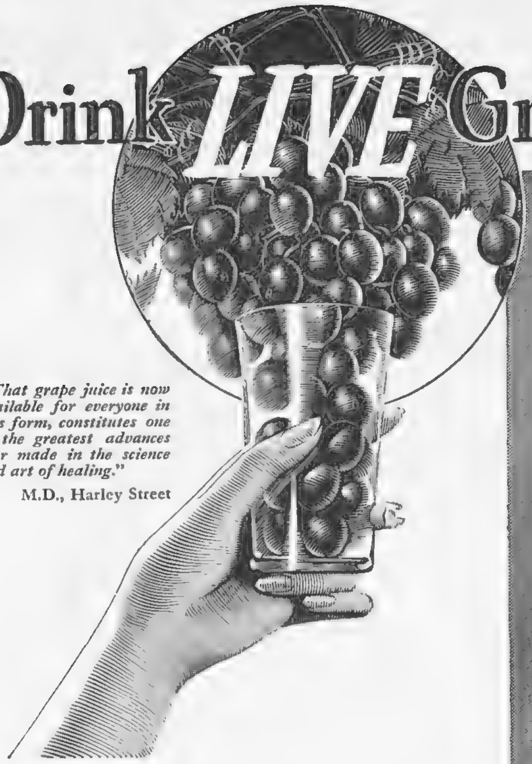
The new barracks continue to be dedicated right and left, some of them consisting of as many as a score of separate buildings. "The barracks are real homes," one reads. "Sleeping accommodation per dormitory is much less than formerly. Life is altogether less promiscuous. Facilities for recreation abound. The soldier in his leisure hours can enjoy many of the attractions of a club, such as concerts and billiards, while his pleasures combine with duties that have been made interesting in themselves. A remarkable new feature is the 'comradeship home' that each barracks is being allotted—the contractors having contributed it!"

A typical piece of Nazi journalistic-lyricism ran: "Soldiers are marching into Bartenstein once more. After fifty years the town gets a garrison again. What fair music is the tramp of the conscripts as they march into barracks!"

The good old goosestep, assuredly, was that "music." That, at least, will not change from the garrison life of the past. Though much else will.

End

Drink *LIVE* Grapes *every day the* **VITA** *way*



"That grape juice is now available for everyone in this form, constitutes one of the greatest advances ever made in the science and art of healing."

M.D., Harley Street

Nature's Greatest and Quickest Tonic

For hundreds of years it has been the practice for rich invalids to live near a vineyard and to eat nothing but grapes and to drink nothing but water. And there they have stayed until the greatest and quickest of all Nature's tonics has restored them to health and strength. This is known as "*the grape cure,*" and it is prescribed *only* for those with the means to take it. But to-day science places a grape cure *within the reach of the millions who need it.* An entirely new low temperature process can now concentrate the live juice of 17½ *lbs.* of rich, vineyard grapes in *a single bottle.* Taken from grapes picked fresh, the live juice concentrated LIVE on the spot, shipped without need of special packing or loss of perishable fruit, Vita LIVE Natural Grape Juice comes to you at *vineyard prices.* Less than *one penny* for the juice of a *quarter of a pound.*

VITA
Live Natural
GRAPE JUICE
CONCENTRATED

VITA PRODUCTS Ltd., 39-45 Finsbury Square, London E.C.2.

The Bloom on the Grape brings the Bloom to the Cheek

MORE and more the modern mother is placing her faith in NATURAL aids to her children's health. Now science places the greatest and quickest of all NATURE'S tonics within her reach. Vita LIVE Natural Grape Juice contains vital living elements that a child's system needs to meet the insistent demands of a quickly-growing body. In calorific or energy-producing value it is nearly five times richer even than milk. It provides a special kind of sugar known as mono-saccharide which is identical with blood sugar itself, and absorbed at once without need of digestion. That is why even one glass of Vita has an *immediate* tonic effect. Then, too, it is Nature's abundant source of organic iron, the essential constituent of the red blood cells, necessary for every child and vital to the anæmic. It brings the roses to the cheek in Nature's own way—through rich, red blood.

Vita is highly concentrated. You need only one table-spoonful to a tumbler. Diluted with water the large bottle makes 50 tonic glassfuls. It can be enjoyed by everyone from the youngest baby to the oldest invalid. *Your* doctor recommends Vita for your child and yourself. Get a bottle to-day from your chemist, grocer or store. It is entirely NON-ALCOHOLIC.

VITA
Live Natural
GRAPE
JUICE
CONCENTRATED

THE CONCENTRATED UNCOOKED JUICE OF 17½ lbs of Vineyard Grapes 5/3

Small Size containing the juice of 8¼ lbs 2/9

(Vita is also available in Jelly form as a Conserve—2/6 and 10½d. per jar)

The £ s. d. of a Modern Film Studio

(*Continued from page 23*)

and used for distant locations, and for rapid visits to the Continent. The other is a Bristol 'plane, and is used for camera and transport work.

The research department is another development of modern films. The staff here must have their passports ready to fly off any minute to any part of the world, to check up on some historical or technical detail relating to the manner or customs of that country. In the department itself, thousands of volumes and extensive files are maintained so that all questions as to costumes and customs of any historical period may be quickly answered.

In fact, so self-contained has the film city become, that even doctors, nurses and dentists are "on the spot" if required.

The commissionaire at the studio gates—who nearly always answers to the name of Charlie—has an interesting though rather ticklish job. Not only does he check up all the arrivals—for everyone, from studio hand to film-star, must "clock in" like any office girl—but he must also use extreme tact as to whom else he lets in.

Photography, together with sound, has made one of the most vital developments in the history of the films. "Shoot!" yells the director, and the cameras get busy. A "first" cameraman, who is responsible only for lighting and effects, earns anything from £70–£80 a week, and on a really big production there may be as many as four "firsts." The second cameraman earns about £12 a week, and the two men who assist, sliding the giant plates in and out, wielding the clappers, etc., earn about £4 a week each. Camera work has become so important a branch of films that it could easily comprise an interesting article in itself—how many, for instance, would be in the cameraman's shoes when he is lashed with his camera under the tender of an engine hurtling along at fifty or sixty miles an hour!—but it is sufficient to say that quite often the cameramen are the unrecognised stars of the picture.

The sound crew consists of the mixer—the wizard who sits in a portable glasshouse lined with straw and directs other people's voices, and who earns about £15 a week—the recordist who earns £8 a week, and two juniors who earn about £6 a week each. Sound is one of the latest developments in motion pictures, and is still sufficiently embryo to seem miraculous when "harnessed" by the studio experts.

In another department a large staff of men and women transform 2,000 yds. of cloth yearly into about 2,800 costumes. Twelve of these employees produce lovely laces and priceless embroidery, and six are "agers" who rub new clothes against plaster walls, burn them with cigarettes, twist and turn vigorously, all to give the proper appearance of age and wear, if the film should be a period production. Over the whole wardrobe department presides a costume designer—a man with a big name who earns big money. Under him are a dozen cutters and fitters earning from £6–£7 a week each. And under these come the wardrobe mistresses who mend torn garments, render first-aid in emergencies, and generally keep the wardrobe in good repair; while "dressers" attend to the personal needs of the stars themselves, both on and off the sets.

In the scenario department script writers hold a story conference—good salaried position this, if you can once break in. There is also a group of men who do nothing day in and day out but read 20,000 books, plays and novels in all languages; searching for that intangible something which will thrill and entertain.

The "trick" department, unknown to many people, pays some of the highest wages in filmland, and consists of about fifty skilled workmen—tinsmiths, blacksmiths, pattern-makers, plumbers, and so on. And what about the man who "cuts" the film stars? Did you know that a film editor (as the chief cutter is called) ranks officially as the third most important person in the process of film-making? He is responsible for dealing with about 40,000 ft. of film, out of which only about eight thousand is going to be eventually used. This means that on his scissors and cutting machine rests the responsibility of scrapping about 32,000 ft. of celluloid. A chief cutter and one assistant help him, in addition to joining and cutting machines of the very latest design. Related to this department is the film laboratory, where all the developing and printing takes place, and which costs the studio about £15,000. In a large-scale film studio about 143 individuals work feverishly to develop and print 600,000 ft. of film each day, and many of these work in complete darkness.

Where does everyone eat? In the studio restaurant, of course. In one film studio that I know there are first, second and third class restaurants! Which, roughly interpreted, means a quick snack counter, a room where you can get a square meal for a reasonable fixed price at about 1s. 6d., and a third room where you can pay fancy prices. With waitresses and kitchen staff, this means pretty substantial employment.

IN a separate studio the make-up men are busy painting on human canvas. So far advanced is the art of make-up that nowadays it even combines plastic surgery—it contributes, in fact, 50 per cent. of our film thrills. It is nothing for Mr. Karloff to have his ears pinned back, or silver wires fastened on the inside corners of his mouth with clamps, drawn tight, and held under the chin with adhesive tape, all of which is painted over to make it invisible!

In the art department the chief designer sketches sets and scenes (and prays that the carpenters will bring them to a faint resemblance of his sketches!), an architect draughts them out, and several assistants get busy painting and plastering. While in the "grip" shop, thirty or forty carpenters begin hammering up the sets, erecting sound booths and camera cranes, and mechanists repair technical damages. A camera, for instance, may break and be repaired in ten minutes by the expert machinist who can cut a human hair into thirty parts and correct a fault to one ten-thousandth of an inch.

The powder and effects department includes the "stunt" men, "fake" men, and property men. To-day this department is one of the largest in the studio and consists of about 120 men, who work on a great stage 250 ft. by 150 ft., covered with weird and wonderful devices which give the thrills in present-day films. There is also a "plaster" shop, a "metal" shop, and a "paint" shop. There is a storage and salvage department, for which needs the production manager rings up a labour exchange and hires a gang of unemployed workmen. The "studio maintenance" department includes an army of cleaners. And few people realise that there is also a "greenhouse" department attached to an up-to-date film studio, which includes gardeners and expert advisers, and attends to the needs of all garden effects required, hot-house plants and trees, potted plants, field plants, cut flowers, and the studio garden.

On each set two or three firemen are always standing in readiness (during the making of the "Good Companions" there was, I remember, a grand flare-up!), while a "corps" of plain-clothes detectives hover in the background, guarding the thousands of pounds' worth of studio valuables.

Sometimes, of course, an elaborate production exceeds even these standard figures for employment and costs! For one Hollywood production recently, tens of thousands of feet of lumber, massive steel framework, and more than 200 workmen were required to build the set, and more than 5,000 ft. of neon light tubing was used for decorative purposes. On the same production, a hundred dancing couples and a huge "supplementary" orchestra were engaged. As the scene depicted sky-scrapers, the cameras for the long shots were mounted on great rostrums far above the roof-tops.

THE directing staff consists of the chief director himself, two assistants at £15 and £8 a week each, the production manager, the studio manager, and a script girl or "floor secretary" who earns about £6 a week. And the business side? This comprises about fifty persons, including typists, accountants, cashiers, salesmen, advertising staff, and the telephone exchange. And don't forget the men who bang the publicity drum! Theirs is a very important department—the studio publicity man, poor harassed fellow, has to handle temperaments and hysterics, and soothe the film-star next morning after an adverse Press notice. There are usually two publicity men, four or five typists, five or six still-men responsible for taking all the "stills" for this department, and three or four messenger boys earning about 30s. a week.

With all these welter of organised departments surrounding them, it would seem that the artists themselves play a very unimportant part in the film business! Personally, for all the glamorous pages that are written about them, I would not share the life of a film-star. True, a big star may earn £200–£300 a day, whether he is working on the sets or dozing quietly in a corner of the studio, but he must be up at dawn, and stay sometimes far into the night. He may be "on call" at 9 a.m., and actually be wanted at 4 p.m. As well as the regular artistes there is, of course, that pathetic figure, the "crowd" worker, who earns £1 a day every few months or so. But he is always hoping that *one* day he really will catch the director's eye.

An Attractive Small Austin

(*Continued from page 79*)

A good point is that this "Ten" holds the road very steadily, and is markedly free from any tendency to skid. I drove it on a very unpleasant day up and down Chiswick High Street, the surface of which is about as treacherous as any to be found in London. A skid would not have surprised me; but there was no suspicion of anything of the sort.

The suspension, by semi-elliptic springs fore and aft, is at all times very comfortable. The brakes are smooth, and, although they have ample stopping power, can be applied quite firmly without developing too abrupt an action.

The steering gear has been improved of late, and now is quite excellent. It is very light, and at the same time gives perfectly definite control. It undoubtedly plays a big part in making the car a pleasant one to handle, and in giving the driver a sense of confidence in traffic.

During my test run I did a good deal of traffic driving, and kept several appointments which involved hurrying from place to place. For this sort of work the "Ten" proved itself wonderfully "nippy"—(to use an objectionable but expressive word). A helpful feature, apart from those already listed, was the good forward visibility through the windscreen, which made it easy to take advantage of small gaps.

For longer journeys, the strong luggage platform at the back must be reckoned an asset. When raised, this neatly encloses the spare wheel. The price of this 10 h.p. model, complete, is only £175—at which figure it cannot fail to continue on the path of popularity through 1936.

They've all gone to SUNNY SPAIN

At this very moment they are bathing and basking and bronzing under the smiling sun. Follow them to Spain for a sunny winter holiday in a friendly land where your pound is worth twenty-six shillings . . . Apply for details to any Tourist Agency or to Patronato Nacional del Turismo, Medinaceli, 2, Madrid.

where nothing matters and so little goes so far

Ice: The White Peril of the Sea

(Continued from page 53)

fallen a victim to the ice, but persistent and inexplicable rumours still continued to raise false hopes in the hearts of those who had friends and relatives on board. A letter was received by the family of one of the passengers, stating that the ship had been driven out of her course and had put in to Madeira for repairs; and yet another mysterious communication, addressed to the captain's brother-in-law in London, announced the arrival of a vessel at Waterford which had actually left the *President* at Bermuda. Then, on the 23rd of April, came a circumstantial statement in the logbook of a Portuguese brig, to the effect that a large two-funnelled steamer had been sighted in the Atlantic under sail. Her paddles were not working, but that did not indicate anything wrong. It was quite usual for early steamships to dispense with their engines in fair winds. In consequence of this report the British and Portuguese Governments sent ships out to search for the missing vessel in the latitudes indicated, but no sign of her was found. The brig's report seems to have been genuine enough, but the two letters, like a bogus message in a bottle from Tyrone Power, a well-known comedian of the day, who was among the *President's* passengers, were cruel and pointless practical jokes.

Three years later, almost to a day, the *City of Glasgow*, which left Liverpool with a full complement of passengers, mainly hopeful emigrants "off to Philadelphia," failed to reach her destination. A sister ship, which crossed the Atlantic at the same time eastbound, reported ice in large quantities in the steamship lanes; and the *Westmoreland*, which had crossed immediately before her, was for five days held up in an icefield containing bergs two to three hundred feet high, and extending for three hundred and fifty miles. For a while it was hoped that the liner had been similarly delayed, nor were lying rumours lacking like those which went the rounds at the time the *President* was lost; but it soon seemed all too certain that she, too, had met her doom with 480 souls on board.

The competition between the steamship companies on the Atlantic Ferry may have been partly responsible for the tragic loss of the Collins liner *Pacific*, holder at one time of the Blue Riband of the Atlantic, which went missing in January, 1856. She left Liverpool, under the command of the well-known navigator Captain Asa Eldridge, with 200 people on board, at the same time as the Cunarder *Persia*, and it was generally thought they meant to make a race of it. The *Persia* duly arrived, rather late and with her bow buckled by an iceberg, fully expecting to find her rival there before her. But no *Pacific* appeared. Evidently she, too, had tried conclusions with the ice with fatal results. She was one of the first steamships to be built with a straight stem, and this, it was thought at the time, may have led to her being more seriously damaged, if she struck, as was most likely, bows on, than the *Persia* with her fiddle, or clipper bow.

THE icefields of the high South latitudes are generally much larger than those of the North Atlantic, nor are they so quickly melted. Instances are recorded of southern icebergs which have been afloat for two years. During the Australian boom of the 1850's, when fast passages were the order of the day, ships which went as far as the 50th and 60th parallels in search of fair winds ran grave risks from ice. The famous Golden Line clipper *Guiding Star*, which was "spurlos versenkt" early in 1854, was believed to have been trapped in a large icefield sighted in the roaring forties by other ships, and a legend long remained current among old shell-backs that the frozen bodies of her crew had been seen on a berg months later. Whether the tale was true it is impossible to say. Certainly it is not beyond the bounds of belief that men might gain a foothold on the ice when the ship sank and perish there from exposure, though on the other hand there appears to be no case recorded in the annals of seafaring of survivors having been taken off drift ice on the high seas.

ON the 10th of May, 1859, a strangely rigged ship was seen slowly approaching the harbour of Valparaiso, and the boats of H.M.S *Ganges* put off and towed the lame duck into port. She proved to be the Black Ball clipper *Indian Queen*, which had left Melbourne on the 13th of March—superstitious, please note. All went well until the 1st of April, when, in latitude 60 S., or thereabout, the passengers were roused in the small hours of the morning by a violent impact and the sound of crashing spars. All below rushed up to find the ship lying alongside a huge berg, with ice and the wreckage of her masts strewing the deck, and the port lifeboat missing, together with the captain and mate and fifteen of the crew, who had left the ship in panic. Mr. Leyvret, the second mate, at once took command. The men passengers, thirty in number, he set to work clearing away the ice and what wreckage they could from the deck, while he, with the bos'n and carpenter, and the five seamen who were left on board, backed the crojick yard and so got the shift to drift, stern first, clear of the berg. Just as she did so those on board caught a glimpse of the lifeboat, whose occupants were crying out for help to regain the ship. But nothing could be done, and very soon the boat was lost to sight in the fog. Those in her had paid dearly for their cowardice.

Two more icebergs were sighted, bearing down on the stricken ship like seventy-fours out of the battle smoke. One, all crippled as she was, she evaded almost by a miracle. The second "calved" immediately after she had weathered it, the "calf" plunging into the sea with such force that it travelled two miles or more before coming to a standstill, piling up a great wave before it as it went.

It was a week before the *Indian Queen* was clear of the ice, and jury masts were then rigged and a lower stunsail and staysail set. Under this scanty spread of canvas she plodded at three or four knots towards Valparaiso, sighting land twenty miles south of that port on May 9th. The next day she entered the harbour, having sailed nearly four thousand miles under jury rig, and with a handful of seamen, in the stormiest seas in the world.

A SHIP which has actually become "embayed" in ice—which finds herself in a watery *cul-de-sac* with no way out but that by which she entered—has but a poor chance of survival. Sooner or later, after dodging like a hunted hare, first on one tack and then the other, among the surrounding floes, she will find the wind taken from her sails by some vast mass higher than her masts, miss stays, and be driven by the current on her doom. Such a fate all but befell the White Star clipper *Red Jacket*, when she found herself at daybreak off the Horn in a canal winding between unbroken icefields showing no possible outlet. For several hours the *Red Jacket* held on under shortened sail, her captain and second mate conning her from the foretopsail yard, but she only seemed to get deeper into the ice. Then at last the skipper sighted clear water ahead, and, literally driving his vessel through the ice, forced a passage, not without considerable damage to the *Red Jacket's* bows and copper. But her troubles were not yet over. The evening found her again surrounded, and once more the graceful clipper, like a bluff Greenland whaler, had to butt her way through the floes to safety.

So far as the North Atlantic is concerned, the Ice Patrol, instituted by the British Government in 1913, and later taken over by the U.S. Coastguard, has largely countered the White Peril. In the Southern Ocean there is, as time goes on, less need for any service of the kind. The ships which once sought their winds in the sixtieth parallel are no more. The Horn route is all but deserted, and the seas Drake and Le Mair sailed roll from Cape Horn to the Antarctic empty but for the stately albatross, the spouting whales, and the wandering bergs that sail like the ghosts of mighty ships through the mist and storm.

Heroes of the Deep Waters

(Continued from page 9)

provides a feed for his persecutor, which by some strange freak of Nature can only thrive on pre-digested food.

Sharks are not the only terror of trawlermen. Sometimes the nets contain catfish, which is the most dreaded peril of all. Its teeth fit together like cogwheels, and will go right through a fisherman's rubber boot and foot as easily as a fork through a potato.

Many is the sudden accident and illness which occurs aboard a trawler. Yet no doctor is in attendance—only the skipper, who must possess a St. John Ambulance Diploma.

So hard are the conditions aboard that a man must be literally unable to stand before he can plead sickness as an excuse for not working.

It is to a life of this sort that lads are introduced and broken in at the age of eighteen or nineteen. Their first two or three trips are terrible in the extreme. For some reason, possibly sea-sickness, few novices are able to stomach any food at all, so instead they drink great quantities of water to settle their stomachs. Small wonder that few but trawlermen who are born to the life can stand the strain of it. Now and again out-of-work miners have signed on, but I believe not a single one has ever gone on a second trip.

On the other hand, I know of several exceptionally wiry undergraduates and one parson who have become trawlermen, and are still working as such.

What rewards do these men receive for this gruelling work? Little enough. On Friday, known as Remembrance Day to the men afloat, their wives receive thirty shillings for the forthcoming week. The men themselves receive poundage money, depending on the catch, and what is called "liver money," which is a fixed percentage from the proceeds of the liver recovered from the catches.

If the catch is poor, the men may receive little or nothing. As to their wives, it is said that they find it so difficult to make both ends meet that they are frequently obliged to go out to work themselves.

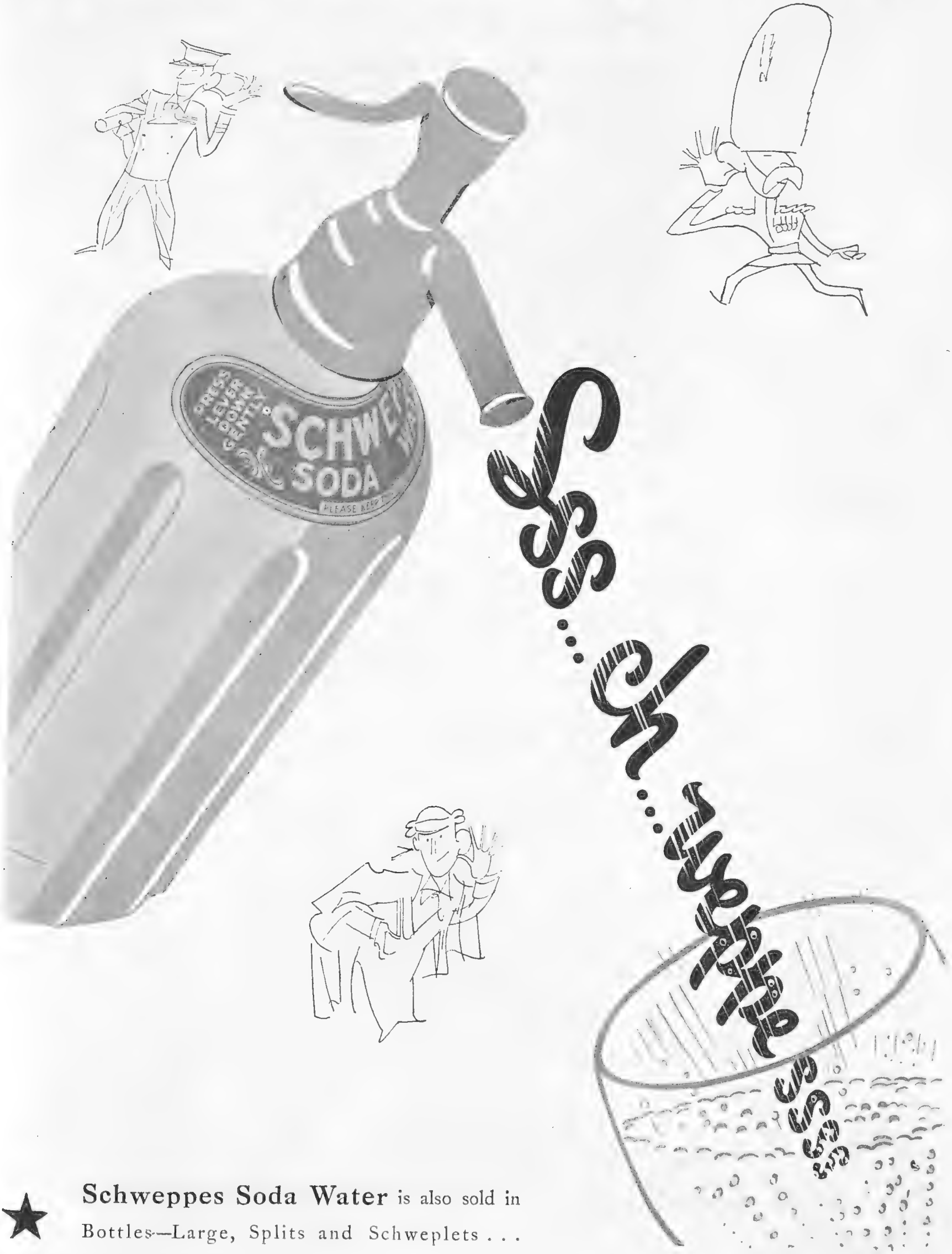
Aboard the *Green Howard*, on which I sailed, there was a deck-hand known as "the criminal." On reaching home one day after a voyage he discovered (so he said) that his wife had been unfaithful, and although an order was made against him he refused to pay maintenance. So once every year he goes to prison for a month, but instead of dreading this he looks forward to it and speaks of it with relish as his "holiday."

For one month in the year, he says, he is warm, comfortable and at peace. Could anything illustrate more vividly the appalling hardships of the trawlerman's life at sea?

The skippers have a rather better time of it, getting ten per cent. of the value of the catch, which means that they always stand a chance of winning a prize of anything up to £5,000. Many a skipper is said to be earning a regular £1,000 a year. On the other hand, many, owing to successions of poor catches, have fallen heavily in debt to the owners through drawing money from them in advance and are now obliged to sign on as deck-hands.

(Continued on page 86)

What does the syphon *say*?


PRESS LEVER DOWN GENTLY
SCHWE
SODA
PLEASE KEEP
Ss...ch...weppes

★ **Schweppes Soda Water** is also sold in Bottles—Large, Splits and Schweplets . . .

It is all a desperate game of chance. Although the Iceland waters are the most prolific in the world, even the most experienced of skippers cannot always tell where the shoals lie. The reason is that the warmer waters of the Atlantic Ocean flow into the freezing waters of the Arctic, causing the fish to move very erratically.

Even if big shoals are detected and netted there is still the gamble with markets. Skippers are obliged to telegraph the owners details of their catches from the ship, and if the owners can see an opportunity of selling dear, they will often wireless their trawlers to return at full speed.

Sometimes when this happens the risks run are terrific. Regardless of fog or storm, the boats have to make for port full steam ahead, and many a life has been lost in the attempt to win big profits.

It is just one more of the risks which a trawlerman takes as a matter of course.

Staggering back to port in an ancient boat—some of the trawlers are more than fifty years old—loaded with perhaps 3,000 boxes of fish, the men reach Grimsby or Hull tired out and still wearing the clothes in which for weeks they have been soaked to the skin.

Home they go to the wives and children they scarcely ever see—one deck-hand on board my trawler was hailed by a five-year-old boy as "Daddy." Yet when I questioned him he did not know whether he had a son of that age or not; and tumbled into bed.

For weeks they have slept on bare boards with their knees drawn up to their chins to prevent them from pitching about in the Arctic storms. Now at last they can sleep in comfort. But not for long. At 3 a.m. next day they must be up and out on the docks to help unload the catch. If they fail to turn up they forfeit a day's pay, and must also pay the insurance money of the casuals who take their places. Fortunately, these conditions do not prevail at all the ports.

If ever there was a hero whose heroism goes unrecorded and unrewarded it is the trawlerman. Two members of the crew of the *Green Howard* told me they went to the rescue of the steam trawler *Owl* when she was wrecked off the Bear Islands in mid-winter. No ship could approach the boat, which was being battered to pieces on the rocks, so at last it was decided to sail round and approach her from the lee-side of the island.

The second attempt was successful, and the injured were rescued on improvised stretchers; but the hardships suffered by the rescuers were almost beyond human endurance, and one of them who lost his boots now remains a cripple for life.

Another trawlerman, when the boat he was on went aground off Iceland, actually plunged into the icy sea and swam a quarter of a mile to shore with a line. For this heroic feat a dinner was held in his honour at which he was to be presented with a medal for bravery.

But he never turned up at the dinner, nor would he accept the medal. That is the trawlerman all over. It was just his job, he said, and he wanted no (something) medal for doing it!

END

Old Tales Re-Told

(*Continued from page 49*)

accepting anything from anyone, made him refuse the hospitality, and, completely penniless, leave Turin for Rome.

For in Rome dwelt his great friend, Maurizio Cataneo. It was at his door that Tasso appeared. Torquato was one of those men whose instinctive elegance gives them the appearance of aristocrats, no matter how tattered their apparel; only after a careful scrutiny did Cataneo realise how ragged his dear friend was. He spread the news all over the town that the great Tasso was in Rome and under his roof.

Torquato never knew that he was so popular. Every day fresh visitors were announced.

Another man would have taken full advantage of such chances, and exploited such a favourable opportunity, but Tasso was still seeking seclusion, still under the persecution of imaginary dangers. Turning a deaf ear to the assurance of his old and new friends, he mentioned the desire to see his native country—peaceful Sorrento.

Cataneo did not believe that Tasso would leave the fertile field of Rome, and did not pay much attention to the feeble vagaries of his strange guest. But one evening Tasso disappeared without a word to anyone.

He left Rome on foot. Occasionally he was given a lift in an ox-cart. At last he reached Velletri. Shepherds gave him hospitality for the night, and changed clothes with him. Dressed up as a *ciociaro*, with a short jacket of sheepskin, knickerbockers, sandals, and the characteristic cape called *ferraiolo*, exhausted with fatigue, he reacehd the port of Gaeta in four days.

Here he embarked on a vessel bound for Sorrento. An ineffable tranquillity possessed him when the anchor fell with a splash in the emerald depths beneath the rocks of Sorrento. A little boat took him towards the rudimentary port, where he enquired for the address of Donna Cornelia Sersale Tasso.

For many years he had not seen his sister nor been in communication with her; so, when he reached the little house and was face to face with her, he did not disclose his identity. He introduced himself as a messenger from her brother, and produced a letter written by himself, informing her that his life was in great danger, and begging her to obtain the patronage of some potentate in order to avert the threatened misfortune.

He related the story of Torquato—his own story—in the third person, but before reaching the end his sister grew so distressed that she fainted in his arms.

This proof of her affection decided Tasso to reveal who he was. But he still implored her to tell no one else; and to allow him to stay there unknown to the rest of the world. No mode of life could have been more likely to restore his serenity to Tasso and fertility to his genius. But Fate—or God—had decided otherwise.

One day a man knocked at the door, and enquired for Torquato Tasso. When he heard that no one of such a name was there he smiled. He pulled a letter from his doublet, thrust it into Torquato's hand, and, without giving any explanation, disappeared.

The letter had the seal of D'Este. How should they know where he was? It was written by Leonora, asking him to return to Ferrara. It was to him like the song of the siren.

Then a second letter arrived, then a third.

So, the day came when he took leave of his sister. As he gave his parting kiss to Cornelia he said, "I am going back—a voluntary prisoner."

Trying to disguise with a smile his genuine perplexity, he was received by Duke Alphonso with renewed expressions of cordiality and esteem. But when Torquato asked that his manuscripts and books should be restored to him, he met with polite refusals.

The Duke assumed the attitude of a man who had no faith whatever in Tasso's talent. He exhorted him to conform to the duty of a courtier, to dismiss from his mind any idea of writing verse. Alphonso was no fool. He was an Italian connoisseur. He well knew the value of Tasso's poetry.

Tasso's repeated attempts to obtain his books and manuscripts met with no success. Some of his biographers say that amongst the manuscripts taken by Alphonso were poems which, although written by the hand of a master, should yet never have been written at all. Whether that was true, or merely a canard invented with the object of whitewashing the hostility of Alphonso, no one knows. What is certain is that Alphonso wanted Tasso to become a well-fed parasite at court, and to spend the rest of his days in idleness and obscurity.

Another humiliation was the prohibition imposed which kept him from any access to the princesses.

Almost mad with despair, he left Ferrara. He travelled almost all through Italy, trying to get support from every influential person he knew so that, at least, his manuscripts could be restored to him. But he had so little success that he returned and attempted to approach Alphonso himself.

The only result was to increase the Duke's irritation.

At this point it seems that he lost his temper for the first time, and openly told the Duke what he thought of him. The consequence of this outburst was inhuman. The Duke treated him like a lunatic. As such he was locked up in the hospital of Santa Anna.

The prejudice and ignorance with which insanity was looked upon at that time would horrify a modern. The whole system was based on physical restraint. Gaolers, not doctors, had him in their charge.

While Tasso was abandoned to his fate by all his friends, his work fell into the hands of several publishers who, without his authorisation, started to print. They enjoyed great success. They made huge profits.

Who could believe that while the work of the new genius was flying on the wings of Fame, from Sicily to the Alps and over them, the author was struggling daily with the cruel jests of a pitiless keeper, hearing night and day the shouts, the lamentations, the impotent fury of other poor wretches.

Still more unbelievable is the fact that seven years elapsed before an aged and emaciated Tasso was at long, long last set free. His reason was shaken, yet the mania that historians ascribe to Tasso went no further than repeating insistently his grief for his manuscripts lost, the collection of his books dispersed, or, occasionally, conferring with spirits in something of the manner of Blake.

Yet the poet was not without honour, even in his own country. All the little states under the suzerainty of the Papacy were insecure and infested with bandits. Travellers used to form large companies, and Tasso joined one of these.

When they reached Mola, they received information that a great body of brigands was near at hand, and their leader was no less than the famous Scharra. No one dared to move except Tasso, whose counsel was that they should defend themselves in case of attack. The time lost in discussion enabled the outlaw to surround the village.

But when Scharra knew that Tasso was amongst them, he sent him a messenger telling him that he considered the great poet of a different order from the others. He offered him an escort that he might go unmolested where he pleased.

Tasso thanked him and declined the privilege.

The emissary returned, this time saying that Scharra, as homage to the poet, would open all roads to the free, safe continuation of the journey.

Often, in the years that followed, Tasso compared the patron of art, the Duke of Ferrara, with the brigand, Scharra, and smiled sadly.

It is true that the Pope decided to honour him with the laurel crown. The date was fixed for the great ceremony. Tasso never believed that he would receive that honour.

In point of fact, on the very day of his crowning he died. He was only 51 years old.

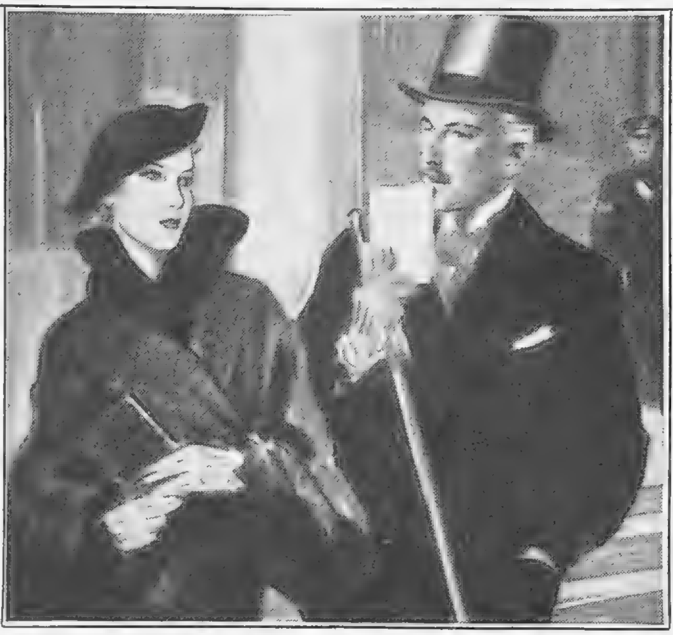
When I was a little child, my father was illustrating "Jerusalem Delivered." For three years he used to read and explain to me the great poem, and tell me stories of Tasso's life. Once I asked him why Tasso went mad. I have never forgotten the simple explanation given to me.

He said: "Tasso's was an exceptionally perfect brain. All things which are very perfect are fragile. The world often has very clumsy hands.

"They broke it. . . ."

END

'I wish you wouldn't use so much make-up, Mary!'



How hateful husbands are when they make remarks like that! thought Mary. And then John made it worse by adding, "Look at Hilda—she hardly makes up at all — and she's got a lovely complexion."

"Well, she doesn't have wretched spots to cover up as I do!" snapped Mary.

"But make-up doesn't hide them!" said John, with the devastating frankness of husbands.

Mary felt furious, but John's criticism went home. And a few days later, when she met Hilda, she put her pride in her pocket and said:

"My dear, John's been admiring your complexion. Do tell me what you do to keep it so beautiful."

"Well," said Hilda smiling, "I put it down to taking Eno's 'Fruit Salt' every morning. A doctor once told me that self-neglect caused more ugliness than age and worry put together! I've always remembered it. And I've taken Eno ever since."

How Mary blessed Hilda for that hint! For sure enough, when she began taking Eno, her blemishes gradually vanished. You see, inner cleanliness was what she lacked. And Eno was what she needed to purify her system. Now, day by day, Eno washes away all harmful poisons—sends pure, vigorous blood to feed her skin and keep it clear and fresh. How lovely she looks now! How fit she feels! There's never a word from John about too much make-up!

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Fighting the Death that Crawls

(*Continued from page* 35)

his own line, in fact was among the three foremost snake experts in the world. He was a little difficult to get along with at times, and seemed to have had a most extraordinary career, veering as it did from snakes to lions and various other wild animals back to snakes again.

Sure enough my friend the manager proved just as good as his word, for the very next afternoon I found myself talking to the snake farmer, and incidentally taking quite a liking to him. He was an intensely interesting person, and when he found that I wanted to make a series of pictures of his precious stock, he opened up like a flower in the springtime.

We had been talking for several minutes when the banana man told Burch casually that I was an Australian.

"Is that so?" the latter asked me eagerly. "I certainly am pleased to meet you." And quite regardless of the fact that we had been introduced several minutes before, he seized me by the hand and once more shook it vigorously. "Man, that's great," he exclaimed; "what a country that must be. You know you have the most poisonous snakes in the world in Australia; I've always wanted to go there."

"To see the snakes?" I enquired, I'm afraid a trifle tartly.

"Well, no. . . . Gosh, that did sound a bit funny. I didn't mean it the way it sounded." And he smiled so humanly that from a somewhat self-centred pedantic sort of person, he suddenly became a thoroughly nice and amusing citizen.

As he wanted to be back at the farm before sunset, I decided to walk part of the way with him. Our road followed the beach for a mile or so, and as we passed between the rows of palms and dodged the waves breaking almost at our feet, he talked nearly incessantly. He was particularly interested about my country, more especially in our various types of reptiles, and when we parted at the little railway terminal, I had a date to go out to his farm the next morning, when he assured me that my models would be waiting, groomed and ready for me.

HE arrived punctually to the minute, a remarkable performance for one who had lived in the tropics as long as he had, and as he led the way to his little rail-car, he asked me not once, but several times, if I was sure I had enough film; apparently there was a big day in front of me.

We bundled all my various cameras and other gadgets on to the car and, climbing on ourselves, lazily watched the native driver push and then chase it to jump aboard as soon as the motor caught and before it got going too fast; and in a few minutes we were spinning along the little spur that led to the snake farm through the jungle.

The breeze was nice and cooling and I was just beginning to settle down and enjoy myself when there was a sudden shout from Burch and a startled squawk from the driver, who started frantically to twirl the brake lever, and the car commenced to lose speed in a series of grinding jerks; but, quickly as we were slowing down, it wasn't fast enough for the snake wallah, for while we were still doing at least ten miles an hour, he stood up, balanced himself for a second, and then dived headlong off the step and into the edge of the jungle.

Well, I don't mind admitting I was practically paralysed. Had he suddenly gone cuckoo, or should I follow his example to escape from some menace that was all the more terrible for being unknown; and then while I was hesitating undecided, knowing that I'd probably be wrong either way, I suddenly saw a frantic disturbance in the underbrush and then a pair of leather soles appeared and rapidly became boots proper, and in another minute Burch came slowly backwards out of the scrub, and on his left arm and wound tightly around it was a long, blackish-looking snake, squirming and spitting, but apparently helpless in the grip of the snake farmer.

I had my camera out by now; this was too good to miss, and as I ground out some film, I enquired in a voice still a little shrill from excitement:

"D'you often do that? . . . Man alive, you simply scared me almost to death . . . isn't that . . . weren't you taking an awful chance?"

"You've got to move fast if you want to catch snakes." He grinned at me: "I just saw him in time—sunning himself right in the middle of the track. Too good a specimen to miss—perfectly harmless, so far as any venom goes; give you a nasty bite if you didn't watch out . . . he'll come in handy for my boa constrictors."

And without another word he climbed aboard the car, with me as far away from him as I could get—despite the "harmlessness" of his black captive—and within a few more minutes we arrived at the farm.

We went straight to the snake pit, and he rid himself of the boa's next meal, who scuttled off into a corner and made himself as inconspicuous as he knew how. The pit was a square hole dug in the ground to a depth of about 6 ft.; it was roughly 100 ft. by 40 ft., had tin sides, a grass roof with a space for air between that and the sides, the floor was of sand, interspersed with rocks, and in two rows along the sides were about a dozen little conical-shaped huts in which the snakes were housed.

There were two lots of steps, one at either end, and Burch walked down one of them and then beckoned me to follow him.

"Not on your life. I wouldn't go down there for . . . ."

"Why, what's the matter?" He was really surprised.

"I hate stairs."

"It's midday," he informed me with a grin; "and they're all too comatose to move, look"; and he nonchalantly turned over a large rattlesnake with the toe of his boot. The outraged reptile woke up long enough to give him a nasty look and then, after a half-hearted hiss or two, coiled itself up again and went back to sleep. "See . . . they're perfectly harmless."

I was impressed but still unconvinced.

"Think I'll get some nice stuff from up here with a telephoto lens. . . ."

"Oh, no you won't. It's down here or nowhere. These few you see here are nothing; I've got nearly seventy odd more in the huts—all poisonous. . . ."

"You would bring that up . . . oh, all right then, I'll come"; and very gingerly I walked down the nearest steps.

I made straight for Burch, *en route* passing several coiled horrors much closer than I liked.

"Where's the best place to put them?" Burch enquired.

"Who, the snakes? Just as far away from where we're standing as you can arrange it—seems to me they look fine exactly where they are."

"What, this few? I should say not. We're going to have a nice little family group—how about over by that rock?" He pointed to one out in the sunlight, and as it was a fair distance away and there seemed no way out of it, I nodded, and got as much off to one side as I possibly could.

This wasn't quite what I'd bargained for; I wanted to get some pictures of snakes—granted; but I hadn't figured on being quite so much in the picture myself, but I soon became so intrigued with Burch, for he was casually removing the roofs of the individual huts and with his stick was lifting out the various occupants, often two at a time, and calmly tossing them over towards the rock he had picked out for a background.

The stick was rather like a short broom handle with an L-shaped piece of metal at the end; it seemed an extraordinarily handy sort of thing, and the way Burch used it was nothing short of marvellous, until I realised that it was about his only means of defence—in case of need—and that one is likely to become skilled in the use of almost anything under the circumstances.

I hadn't been altogether what you might call keen on the idea of a snake convention from the very start—as you may possibly have noticed—but this was beginning to be altogether too much of a good thing. The snakes weren't staying "put" by any means, and even my picture instinct wasn't proof against eighty odd exceedingly disgruntled reptiles whose one and only idea seemed to be to return to home and mother by the shortest possible route, and as I perforce was the nearest of the interfering humans who had started this foolishness, they made for me in a series of long, wriggling lines and so rapidly that, despite Burch's best efforts, I was soon carrying out a continuous rearward movement, until at last he had to call one of the Mozos to help him maintain at any rate some semblance of order and propriety.

This done, I had to return, distinctly against my better judgment, and after a lot of manœuvring, eventually obtained several shots of more and angrier snakes than I've ever seen before, or for the matter of that, desire to see again. At last even Burch was satisfied, and I was just making an alacritous exit when Burch stopped to look at another of his collection, and then casually picked it up and held it out to me.

"Surely you don't want me to take some of that?"

I was surprised, for it was a particularly ugly-looking thing with rather a big head and nasty cold eyes. He held it about its middle and it weaved slowly to and fro, every now and again lazily swinging its head towards him; at such times he would control its movements with his stick, otherwise you'd have thought he was handling a piece of thick rope. It was about 9 ft. long and the thickness of a big man's forearm.

"It's a very fine specimen and I'd rather like to get some close-ups of its head." And his voice sounded quite a little hurt.

Whereupon I got busy and photographed it from all sorts of angles, so much so that at times its head was within a couple of feet of the camera; and when I'd finished, I stood there idly looking at it; the thing was fascinating in its very ugliness. "Looks rather like a Barba Amarilla," I remarked casually.

"That's just what it is," he told me in the same sort of way as he might have said "It's a rabbit." And then the purport of his words suddenly dawned on me—for nearly five minutes had I been well within reach of the fangs of one of the world's deadliest snakes, and the sudden realisation was altogether too much for me—I went hence and stayed not on the order of my going. There are limits; and taking close-ups of the business end of a snake whose bite usually means death inside five minutes, with that end practically uncontrolled, was my idea of the absolute peak.

Burch tried to laugh me into coming back into the pit again, but I'd had enough.

"Well, if you won't come back, I guess there's nothing else to do but go on over to the special cages." And walking up the steps chuckling to himself, he took me by the arm, and we started over to where he kept those snakes that, for various reasons, he wanted to keep his eyes on.

"It was one like that chap that got me last summer," he remarked casually.

"Got you?—a Barba Amarilla?—but I thought . . . ."

"Oh, they're poisonous all right, deadly in fact. I was lucky to get over it—under the circumstances. Damned piece of carelessness!"

"Guess that's one of the troubles in handling snakes all the time—the liability to get careless, I mean.

(*Continued on page* 90)

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"If I hadn't been criminally careless—foolish too—that Barba Amarilla would never even have attempted to bite me; I had him in the laboratory preparatory to milking; it was such a hot day and he seemed so utterly somnolent that I picked him up without my stick. Mind you, I'd milked him a dozen, maybe twenty times, and with the stick he'd never been the slightest trouble. Anyhow, whatever it was, he suddenly came to life violently—one minute he was like a piece of hawser, the next he was a fighting fool. He struggled so violently my hand loosened a little and before you could say 'knife,' he had whipped his head around and his fangs were deep in my wrist—right in the artery."

"Good God!" I breathed.

"They bite deep, those fellows—eject the poison right into the blood stream. I prised him off, carefully so as not to break a fang."

"Might break off in the wound, d'you mean?"

"No, they're dependent on their fangs, and besides he was about the best milker we had——"

"But, man alive, didn't you realise how serious . . . . ?"

"Sure I did. The poison was beginning to work before I had him back in his box again—couldn't have a big chap like that loose; might have bitten somebody else.

"I twisted a piece of cord high up round my arm, and—well, guess I don't remember very much more. I stumbled outside—it was getting hard to see, some poisons affect your eyes—my boys had the car ready. Somehow or other they got me into it, and we made a record run to the hospital. The doctors didn't give me much of a chance, but the old antidote did its stuff—and here I am."

"But what did it feel like? Did it hurt? What happened?"

"Of course it hurt. I was nearly unconscious for days with the pain—but what's the use of going into all that? It was entirely my own fault, and it would have served me right if they'd buried me in the funny little local graveyard."

And that was all I could get out of him then or at any other time, but as we'd now arrived at the special cages, he soon had me almost as interested in something else.

"Let's take this chap first," he remarked, pointing to his latest acquisition, a tree snake, which he calmly proceeded to pin down with his stick and then drag out, spitting and squirming, as if it were a harmless lizard instead of one of the quickest and deadliest things for its size, living.

"Wonderfully graceful little things—watch his head move."

I stepped back quickly, for Burch had almost pushed the thing into my face.

"Say—tell you what. Let's get some movies of this fellow actually striking." He was quite excited at the idea.

"Splendid—but what can he strike at?"

"At me, of course. Now look." He went on forestalling the protest he saw was coming. "I hold him in my left hand, so. . . . I entice him with my right hand, so. . . . I measure the distance he can throw himself and check him with my left hand in case of accidents—see?" And before I could move, he had illustrated his meaning.

His right hand shot out and flicked the snake on the nose; friend tree snake was so surprised he didn't do a thing, so Burch did it again, and this time we got action, swift and deadly. The snake drew his head and neck back into an S shape and then it seemed suddenly to straighten itself; it was too fast for the eye to follow. The head just flicked out like a streak of lightning, and that was all I was really able to vouch for; although I do remember seeing Burch apparently struck. But there he stood grinning at me like a fool, and on his thumb was a little yellow patch.

To all intents and purposes I had just seen a man deliberately commit suicide; all sorts of thoughts ran through my head: Where had he said he kept the antidote? How did you administer it? How. . . . ?

And then he held out his hand to me.

"Didn't break the skin—see?" And then before I could even do more than heave a sigh of fervent relief, he had done it again. "It's quite simple, really," he went on casually; "the skin must be broken for the poison to take effect—so long as you're careful, there's nothing to worry about."

By this time I was beginning to look on Burch as some sort of Deity. I'd been among snakes for the best part of my life, had seen and killed dozens of them, but the way he handled the deadly creatures was too much for me. Apparently snakes weren't as hard to deal with as I'd always been taught to believe; maybe I'd been wrong; perhaps if I watched Burch for a bit I'd be able to handle them as easily as he did, and then I heard him talking and descended to earth once more.

"Well, I guess the light in the laboratory will be just about right by now; want to milk a few rattlers?" he queried.

"I don't mind watching you do it," I told him, quite forgetting I was no longer scared of snakes.

"All you'll have to do is sit still and take pictures." And he started down to the pit to pick out the necessary victims, which eventually turned out to be eleven large, sleepy-looking rattlesnakes, which he unceremoniously dumped into a large metal container, and telling one of his Mozos to follow, we started back to the laboratory.

"Funny thing about these natives; they never seem to bother about snakes, hardly ever get bitten, and yet they wander all over the place in bare feet."

"There are some parts of the jungle about here I wouldn't go through at night-time for real money. Fact." He went on, seeing my incredulous expression: "You've got to be able to see them to handle 'em, you know."

I agreed, a little foolishly, and then I remembered something I had meant to ask him several times, but had forgotten in the general excitement. "What was it the boy called that Barba Amarilla when we were photographing it—something in Spanish?"

"Oh, that's his, maybe their, name for them. Literally it means 'The death that crawls' . . . Rather poetic, isn't it?"

"Very much to the point anyhow."

In a few minutes I found myself walking up some steps, and then into this curious man's laboratory, which turned out to be more like a butler's pantry than anything else I can even think of. There were the little glass-windowed cupboards, the sink, faucets, and all the rest of it; but he didn't give me much time to look around; the time was getting on, and as he liked to do his milking during the hot hours as much as possible, he was all business. The Mozo put down the container with its grisly load, and after a short discussion as to the best lighting position, etc., I shortly found myself sitting on a small table in the corner, facing the business end of the milking but sideways to Burch, where he stood in front of two big windows.

He took a large glass graduate, and covering the top of this with a piece of rubber sheeting, tied this securely so as to form a sort of drumhead. Then taking his stick he calmly fished out one of the rattlers.

He laid, or rather dropped, his quite unwilling captive on the bench and quickly pinned its head down with his stick, whereupon the Mozo seized its tail with both hands. Burch then took hold of the creature just back of the head with his left hand and forcing open its jaws with the metal end of his stick, he slipped the upper jaw with the fangs just clear of the top of the graduate, and then loosening his hold a little and at the same time pushing down slightly, he thus encouraged the snake to strike, and in a second the fangs were through the rubber sheeting and the venom trickling down the side of the graduate.

It looked easy. But you must *not* forget that an 8 ft. snake is fairly strong, and you only had to watch the Mozo for a minute to realise that he had his hands full, literally, in holding the creature straight.

The actual method of extracting the venom was quite easy to follow; every now and again Burch would let the upper jaw raise itself slightly, often clear of the rubber sheeting, and he would then encourage the reptile to bury its fangs once more, for it is only by actually striking that a snake releases its venom, which is done automatically through the fangs the minute they touch their target.

By this time there was about a thimbleful of venom at the bottom of the graduate, and as this seemed all that snake was capable of giving, he was put back and another one quickly fished out to take its place. The amount of venom apparently depended, first, on the snake's condition; secondly, on whether it had been milked lately; and thirdly, on the skill of the milker.

Burch had been talking to me quietly all the time he had been milking, and as he talked, he demonstrated what he was saying with the snake as he milked it. While he was handling the snake which fought so hard, he kept up a sort of monologue:

"Their mouths are awfully interesting; look at those fangs—hard as iron, work just the same as the hypodermic needle, guess it was modelled on a snake's fangs. The muscles that open and shut the jaws also force the venom through the fangs, and these in most snakes are shed regularly and replaced by others."

"Doesn't your wrist get tired?" I asked, watching the straining of his arm and shoulder muscles.

"A little—some are harder to control than others; they're very muscular, especially the Barba Amarillas—you know a snake's muscles go on working quite a while after death, more so than any other creature, especially when you decapitate one. I was nearly bitten by a snake's head that had been completely severed from its body twenty minutes previously, and this is quite possible over very much longer periods—touch any snake, even lightly on the side, and round flashes the head, striking as it flashes—the same is so after death. I've seen a snake that had had its head cut off thirty minutes or more fling its headless neck at something that had touched it—gives you quite a turn sometimes, especially if you don't know about this curious reptilian habit."

"I've seen them do that, but I didn't know they could actually bite you, with serious effects I mean, after death. Tell me, Burch, is there any shadow of truth in the old adage that a snake only dies when the sun sets—no matter how you have dismembered him?"

"There speaks the Aussie," he laughed at me. "They used to believe that pretty universally in your country—well, I tell you, it's rather like the story of Mark Twain's premature death. Remember what he said. 'The report has been greatly exaggerated.'" And he went on with his milking.

Eventually he'd all the venom he wanted, and putting the last rattler in its container, he remarked:

"Now to get our labours ready for delivery." And going over to one of the little cupboards, he picked out a small glass tube and a heavily stoppered bottle. The tube had a mouthpiece and tapered from this for about two or three inches when it went to quite a fine point. Placing it in his mouth he then put the other end in the venom and calmly started to draw the deadly stuff into the thicker part of the tube, after which he placed the tube in the small bottle and blew the poison back into its new container, which he then sealed and put away.

And that was the end of my visit to the snake farm. An amazing place, an extraordinary man, and a most remarkable calling. However, as he said several times, someone's got to make the world safe from snake-bite. Well, so long as that someone wasn't me, I was content. No, I don't think Burch need fear losing his job through excessive competition. In that way he had an absolute cinch. And here's good luck to him, for if any man ever really needed it, he does.

End

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Beacon *of* Gold

(Continued from page 33)

Sonter chose to disregard. He had business afoot.

"I'll be back, pretty one," he told one girl, chucking her under the chin.

But as the lights of the little settlement dropped away the quiet moonlight fell peacefully over the hills, and hung above the tidal river in mystic benediction. So it had lighted the way of many men: prospectors, trappers, lumbermen, merchants, Indians—and under it men had thought great thoughts and base ones; had gone about high concerns or affairs acquisitive, lustful, selfish. The very land seemed old and wise, but so quiet and patient that it held, for Sonter, no intimations. If it had offered him anything it was only a sense of security. He thought of two old men—friends of youth—separated by a quarrel over gold, and separated still from that rich conquest which a lost river held for any one who could find the way. Poor fools! And especially Joe Weston who held back, waiting for the man who never came. Free gold! Gold to be washed easily, virgin and rich, from a stream that ran—where?

Sonter's pulses quickened, and with it his pace. And now ahead he could see his goal. All this time he had been climbing, so that the river became a silver serpent below, winding out of the Northern hills—whence, defeated in his quest and bitter, he himself had come—on to a plain that would lead it at last to the sea. The night was crisp and cool enough, but sweat stood out on him. He paused a moment, stood listening; felt himself alone and ready—and went on towards where the curious beacon operated just ahead of him.

When he was near enough he saw it was a home-made sort of lantern, crudely shaped; with the clever use of reflectors it became a much greater instrument of light than its source—a round coal-oil wick—seemed to warrant. This light was set on a swivel on a post, and some clockwork arrangement kept it moving, like a toy lighthouse, its revolving beam stretching out over the immediate darkness, its eye winking through the watches of the night.

A sound from the cabin set Sonter on the alert now. A single light moved within; then steadied; the door opened and old Joe Weston stepped out into the faint moonlight. Sonter subsided to the ground, crouching low in the tall silky grass that hid him. Weston moving over, examined the light, then took out a big key and wound up the clockwork. Then Joe Weston lit up his pipe and strolled along a short distance from the cabin, lost in the gloom.

Instantly, and silently as a cat, Sonter took advantage. In twenty seconds he was inside the door, dark handkerchief masking his features, gun in hand—a figure of grim determination and lustful purpose, waiting, biding its time behind the half-opened door.

A smoky oil lamp—the only light within—gave to the small and cluttered interior deep shadows in which a man might lurk. The door being ajar, faint pervasive moonlight hung in the entrance. Sonter tensed as footsteps sounded, and the knocking of a pipe against the outer wall. A moment later old Joe Weston came in.

"Stick 'em up!" said Sonter. "Make a sound and you're done for!"

Weston's arms gave no response. Defiantly he stood, arms folded, facing towards that gloom whence the voice had come.

"You've got the wrong party, son," he said, in an oddly calm voice. "I've got nothing worth taking—no goods and only the fag end of a life. Suppose you tell me what's on your mind."

Sonter was shaken. A man unafraid to die was something unfathomable. He heard a chuckle.

"Can't understand it, mebbe—heh? Well, son, you forget a man like me's looked death in the face so often that it's kind of familiar and friendly." His voice was startlingly calm.

"What you aimin' to get off of me? I've got no worldly goods."

Sonter's voice came in a harsh, uncertain croaking:—

"You know where there's gold. You've got a map of it hid somewhere? Well—come across."

"I'd see us both rot first."

"You're like to rot," shrilled Sonter savagely. He lurched forward and caught the old man's throat. It sent the frail body hurtling backwards against the table; just in time Sonter sprang to save a toppling lamp, but the globe burned his hands, and broke, the lamp turned over and fell to the floor. Sonter's heavy foot kicked at the rolling glass, and sent it spinning out the door to die smothered in the dirt, the glass shattering to pieces against a rock. Breathing heavily, Sonter controlled himself. Then he heard low groans from the floor and bent down, seizing the crumpled form of the half-conscious victim. Sonter managed in the near-darkness to get the old fellow to his bunk, and revived him a little, then stood over him malevolently.

"Where's that map?" he demanded.

"Nowhere you'll find it!"

Sonter cursed again.

"Well, where's another light? That damned lamp."

"Ain't but the one lamp in the place."

Sonter's blasphemous vocabulary increased. "We'll see about that," he said suddenly. He started towards the door. As if divining his purpose the old man cried out, for the first time with a note of pleading:—

"No, no—not that!"

But Sonter was busy already at the post, divorcing from it the light that was a perpetual beacon for an old and severed friendship. Joe Weston dragged himself slowly from the bunk. Warm blood was running from a cut in his head; he put a hand up as if feeling, with dull surprise, the warm red flow that stained it. But that didn't matter; he must achieve the door. He must stop the vandalism going forward out there. The light of something close to an obsession, the strength of a terrific purpose, aided him. He reached the door, but breath almost deserted him. Sonter was wrenching at the light. Joe Weston covered the few yards and caught hold of the intruder's arm, in a fierce, claw-like grip. "Not that," he appealed. "That there light hain't been out of commission for goin' on ten years. Ten years, ev'ry night, all weathers. Suppose Jim come by this one night and it wasn't goin'. Please, mister—"

The old voice held a sobbing note. Sonter grinned harshly. The old fellow was in his dotage all right. He lifted an arm and pushed the man away. Weston fell back. He stood against the wall of the cabin, holding hard to the door jamb, incapable—watching the thing happen. Sonter with a triumphant final jerk wrenched the lamp free. He heard a little cry, and focusing the strong light on the doorway saw just within it old Joe Weston stretched out on the floor. He stepped over the body hastily; a feverish desire to be done and get away was upon him. The cabin was small; he had a hunch he'd find the thing soon enough.

"The map," he kept telling himself hoarsely. "The map to the lost river." His eyes held more obsession now than those of the old man who lay silently on the floor. Vainly he searched, tumbling all the small possessions about, savagely rending, pulling and ripping, then—by luck, it seemed—there it was. A loose board in the floor gave under his foot, and in a moment the secret was his.

Inarticulate, triumphant joy was Sonter's. There, graved by a hand less shaky than it would be now, was the map, the directions. It would take a bit of deciphering, but he'd get it all right. Sonter, burning, consumed with elated desire, sat down at the table, turning the powerful light until its focus became tremendously brilliant on the fading paper.

Immersed, lost in his reading of the map, Sonter still sat while a clock ticked out the minutes. Then slowly there came to him a queer feeling of being watched. He glanced at the two small windows, but they seemed innocent; sent a quick, uneasy glance at the door, but neither sight nor sound rewarded him. The nape of his neck twitched; his spine crawled. Superstitious terror ran in him. Suppose—suppose the old man was dead, or just passing out—and powers and forces of the unknown borderland were present.

He sprang up and knelt at last beside old Joe Weston, shaking him by the shoulders, looking at the blood congealing on his head.

The old man groaned.

Sonter almost shouted his relief.

"So you're not dead, you old coot! Well, I'd shed no tears——" He broke off. Something stealthy was moving in the night—just outside the door. Could approaching death be heard? He lifted frightened eyes to the dark oblong.

"Who's there?" he demanded in sibilant horror.

But it was no supernatural voice that spoke.

"Just some friends of old Joe Weston," said a hard and very material voice. "Just some friends of his'n who dropped round to see why in tarnation his light wasn't workin'. Suppose you stick 'em up, buddy. Quick—now."

Panic-stricken, Sonter took the only chance left him—plunging behind the table and reaching for his gun. A bullet ploughed the wood beside him, but missed. He raised his gun, trying to penetrate the gloom to his antagonist, then crouched back at the sound of splintering glass.

"Stick 'em high," said two other voices, and Sonter this time obeyed. Faces appeared at both the broken panes; men crowded in the doorway to seize the intruder, and minister to the old man. "Better keep still if you don't want to be skinned alive," said one of the men holding Sonter. "I reckon the countryside for miles around is here or headin' this way for to see why old Joe's light wasn't on the job to-night."

OLD Joe Weston, laid on his bunk, was being dealt with by men as concerned and tender as women.

"Help me up a bit," he said. "I'll be all right now, boys. Good of you all to come. But could you maybe fix up that light again? Suppose it just happened Jim was to come to-night—" He broke off, staring at the doorway. His hand went over his eyes. "Guess I'm plumb locoed still," he said. "Guess I'm seein' things—" His voice trailed off, his eyes grew more eager. "Jim," he cried, "Jim, it ain't you. It can't be you."

Sonter, eyes bulging, saw the old timer, companion of his trip out of the North, pushing his way forward, embracing Joe Weston. "Forgive me, Joe," he said, "for bein' a dumb, ornary old fool. I might have gone on even now—just cussed stubbornness—only for seein' your light go out, and wondering was anything wrong." He breathed hard. "I got here soon's I could. Not so young as I used to be." He looked around at the group of men standing silent, shuffling their feet as men may do when embarrassed by some emotion to be discounted in a masculine world. "What happened, anyway? Who's that? Why—" He ran across the little cabin and tore the handkerchief from Sonter's face. "So it's you—" he said, "you that I told the story to—you—" His hands lifted as if to strike down Sonter, and behind him a growl of approval and a menacing movement struck terror to Sonter's heart. Then someone spoke a quietening word:

"Easy, boys. Here's the sheriff now."

A voice came from the bunk.

"I'll trouble you gents to keep off that map you're steppin' on. Me and Jim'll be wantin' that soon's we can get turned around and ready to hit the trail again."

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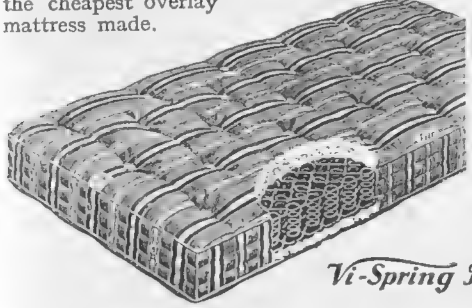

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Who's been polishing the guests?

Prue's party was going with the precision of a sonnet—the airy gaiety of a Rene Clair film. Food tasted ambrosial, wit flew and smiles sparkled on faces that looked, in the soft glow of grouped candles, marvellously luminous and young. Even small Mr. Smith had shed his doubts and shot an epigram into the air . . .

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PRICE'S ART CANDLES

A1

Good Night, Sleep Well, Sweet Dreams

(*Continued from page* 42)

Don't allow cold feet to keep you awake. A rubber hot-water bottle is much better for you than to sleep under a load of extra bedclothes. The height of the pillow must be left to personal choice. Physiologically, sleep should be easier to attain if the pillow is high, because there will then be less blood at the head, but many people sleep best with no pillow at all.

A useful contribution to sleep is the hop pillow. There is an old belief, and I have almost persuaded myself there is virtue in it, that when the bed is placed due north or due south, sleep will be promoted.

Don't try hard to go to sleep. Remind yourself that sleep is a gentle thing, and, as a consequence, the more determined your effort the less likely you are to succeed.

COMPLETE relaxation, mental and physical, is absolutely necessary. When in bed let yourself go completely limp; a preliminary hot bath or a hot mustard foot bath will assist relaxation. So will massage.

Massage should be at first vigorous, then gentle. Make rapid stroking motions on the abdomen, thighs and legs, working from above, downwards. Now stretch your arms well and actively above your head, also stretch your legs and neck. Then shake them until a feeling of complete limpness ensues.

Counting numbers slowly up to ten, again and again, keeping in rhythm with your breathing, which should be slow, steady and mainly abdominal in type, is an added help.

Avoid sleep-producing drugs. If you do need a sedative, choose a safe one of a herbal and harmless nature. Orange-flower water, sufficiently diluted with sugared water, and taken in two teaspoonful doses, is often effectual. So is nutmeg "tea," prepared by pouring a pint of boiling water over one finely grated nutmeg. This will make a pint of tea. Take two or three small cupfuls at bed-time. Clove tea, of special value to the restless dyspeptic, is prepared by pouring half a tumbler of hot water over half a dozen bruised cloves (first brewed for a few minutes on the hob and then taken out). There are also soup cubes, very pleasant to take, containing a small quantity of bromide, which are sleep-inducing and harmless.

Books

(*Continued from page* 51)

happy, warmhearted, uncomplicated people who believe that the truth can be told. She has worked hard, and life has rewarded her; and so her pages are pleasant and encouraging to read. But even though one hardly expected her to live up to the title, one wishes that she would tell us a little more. Sometimes it seems as if she does not realise that there is more to tell. That, no doubt, is a delusion. Still, too often she is content to write with the front part of her head; and there are readers who are interested principally in what goes on at the back. It is difficult to get to know the hostess of a big party. As Miss Ruck's index shows, there are some four hundred guests at hers.

Simple Story (John Long, 18s.) is the name given, rather surprisingly, by Mr. Crawshay-Williams to the history of his highly complicated career. Eton, Oxford and the Army; twice a Member of Parliament; secretary to Mr. Winston Churchill and to Mr. Lloyd George; married three times and divorced twice; playwright, novelist and scenario writer; scratch golfer and competitor in the Open Singles at Wimbledon—if that is a simple story, most of us live lives of one letter. Apropos of letters, Mr. Crawshay-Williams is apparently one of those exceptional people who keep copies of the letters they write. It is a habit which, though it must take up a lot of room, comes in very handy at autobiography-time. *Simple Story* is the work of an egoist who has never thought of buying himself a pair of scissors or a blue pencil. It is also the work of a real writer, of a man with a refreshingly direct mind and a love of truth which is strong enough to defeat, from time to time, his self-esteem. There are pages in this book which Mr. Maugham might have written. The precise touch learned in writing for the stage suggests, very likely, the comparison.

Even if a garden-lover were to write an autobiography, he would always, I suppose, call it "a gardener's chronicle" or something of the sort. This is the sub-title actually chosen by Mrs. Clare Leighton for her *Four Hedges* (Gollancz, 10s. 6d.), a year's diary of work in a new garden. In other words, a gardener's autobiography, and a very delightful one, which will make many people sigh to own a garden and others sigh, still more deeply, to own a garden again. Mrs. Leighton takes us round the seasons, missing nothing (yet is it not strange that she is so much more affected by the sound of rain on sunbaked earth than by the *smell*?) and introducing us to special, and often new joys, of her own. One of those joys can be shared by the town dweller; her woodcuts, of which her book contains eighty-eight beautiful examples. *Four Hedges* will give deep and lasting pleasure to so many readers that I am glad it has been found possible to produce it at, all things considered, so moderate a price.

What Men will Wear this Year

(*Continued from page* 67)

The navy blue evening dress, which has made such sturdy efforts to establish itself in popular favour, is not much approved. So much for masculine experimentation.

Underclothes—to quote an authority again—are "getting thinner and shorter." Woman's hardiness in the matter of covering is obviously leading the way to less coddling by the strong sex.

Brief, pure wool vest and pants are found to be sufficient for comfort and all sufficient for health. Elastic waists have for some time partly dispensed with buttons, and now the pull-over vests have completed the movement.

Polo collars—meaning those with long pointed fronts—are everywhere preferred to the short-fronted, tabbed style. Pyjamas, following the general tendency for quieter patterns, are mainly of plain material, very often dark in colour.

Stripes, checks, lurid colourings—every bit of evidence that man is style conscious has been swept away.

So that is the way they mean men to dress this year, to look as if there were no fashions to be considered.

But if I know my men, I will be seeing them, plenty of them, walking out in brown, if it is their fancy, stripes, vivid checks, loud patterns and everything else that their severe tailors may be frowning upon.

Whatever turn men's fashions may take, men, the wise guys, will continue to wear just what they want to.

Re-enter the Riviera

(*Continued from page* 11)

retired colonels and the comfortable English middle class, by way of Cannes, preferred by the English aristocracy, Indian Rajas, European royalties, American plutocrats, to Monte Carlo, centre of a life as diverse as that of Peking or 'Frisco, and on to where the old bridge beyond Garavan Bay carries the coast road over a wild gorge into the foothills of Italy.

From the high-perched terrace where I sat one looked out over tumbled hill slopes and woods to a fairyland dreaming far below beside the sapphire blue waters of a tideless sea, hanging gardens shaded by palms and coloured with gorgeous blooms, villas of white and gold, verdant terraces murmurous with luxuriant life under a sub-tropical sun.

But that was just the romantic view. Talking intimately to bankers, croupiers, hoteliers, jewellers, house agents, and hawkers of rugs, post cards, smoked glasses, and lovebirds, one became vividly aware of a back to the early Riviera stage setting by Bakst and Cocteau.

Big business is the back of this £250,000,000 enterprise which has been hit all ways by the great slump, with its attendant phenomena of shrunken Anglo-Saxon luxury spending and travelling, and adverse dollar and pound exchange vis-à-vis the franc.

During the past four years this enterprise has found difficulty in earning its immense fixed charges. It was caught, like so many great businesses, over built and over extended. There had been a tremendous spate of construction and development. A new £800,000 gambling palace to adorn Nice. Dynamite and concrete brought down to make the sun-and-sea playground of Eden Rock. Juan-les-Pins transformed from a village into a pleasure city complete with gambling house. Tons of gold brought to Cannes and metamorphosised into bars, hotels, polo grounds, villas, fashion shops and promenades. When the big break came, and, with it, the usual rop of failures, collapses, scandals.

But now, one notices a slight diminution among the dismal rows of *à vendre* signs outside villas. Some of the long-closed garages have reopened. Hotels which had whole wings on a care-and-maintenance basis have opened up again and replaced skeleton by full staffs. Alert, groomed, manicured, taking new risks, and with a lot of its former easy money fat sweated off, the Riviera enterprise sits up with renewed zest to attract the people who have made new money on the rising economic tide of a world emerging from history's biggest slump.

The Mentone – St. Tropez strip looks as over built as boom-time Florida. Yet the optimists expect a more luxuriant flowering than even the 1925–28 speculators envisaged. A Paris banker, who has interests in Monte Carlo and Cannes and is nursing some damaged mortagees whose properties he does not want on his hands even at foreclosure prices, said to me over stud poker: "Give us two years of Anglo-Saxon prosperity, a devalued franc, and currency stabilisation, and you'll see the whole Riviera back in the big-dividend list again."

I wonder. . . .

Of course, there are plenty of people along the coast now—tens of thousands. But the Riviera business needs far more than its current intake of visitors to secure a worth-while return on its capital.

Some say the Riviera playground is going the way of old Venice—the trade which enriched it has found new channels and never will be charmed back now. But that is something as debatable as the behaviour of the cards, little horses, and spinning balls, which have lured millions of men and women from the ends of the earth to challenge the god of chance in his ultra-modern temple, where the croupiers intone monotonously "faites vos jeux," and service is charged 10 per cent. on all bills.

Certainly, the gambling habit is not on the wane. It appears to be increasing and spreading over more social classes. People no longer defer their

(*Continued on page* 96)

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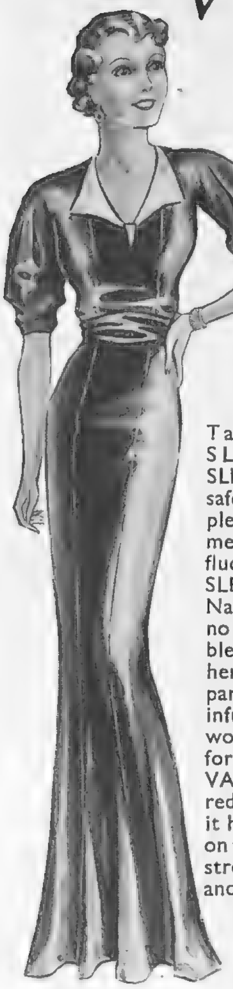

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play till winter. They play all the year round, and all over the place.

But that is just one of the Riviera's troubles. Smart-set players on whom it could formerly depend now play hard at Le Touquet (where they have had to build a third room with twelve tables—last season the whole forty gaming tables were nightly in use) in summer, and go off to South America, the Rockies, California, or the East African jungle in winter. Others stay only a week or two, where formerly they could be counted on to stay months. And others again live aboard boats instead of in the luxury hotels, and wander around the little ports, and make up games on the yachts, instead of coming ashore to the casino.

Monte Carlo has been further hit by the loss of its monopoly of *roulette*. Until 1934 you had to go to Ostend or Danzig if you wanted to play *roulette* outside Monaco. But to-day Paris is the only big place in France where you cannot play *roulette*.

Monte Carlo is, of course, the high-light of the picture. Its profits are not subject to French taxation. It pays another sort of tax in Monaco principality. It pays a fixed sum to the Prince, plus a percentage of the profits. It pays the little "army," 84 strong, and the police. It pays a private detective force of nearly 100. It pays some 3,400 persons, besides the 600 directly concerned with the gambling—gardeners, firemen, road workers, nurses, doctors, street cleaners, statisticians, musicians, etcetera. It meets the bills for publicity, beauty contests, motor-car rallies, automobile shows, ballets, carnivals, and other things which serve the same purpose as the circus showman's "barker" and big drum.

It takes a lot of gambling losses to foot the expense of operating the world's most celebrated and ostentatious gambling resort. But the casino took all this easily in its grand stride when it got all the millionaires, profiteers, grand dukes, gigolos and courtesans for a brief but wildly extravagant season of gambling, drinking, dancing, dining, making love, and buying frocks and jewels. The 20,000 Monegasques lived in a taxless paradise until the war took the gamblers, and nearly bankrupted the Society of the Sea Baths, which runs Monte Carlo. Baron Rothschild and Sir Basil Zaharoff had to come to the rescue with a million in cash, in return for which they took a controlling interest.

The resort still enjoyed a world-wide fame and the monopoly of *roulette*. It rapidly recovered, and Zaharoff sold at the peak and has since doubtless watched with his slight, sardonic smile the sad decline in the market value of Monte Carlo, which, capitalised at a mere £400,000, at its peak was worth around £10,000,000 on a 5 per cent. capitalisation basis.

Revenue was still 88,451,813 francs in 1932–33, with profits of 16,242,982 francs, and a small dividend of 100 francs a share. Fifty million francs down from the peak; but still . . . For 1933–34 there was a drop of around twelve million francs to 76,646,277 francs, but drastic economies kept the balance on the right side at 16,705,000 francs. No dividend. The last period, 1934–35, shows another steep decline of sixteen million francs. The enterprise had a revenue of 60,985,000 francs, and managed to scrape a profit of 4,414,000 francs (say, £60,000). No dividend.

Cannes depends less on its opulent Casino than on the general luxury life of the *plage*—the hotels, bars, fashion shops, yacht provisioning, garages, cabarets, golf, polo and what not. In "prosperity" days the Casino glittered with as many jewels as one normally saw in a European minor court, while after midnight the green cloth of the baccarat table—minimum stake £10, and no maximum—was snowed under with notes, and the rooms were crammed. But the casino remained calm. Not a big fortune for it in the *cagnottes* (the casino cut of the baccarat and *chemin-de-fer* games) or in the *boule* play. It remains to be seen what the advent of *roulette* will do for Cannes and to Monte Carlo.

Life in the latter precipitous resort always has centred round the tables. Most of the people in the hundred hotels are there to play, and in the big casino 30 of the tables are for *roulette* and seven for *trente-et-quarante*. There are only three baccarat games. The £800 chips tossed on a Cannes or Le Touquet baccarat table by the Dollys, the Major Jack Coatses, the Sydney Beers, would leave Monte Carlo cold. It needs more than a Citroën winning or losing £50,000 in a few hours. It must have *roulette* players, millions of *roulette* players in the big popular Casino, and the exclusive (an introduction, and a good social club, and you're in) Sporting Club, where the play is higher and the drinks cost more.

In the boom year of 1928, 400,000 entrance cards for the big casino were sold, and entrances were estimated at 25,000,000. Each ticket holder averaged 50 visits—and each left behind an average £8 with the grateful casino. When passes drop to 200,000, as they have done, the huge machine is barely paying its way. It is not the bigness of the play that counts; it is its regularity, and the number of the players.

For this is the game at which numbers mean everything. There is a steady little percentage of profit on each turn of the wheel, and there are 30 wheels turning many millions of times in the course of a financial year. The profit is 3·2 per cent. in the bank's favour at *roulette*; 1·6 per cent. at *trente-et-quarante*. It does not sound much; but, given hordes of players, it can mean plenty.

If every player walked out when he had a nice win, and never came back, the casino on *roulette* would go broke in a very short time. If every player who was up a thousand francs stopped playing when he had lost half that sum, and kept his 500 francs profit for another day's play, the casino would be badly bent. But gamblers allow their emotions to dominate them. They play on, either to increase their winnings, or to regain their losses; and the robot bank in the end cleans them out with the efficiency of a suction pump.

One day an inspector came into the office of Camille Blanc, son of the founder of the casino, and at the time its director, with news that a Greek had won £18,000 at one of the *roulette* tables. Blanc asked quietly, "Is he sitting down?" "Yes." "Then it's all right. If he sits long enough it will all come back, and some more besides."

The croupiers say that women are the greatest system players, maybe because the female of the species is more credulous than the male. They also say that women contribute 60 per cent. of the big casino profits, not because they put down more money, but because they are emotional, and therefore bad gamblers. They have a habit of following the play of a lucky man—after the man has proved his luck with several wins and is due to start losing.

I saw a woman once put 500 francs on 11. The wheel started, the little ball bounded madly round the 37 numbered slots. The wheel slowed. The ball hesitated, became skittishly provocative, hovered on the edge of a hole, decided to drop into another. *Onze!* She had won. But she let her stake lie. Eleven turned up again. And again, despite the excited protests of a friend and several complete strangers, she let the maximum lie on 11. "It will happen three times," she insisted obstinately. "Three is my lucky number, and my luck is in." It was out that time. No. 3 turned up. She said: "Damn," but you could see she was really puzzled and astonished that the fantastically improbable had not happened.

I saw a woman come over to her husband, who had accumulated more than 100,000 francs. "Oh, lucky money!" she exclaimed. "Give me some." He gave her 5,000 francs. She planked the lot on the middle dozen. She lost. "Next time I'll win," she asserted, holding out her hand for more. But he pocketed his winnings and said: "Come on; I'll buy you a champagne cocktail and a hard-boiled egg. It'll be cheaper."

END

When Kipling Came to London

(*Continued from page* 13)

Square threw a copper-coloured glare above the black roofs, and southward lay all the orderly lights of the Thames. A train rolled out across one of the railway bridges, and its thunder drowned for a minute the dull roar of the streets. The Nilghai looked at his watch and said shortly, 'That's the Paris night mail. You can book from here to St. Petersburg if you choose.'"

If "one of the bridges" is Hungerford Bridge—and I think it must have been for the noise of the train to drown the "dull roar of the streets"—then in those Naughty 'Nineties the night mail rumbled out of Charing Cross instead of Victoria. That is but one of many changes which have overtaken the district. Another is the transformation of Gatti's Music Hall—fourpence admission—into the Forum Cinema. When Gatti's rowdy haunt was there the young Kipling used to look straight through the fanlight on to the stage, from his sitting-room window, and see the performance for nothing. . . .

If the book is any indication, the chambers were not only rickety in his day but, on occasion, rackety. Witness the amusing Cockney protest of Beeton, then janitor of the establishment:

"You gentlemen on the top floor does very much as you likes, but it do seem to me, sir, droppin' a walking-stick down five flights o' stairs an' then goin' down four abreast to pick it up again at half-past two in the mornin' singin,' 'Bring back the whisky, Willie darlin,'—not once or twice, but scores o' times—isn't charity to the other tenants. What I say is, 'Do as you would be done by.' That's my motto."

Author Mr. Frederic Whyte had two rooms here in 1895. He paid for them, he discloses in his book *A Bachelor's London*, £30 a year, and thinks Kipling's rent must have been even less:

"He was earning very little . . I believe; and there is a suggestion of autobiography in some of the early pages of *The Light that Failed*. 'It is not easy for a man of catholic tastes and healthy appetites to exist for twenty-four days on fifty shillings,' he comments feelingly in his record of Dick Heldar's 'experiment alone in all the loneliness of London'; and his account of Dick's adventures in cheap restaurants, his surfeit of sausages, his 'actual belly-pinch of hunger' may well be based to some slight extent upon personal experience."

Mr. Whyte discovered no legends about the immortaliser of the chambers, though he had then been gone but four to five years; and, so far as he knew, Kipling never returned to them. "Robert Barr, who knew him intimately and of whom I saw a good deal in those days, undertook to try and persuade him to come to revisit the place while I was there, but he never did."

A caller at Embankment Chambers who wrote of his visit in a magazine of the day described the Kipling of those days as "a short but broadly figured man, dark, with blue eyes and a resolute jaw, but with a face on which time and incident had prematurely traced many tell-tale marks," who "meets you on the threshold, and looks at you somewhat cynically through his spectacles with divided lens.

"He is in working dress—a loose, dark suit, buttoned high to the throat like a workman's blouse, and wears a tassel-less fez, which he had a habit of thrusting backwards, as though to ease his brow from even this slight restraint, and he seems disproportionately pleased when you beg he will not lay aside the pipe which you can see at first glance is a tried familiar friend."

The room is spread with soft-tinted Persian rugs and ancient prayer-carpets, and is papered in a dull green. A tall Japanese screen with a grotesque design of dancing skeletons stands between two windows, and on the sofa is spread

(*Continued on page* 98)

Why I use Kolynos

SUCCESSFUL BEAUTY COMPETITION PRIZEWINNER WRITES:–

"Experience as a 'beauty' competitor has made me quite a connoisseur of toilet necessities and my choice of tooth pastes is Kolynos. It is the best whitener I know. I like the flavour of Kolynos and the delightful way it refreshes the mouth—not to mention its economy!"

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KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM, the proved antiseptic, germicidal and cleansing tooth paste, quickly restores the sparkle and attractiveness of *natural* whiteness to your teeth.

Being highly concentrated, Kolynos is most economical in use. Kolynos is best used on a DRY tooth brush. Try it. Get a tube to-day. Of all Chemists.

TRIAL SIZE 6d 1/- AND 1/9 MADE IN ENGLAND

KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM

THE TOOTH PASTE THAT BRINGS BEAUTY TO LIGHT.

STOP THAT CONSTANT DISTRESS AFTER EATING

TAKE 'BiSoDoL' THE COMPLETE REMEDY

NOW IN TABLET FORM

BiSoDoL REGD MINT TABLETS

Made in England

'BiSoDoL' is MORE than a STOMACH remedy—it is a COMPLETE TREATMENT which gives COMPLETE RELIEF. It pacifies a rebellious stomach and ensures harmony throughout the digestive system.

'BiSoDoL' enables you to eat and enjoy every meal without fear of pain, flatulence or discomfort. That is because 'BiSoDoL' actively assists the digestion of meats, fats, starches and all foods—rich or plain.

Try 'BiSoDoL' and you will realise what a great stride has been made in the conquest of indigestion and gastric troubles by this COMPLETE remedy. You will like taking 'BiSoDoL,' either in the Powder form, or the pleasant-tasting, Mint-flavoured Tablets. Obtainable of all Chemists.

'BiSoDoL' Mint TABLETS Price: 1/- (30) and 2/6 (100).

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The Smartest
Women prefer
NATURAL lips!

AT IMPORTANT "FIRST NIGHTS," YOU CAN'T HELP NOTICING THAT THE SMARTEST WOMEN FAVOUR NATURALNESS IN MAKE-UP THIS YEAR

● At the Theatre, at all the important functions, their make-up sets the vogue. Gone is that painted look. A charming naturalness has taken the place of those bright, gaudy lips. They have discovered the secret of looking beautiful . . . In short, more and more women are finding out about Tangee.

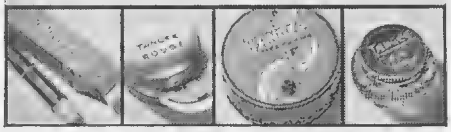
For Tangee is the remarkable lipstick that gives your lips *natural* colour. Tangee can't make you look painted, because it isn't paint! Instead, it contains the magic colour-change principle which makes it change, on your lips, to the one shade of blush-rose most becoming to you.

Why not try Tangee? Two sizes, 2/6 and 4/6.

For those who prefer a more vivid colour there is Tangee Theatrical, specially suitable for evening use.

From all hairdressers, chemists and stores.

World's Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK
New FACE POWDER now contains the magic Tangee colour principle



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a large posheen rug bordered by astrachan and embroidered in rich yellow silks. On the walls hang pictures of military subjects—"to prevent him from feeling homesick" as he says. Above the mantelpiece are a sample of a new magazine rifle and a box of black Indian cheroots, and on a sideboard a huge tobacco jar, whisky decanter, and soda-water syphon.

There is a rack of pipes beside a map of Afghanistan; also a battered despatch-box which has been all round the world, a pile of scrap books, odd "Illustrateds" of the Mutiny and the Crimea, and a bundle of fishing rods.

In a Dutch bureau of brown oak with twisted brass handles lies a heap of Kipling's "copy"—*Pioneer* letters of *From Sea to Sea*, East End observations for future use, military pamphlets, "notes and notions" from India—every one of which, Kipling mentions in parenthesis, "I owe to my father"—and, in very small characteristic handwriting, the MS. of a forthcoming novel, already promised to the public in *Plain Tales from the Hills*, which will be called *Mother Maturin*.

From a recess Kipling brings out a set of sepia and line drawings by his father which were designed as illustrations to his book *In Black and White*. Close by stands a writing-table—large and businesslike, with more pigeon-holes, more manuscripts, and in one drawer a collection of Press notices.

"This table," says the writer, "stands near both windows, which look down on the busy life ebbing and flowing between the Strand and Charing Cross Station. In contrast to this view, there is from Mr. Kipling's other room a pleasant outlook on to the Embankment Gardens, with their bright array of crocuses, springing up from a soft greensward, and bearing the promise of the year; the young men and maidens walking in couples below. Just beyond are Cleopatra's Needle and the river; while farther still lies Waterloo Bridge, its rush and movement softened down by distance; and the spire of St. Paul's may be seen against a flushed horizon on a sunlit day. Alone—always alone like Teufelsdröckh, with the stars, Mr. Kipling can stand at any of these windows and watch the world beneath, while the human tragedy enacts itself for his benefit."

In the ensuing talk Kipling again reverts to his father and the help he gave him in India. "All I have, all I am, I owe entirely to him," he declares. Kipling's father, who for many years held the post of head of the Lahore School of Art, was a man of very varied attainments, a fine linguist, and a clever artist.

The caller asks Kipling if he had always possessed a taste for writing and meant to be an author. "What else was I born for?" he replies with a shrug. "The inkpot was emptied into my veins and was bound to ooze through my fingers." As a boy at Westward Ho, he had edited a school paper and contributed to a North Devon journal. The first money he received was for a sonnet.

"He works on an average ten hours in the twenty-four," says the writer, "his best time being at night, when he sits up until two or three writing all through the roar of the traffic below, and compelled to hold his hand when the great pulses of London life cease for a while to beat.

"The very silence that ensues discomposes his thoughts as the stopping of the screw of a ship will wake you up at sea. . . . His active brain harbours at once a dozen different ideas all worthy of development, and not a third of what he actually writes is sent to the press. Since his success he has given to his work the same minute elaboration as before, speaking every word aloud that he may better judge of its fitness; and the longest work he has yet completed has always been worked out four times, and will be studied carefully again before it is delivered into the hands of the publishers."

Kipling confesses to his visitor, "I want to give good work; that is my only concern in life." And on parting he jerks back his scarlet fez and remarks with a smile: "Up like the rocket, down like the stick!"

Certainly, an intimate picture of the young Kipling in these chambers. We see here the student of Cockney life in the raw as well as the poet of Empire. There is some indication in Mr. Kipling's *My Great and Only*, a story with more than a suggestion of autobiography in it, that the window with the view of Gatti's stage was put to some practical purpose, for it includes a music-hall song sung by a bull-voiced comedian of the old school with a forage cap over one eye and jingling spurs, and echoed lustily by redcoats massed in the gallery. It dealt with the redcoat because "he has sympathy and enormous boots"; it is typical Kipling:—

At the back o' Knightsbridge Barricks,
When the fog was a-gathering dim,
The Lifeguard talked to the Undercook,
And the girl she talked to 'im. . . .

You may make a mistake when you're mashing a tart,
But you'll learn to be wise when you're older,
And don't try for things that are out of your reach,
And that's what the girl told the soldier, soldier, soldier,
And that's what the girl told the soldier.

This was Kipling's idea of what a music-hall ditty should be: a reflection of the exuberant life of the people of the by-streets.

The young man from the Indian hills had a keen eye for Cockney realism at the time, just as George Gissing had.

The life of literary and artistic cliques, on the other hand, bored him; the stove-pipe hat and conventional morning-coat of the up-stagers he detested.

I doubt if those were very happy years for him. In sketches written in the chambers and published in the *Pioneer Mail* in 1890, he admits that London often depressed him. A favourite rendezvous of his was the Horse Guards' Parade; for there, "if you stand long enough between the mounted sentries—the men who look like reflectors stolen from Christmas trees—you will presently meet every human being you ever knew in India. When I am not happy—that is to say, once a day—I run off and play on the pavement in front of the Horse Guards."

His friendly biographer, Mr. R. Thurston Hopkins, says in *Rudyard Kipling: the Story of a Genius*:—

"He missed the boisterous comradeship of his coevals in India; he missed the 'morning ablaze above the mango-tops and half Bengal new-washed with sunlight'; he missed the club where he dined marvellously for a quarter of what the London club charged; he missed the squabbles, the new romances of Simla, and the azure and Oriental jests of the Mussulman servants; he missed the Anglo-Indian slang on the tip of everyone's tongue; he missed 'smooth-cut Indian lawns in the gloaming; and tables spread under mighty trees and little fat owls chuckling in the bougainvilleas . . . . and everybody saying the most awful things about everybody else, but prepared to do anything for anybody else just the same.'"

Well, that is the Kipling whose ghost I find so congenial and inspiring: the young man of twenty-five or so with *Departmental Ditties, Plain Tales from the Hills, Soldiers Three, In Black and White, The Phantom Rickshaw* and *Wee Willie Winkie* behind him; *The Light that Failed* on the stocks; and *Barrack Room Ballads, The Jungle Book, Stalky, Kim,* and their illustrious successors, to say nothing of social and academic honours, looming ahead.

All day people surge past the Kipling doorway in Villiers Street by the thousand, and know it not. I, who call it home, never cross the threshold without seeing a friendly phantom beside me, especially late at night when the street is deserted; and the voices of Dick and Torp, the Nilghai, Maisie and Bessie and old Beeton are as real to me as those of my friends who drop in for a talk over the fire in the rooms with a view high over London's pulsating heart.

END

Something New in Winter Parties

(*Continued from page 71*)

NOTE.—The bones and carcasses of the chickens can be used in the soup.

Salad Cardinal.—A pleasant mixture of tomatoes, peeled and with the seeds removed and cubes of beetroot. Dress with a cream dressing and sprinkle with chopped parsley.

Stuffed Celery.—Clean and wash well the heads of celery, removing all the outside leaves. Cut off the tops, leaving just sticks of the best part.

Have ready a mixture of Roquefort cheese and butter in equal proportions worked to a smooth paste. Open the leaves of the celery gently and stuff with the cheese mixture, press together again and tie with cotton. Just before serving remove the cotton, and cut the celery into pieces three or four inches long.

Basic Sauces

(*Continued from page 70*)

Poulet Sauté Provençale. — Carve the chicken, raw, into five or six good pieces and with the carcass and scraps make a *fumet*. Meanwhile melt a piece of butter in a thick saucepan and just brown the pieces of chicken, turning them over several times and seasoning them with salt and pepper.

Add three or four tomatoes, peeled, with the pips removed and cut in pieces, also a handful of stoned olives. Cover the saucepan and keep it hot while your *fumet* is reducing.

When it is ready pour it through a fine strainer over the chicken, cover the pan tightly again and simmer for half an hour to forty minutes according to the size and tenderness of the bird.

The 1936 Hillman "Minx"

(*Continued from page 77*)

The springing is decidedly good, and this results in the car sitting down very solidly on the road at all speeds. The individual road springs are of long semi-elliptic type, with a special "Variload" device attached. Like all good ideas, the latter is essentially simple. It consists merely of an additional short, stiff spring leaf, not cambered like the others, but lying horizontally under each main spring.

With the spring lightly flexed, this additional leaf is doing no work at all. When, however, the main spring is much flattened by some combination of heavy load and violent road shock, the extra leaf is there, giving much-needed support. It is, as it were, a "reserve," on which the other spring leaves quite literally fall back in times of exceptional stress.

THE steering is light and efficient, with a pleasant amount of self-centring action. The "Duo-Servo" brakes are very powerful, and yet by no means fierce. (How enormously cars have improved during the last few years in this matter of braking smoothness!)

The "box girder" type of chassis frame is a technical feature which, to the layman, must sound rather boring. It has its everyday importance, none the less. A rigid chassis frame means, in the long run, a non-squeaking and non-rattling body. Altogether the Hillman Company has made an extremely thorough job of redesigning the "Minx" for 1936, and can safely claim that this little car, at its original price of £159, now offers the motorist even better value than before.

END

I've invented several new puddings with Birds Custard . . .

★

SAYS

LADY MURIEL

BECKWITH

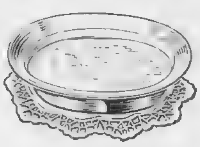
Lady Muriel Beckwith, the sister of the late Duke of Richmond, is an enthusiast for good cooking. She is about to publish a fascinating book of her own recipes.

★

"I may be old-fashioned," says Lady Muriel, "but it seems to me that to make a home happy, one must avoid monotonous meals. Variety is the spice of life—particularly with food.

"I happen to be one of those lucky people who positively enjoy thinking out new dishes. And when it comes to the pudding course, I find Birds Custard the greatest help. It's the most delicious custard in itself. Particularly smooth and creamy, and far more nourishing than any other custard. Many people, who can't touch egg custard, eat and enjoy Birds because it's so perfectly digestible. But what I like about Birds is that you can use it in so many ways. It's helped me to invent several delicious puddings, and one of the nicest is the recipe I'm giving here. Do try it. It will do your heart good to see the way the family enjoys it. It's so simple to make, and not at all expensive."

Lady Muriel's own recipe :



BANANA SURPRISE

1 pt. pkt. or 2 measures of Birds Custard, $\frac{3}{4}$ pt. of milk, 4 bananas, 2 ozs. sugar, peel of $\frac{1}{2}$ a lemon or orange, 3 or 4 pieces of preserved ginger.

Peel and slice bananas lengthwise, pile criss-cross in a pie-dish, and grate on the lemon peel. Cut the preserved ginger into small pieces and place on the bananas. Make the Custard, with 2 ozs. sugar and $\frac{3}{4}$ pint of milk. Pour over the mixture. Bake in a moderate oven for 25 minutes. Delicious hot or cold.

HERE'S A PRESENT FOR YOU!

Oh, by the way, I hear Birds are offering a large free sample of their well-known Blancmange—enough for three full pints, in three flavours. I needn't tell you how delicious it is—it's Birds! All you have to do is to send your address and part of an empty packet of Birds Custard to Birds, Dept. B.14, Thames House, Millbank, London.

IT'S THE FLAVOUR THAT MAKES IT THE FAVOURITE!

BIRDS CUSTARD

. . . is smoother . . . has more nourishment!

Write more Letters

"Messenger of sympathy and love, Servant of parted friends, Consoler of the lonely . . ." CHARLES W. ELLIOT

How much a letter may mean, and how much distress you may cause because you omit to write one. A pity when Basildon Stationery is so appropriate and so easy to get. What a delightful paper it is — see about some Basildon soon.

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quickly and safely ends the discomfort and danger of a cold in the head

First thing every morning put a drop of 'Vapex' on your handkerchief and breathe the germicidal vapour

Of Chemists 2/- & 3/-

V115A THOMAS KERFOOT & CO., LTD.

It Couldn't Have Happened

(Continued from page 39)

gesture with his clenched fist, shrugged his tattered shoulders and set off as briskly as his large broken boots permitted.

He presently came upon a road and, shuffling along it for some minutes, saw a signpost with "Paynton 5 miles," on its arm. Paynton was not the village he wanted, but it was, he knew, in the right direction and was a fairish-sized little place. He decided, therefore, to make for Paynton and to keep to the road. Five miles was nothing; he could do it in a trifle over the hour.

But the Dean reckoned without his boots, and before he had gone another mile his progress was becoming a painful crawl. Clearly he must get a lift. He realised that his appearance would make that no easy task, but he was quite sure that half a dozen words would be all that was necessary to demonstrate that the seeming tramp was a man of culture and education upon whom unlucky chance had played a scurvy trick.

He stopped and, moving to the grass verge beside the road, looked back to see if anything were in sight. A cloud of dust came blowing round a distant crook in the road, and in a few minutes a big handsome limousine was purring towards him. As it approached he stepped suddenly into the road and held up his hand. The car stopped abruptly and, before the Dean could begin the prepared recital in his quiet, cultured voice, the driver leaned out of the car and regarded him with an expression of amazed fury. The Dean had time to note that here was one who, in more fortunate circumstances, could have been described as after his own heart; an aristocrat; a man of breeding, culture, refinement and education; a congenial being with whom he would have been delighted to associate. These things can be noted by the seeing eye in a flash; a flash was all that the Dean was vouchsafed before the storm broke. "What the devil d'you mean, you filthy rascal!" roared the congenial soul. "Pretty pass the country's coming to! By Gad! I'll——" The rest of this violent apostrophising was lost as the big car shot forward, missing the outraged Dean by a shade less than the proverbial hair.

The Dean was not defeated; he realised that he had not allowed for his bedraggled appearance, and that a luxurious limousine was several flights too high; he would know better next time. By now his boots were no longer footgear but instruments of torture worthy of those "good old days" which had received so many encomiums from him. He changed from the road to the grassy verge and limped slowly along with his ears alert for the noise of a car. At last one came which was small and unpretentious enough to be hopeful. He limped into the roadway and held up his hand. The small car pulled up with a screech of brakes, and its driver, a commercial traveller, said with a sort of half-humorous ferocity, "Fed up with life, are you?"

"Would you be good enough," the Dean asked in his most polished accents, "to give me a lift to Paynton?"

The driver jerked his head behind him, shrugged his shoulders and with a slight grin said, not unkindly, "Sorry, but I'm carrying silk and—er—well," and again he shrugged his shoulders.

The Dean's eyes went hopefully to the vacant seat beside the driver, but he found himself, to his surprise and chagrin, unable to put the request for fear of another rebuff, and while he stood hesitating the commercial fumbled in his pocket and proffered him sixpence. "Sorry," he said again, "but get a drink when they're open."

The Dean drew himself up and waved the coin aside. "No, thank you," he said warmly, "it was the courtesy of a lift I——"

"Oh, well, *your* funeral!" interrupted the commercial, and, letting in his clutch with a jerk, he shot forward, leaving the Dean contemplating the rear number-plate.

The Dean, now convinced that there was nothing to be hoped for on the high road, and filled with a sudden passion of humiliation at his filthy appearance, decided to strike once more across country, feeling that only the solitude and seclusion of the trees could give him back some measure of that self-esteem which had been drained away by his unlucky encounters with crass idiots who could not recognise a gentleman when they heard one. More encounters of that sort, he felt, would so rob him of his dignity and bearing that when he reached Paynton he would be unable to cope with the situation in the right way.

A wood lay after a while across his path. There was a wire fence round it, but the Dean, preoccupied by his bitter thoughts, gave it merely sufficient attention to enable him to climb it, and proceeded laboriously on his trespassing way. An apparition stepped suddenly from behind a clump of bushes and barred his way. The Dean pulled up short and regarded the gamekeeper dubiously, but yet with a gleam of hope in his eye.

THE gamekeeper jerked a thumb in the direction whence the Dean had come. "Beat it, cully!" he said shortly.

The Dean hesitated and then, spurred by an inspiration, asked "To whom do these—er preserves belong?"

"Hop it!"

"Will you be good enough, please, to take me to your——"

"Toe o' my boot any use to you?" asked the gamekeeper, lifting a colossal foot and swinging it menacingly.

With a gesture of despair which should have been moving but was, in his dishevelled rags, somehow merely ludicrous, the Dean turned and retraced his steps, the gamekeeper slowly following him. With a mental image of that ponderous boot vivid in his mind's eye he stumbled wearily along haunted by that horrid sensation of utter vulnerability which even the bravest may feel when dogged by some growling cur.

It was nearly 5 o'clock when he came limping into Paynton. He had long decided that the police were the only people to whom to appeal. They were the servants of the public and, however apparently mean and outcast the appellant, they were bound to give him a hearing and assistance. Paynton Police Station was then his goal. As he entered the straggling little High Street, deserted at that hour, it seemed that at last Fortune had tired of ill-treating him and was about to render him at least fair play, for the only person in sight was a police constable who was standing in the middle of the street apparently watching a flight of rooks overhead. The Dean approached him and touched his arm. P.C. Bullsworthy was tall and burly; he was a man whose sense of his own importance was at least equal to that of Dr. Percival when he stood in the pulpit of St. Botolph's; he was in consequence a touchy man, one whose glance was ever searching for signs of levity in the behaviour of lesser men. At the Dean's touch he did not move his body but slowly turned his helmeted head and glanced down at the tatterdemalion beside him.

"Whady' want?" he asked gruffly.

"Will you—er—will you please take me to the police station?" said the Dean.

P.C. Bullsworthy swivelled slowly round and regarded the Dean balefully. The Dean shrank but stood his ground. "Will you," he repeated manfully, "take me——" A vast hand gripped his shoulder, shook him and then turning him round shot him forward the way he'd come. "You get along outa this!" a thick, unpleasant voice threatened him.

The Dean half-turned, attempted to expostulate. "Will you, *please*——" but an iron knee caught him indecorously. "That'll do," boomed the thick voice, "outa this!" Again the knee jolted the Dean like a battering ram. For a wild moment he considered hurling himself at the oaf, the clod, the dull, brutal beast who could so maltreat a fellow human being; and then, evading another blow with the swift protective action of a small boy dodging a smack, he shuffled away, the shuffle becoming a shambling, staggering trot as he heard behind him the heavy tread of law and order following to see that its commands were obeyed.

Clear of Paynton, and the eye of the law withdrawn, the Dean sat down under a hedge to consider what course of action, if any, held out some promise of escape from this incredible nightmare in which he had become so grotesquely, so preposterously involved. There stirred in him now not only a hot resentment against the clods whose armour of stupidity seemed without a chink, but a determination to fight them, to outwit them; or rather, since the Paynton constable was the only one at hand, to fight and outwit that ponderous and brutal oaf. And the first fruit of that determination was a decision to return to the village, call at the Vicarage, reveal his identity and subsequently arrange with the higher ranks of law and order that P.C. Bullsworthy be adequately dealt with.

He quitted the road and, making a detour through the trees and across a field of ripening corn, came again into the village by way of a winding lane. His luck seemed at last to have turned, for where the lane entered the village street stood the wide-open, welcoming gates of the vicarage. He shambled up the drive and rang the bell. A maid opened the door, gazed at him a moment in angry amazement and slammed it in his face. He withdrew to the lane and sat down for a further bout of cogitation. Clearly it was impossible to obtain admittance for his unsavoury-looking person. What remained? It came to him in a flash; a written message; if he could get a note to the Vicar the thing would be done; it would have to be carefully written, with just a touch here and there of classical allusion, to show it was the work of a scholar. If only he'd a pencil and paper! He had neither, nor even a penny piece for their purchase. He limped slowly into the village street with the furtive glances of a lost dog, his glance wary for the doltish constable, and coming to the tiny post-office he entered and, hobbling over to the small compartment beside the counter, began to write his message to the Vicar upon telegraphic forms, ignoring the stare of the post-mistress, a thin, acid-looking little woman whose lined face spoke of chronic dyspepsia.

IT was a long message. Inspired by his wrongs and his sufferings, the Dean's pencil slipped rapidly over form after form. He began to enjoy himself; the creative urge was upon him; he quoted a passage in Greek from Callimachus, one in Latin from Tertullian, and a biting aphorism from Voltaire. Seven closely-written forms lay beside his elbow, and still his pencil ran on. A voice, a nasty voice, at his elbow brought him back hastily to reality. "Are you sending a tellygram?" enquired that disrupting voice. He turned and looked down into the dull eyes and grey, lined face of the post-mistress.

"Er—well, no, not precisely, my good woman," he explained genially, his rags forgotten in the delights of composition; "I am merely——"

"You get out!" snapped the voice, the nasty voice.

"Just one moment, my dear madam, *please*; I am merely——"

"Ern-eee!" shrilled that grating, wretched, inhuman voice; "Ern-*eee!*"

An ugly boy of ten or so trotted into the shop, a perfectly loathsome brat with red hair and a white face and goggling eyes.

"Go and fetch Policeman Bullsworthy!" commanded that blood-chilling voice, that voice devoid of even a smear of the milk of human kindness; "an' 'urry up!"

The boy, with a grin that was half a snarl, vanished. The Dean picked up his wad of forms and prepared to follow. But the post-mistress was too quick for him. "Property of the Postmaster-General," she said venomously, and snatched up the masterpiece. The Dean swore;

(*Continued on page* 102)

"You've taken ten years off my skin, Jane Seymour"

This is a comedy in three acts—with a tragic opening! A woman came to my Salon recently. She said, "Last night I was at a party and my hostess said: 'The young people are going to dance, would you like to play bridge?' I must look an ancient—and I simply didn't realise it!"

"What have you been doing for your skin lately?" I asked. "Oh, just make-up and cold cream occasionally," she said.

"And yet you expect to keep your looks!" I exclaimed. "What your skin needs, of course, is regular care. Now look here, will you do this? Cleanse off every scrap of make-up at night with my Cleansing Cream and Juniper Skin Tonic, used like soap and water. Pat in Orange Skin Food liberally. It will smooth away those puckers and bring new life to your skin. In the morning, wake up your circulation with Juniper Skin Tonic."

Well, she went away fired with ambition, and I saw her no more until I ran into her at a theatre the other night. Honestly, she looked like a younger edition of herself. "You've taken ten years off my skin!" she whispered.

Any smart shop will show you these preparations. If you'd like personal advice, call or write to me at my Salon—
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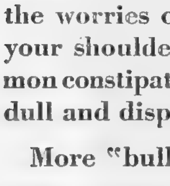

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it was as full-blooded an oath as had ever been heard in Paynton. He raised a menacing fist, swore again more richly, and once again fled before the all-conquering might of stupidity. He did not stop in his flight until, half a mile up the lane, he climbed through the hedge and lay down breathless in the shelter of a tall clump of undergrowth. For a while he was too busy regaining his breath and his mental poise to be able to think coherently; but after a while he could once more give his attention to a renewal of the struggle. The Vicar still seemed to him his sole hope, and at last he came to the conclusion that he would wait until nine o'clock (it was now a little after six), when most probably that gentleman would be in his study writing, or revising and correcting, his forthcoming sermon. The decision made, the Dean decided that a nap would most helpfully fill the interim, and curling himself up in a way he had not done since childhood, he was soon asleep.

He woke with the twilight all about him and, feeling refreshed and his courage renewed, he made his way to the vicarage and began a prowling reconnaissance of the grounds. Sure enough there, twinkling attractively, was a light in one of the ground-floor windows. It might not, of course, be the Vicar's study, but he would risk it; he would tap upon that window and——An iron hand gripped his shoulder. "Got y'!" came the vilely triumphant voice of P. C. Bullsworthy. "Thought this was y'r game; bin on y'r track las' 'alf *h*ower, I 'ave; come along."

For one inspiriting second the Dean meditated putting up a fight for it; but he reverted to the only weapon left him. "You are making a mistake, officer," he said quietly.

"Oh, I am, am I? Well, we'll see; you come along. Wanted t' go t' the police station 's afternoon, didn't y'r? I'll oblige y'r now. Come on."

It was plainly no time for beating about the bush. The Dean decided to make the great disclosure. "I tell you you are mistaken," he repeated. "I am the Dean of St. Botolph's."

The Dean had expected the revelation to move even this lump of oafishness before him. He was not disappointed. P. C. Bullsworthy was moved—to rare laughter, a sort of rumbling subterranean cachinnation not unworthy of the devil himself. "Not 'alf you ain't!" he chuckled. "Pope o' Rome too, I lay; *come* on!" The iron grip closed tighter, and the Dean felt himself impelled forward. Desperately he played his last card. "I tell you, man, I *am!*" he shouted. "Take me to the Vicar and I'll prove it; he will know me at once."

"Right y'are! y'r 'Oliness," replied P. C. Bullsworthy surprisingly; "I'll 'ave to borrow the Vicar's car to take y'r to Barum, so might's well show him the cargo."

The Reverend Claude Allsopp, Vicar of St. Mark's, Paynton, looked up from his desk as the maid opened the door of his study and showed in the ill-assorted couple. He smiled a faint welcome to the constable, and said, "Ah, good evening, Bullsworthy. What's the trouble?"

"Sorry to disturb you, sir," began Bullsworthy, when the Dean, fearing to be hopelessly nigrified before he could get in a word, stepped forward and, drawing himself up in a gesture which should have been dignified, said rapidly, "My dear sir, I beg of you to ignore appearances and to listen to me. It may sound incredible, but I assure you that I am Dr. Henry Percival, the Dean of St. Botolph's." He paused for a breathless moment, but seeing in the Vicar's glance not only blank unbelief, but a suspicion which was far more appalling, he plunged recklessly ahead with his story, and to prove his main contention and at the same time to appeal to the Vicar as a man of culture and education he made extensive quotations in Greek and Latin. This was a most unfortunate move, for the Vicar's Greek and Latin were negligible, and having no desire to be shown up before his sidesman, he waved a plump white hand and said unpleasantly, "Rubbish! rubbish! Take him away, Bullsworthy."

The Dean glared round him like a rat faced by terriers. Upon the Vicar's desk lay the current issue of a well-known society periodical. It seemed to the harassed, despairing Dean that a miracle had at last intervened to save him, for in that issue was, he knew, a studio portrait of himself. He steadied his voice and said quietly, "May I beg of you, please, to allow me to show you a portrait in your paper?" pointing to the periodical. Bullsworthy seemed at a loss; the Vicar hesitated and then, with a thin smile, nodded his permission. The Dean hastily turned over the pages and, coming to his portrait, said, "There, sir; now will you believe me?"

The Reverend Claude Allsopp looked from the portrait to the original and P. C. Bullsworthy, in obedience to a beckoning finger, followed his example. "Well, Bullsworthy?" asked the Vicar in a tone which was only too plain a lead. "No more like, sir, in my opinion, than—than"—he paused, seeking a suitable biblical simile, and then ended triumphantly—"than Esau and Jacob, sir."

The Vicar nodded. "Quite, Bullsworthy, I agree. Is there anything more I can do for you?"

"I'll have to take him to Barum, sir, and I'd like your car if you'd be——"

"By all means; you'll need Bates, of course."

"If you please, sir."

"Yes; I'll ring then." He rose and moved towards the mantelpiece.

An hour later the Vicar's car, driven by his chauffeur, drew up outside Barum Police Station and Bullsworthy and the Dean alighted. It was nearly eleven o'clock and a sleepy and bored station-sergeant took the charge and listened with a weary smile to the Dean's passionate protest.

"I see," he nodded, "The Dean of St. Botolph's. All right; you'll be in good company; Shah o' Persia's in the cell on the right and the Emperor o' Japan on the left."

But the cause of all the trouble was to be the immediate means of bringing succour to the Dean, whose mental state was, in his intervals of wakefulness in the cell, bordering upon hysteria. The tramp, in a condition of complete intoxication, had been found just before midnight in the middle of the public highway near Barneford, some fifteen miles from Barum; and on his blissfully unconscious body being searched at Barneford Police Station there had come to light the letter which seemed to make scandalously clear that this inebriated log was none other than Dr. Henry Percival, the famous Dean of St. Botolph's, Mayfair.

But the police wires soon got busy, and at half-past four in the morning an apologetic superintendent entered the Dean's cell and, waking him, said gently, "Er—who was it you said you were, sir?" The deference in his tone assured the Dean that his troubles were over, or at least the worst of them. There remained the fear of publicity, and he lost no time in assuring the superintendent that only if the whole story were kept from the Press would he take no action.

The assurance was given him, and it was honoured. The police have a pull in such matters which is beyond the purchasing power of a millionaire, and at least two young gentlemen of the Press found that their scoop of a lifetime was not to be used. Those two young gentlemen will go to their graves convinced that they are possessed of facts in the secret life of the Dean of St. Botolph's whose revelation would rock the Church to its foundations.

When the Dean, bronzed from his holiday, mounted the pulpit of St. Botolph's on the following Sunday he preached from a text not contained in the Scriptures. It was that famous remark of John Bradford: "But for the grace of God there goes John Bradford." It was not, however, the Dean's choice of a text which astonished his fashionable congregation. What astonished, startled and bewildered that select gathering was the sermon itself. But that, and the subsequent career of the Dean, is another story altogether.

Monkey Puzzle

(*Continued from page* 21)

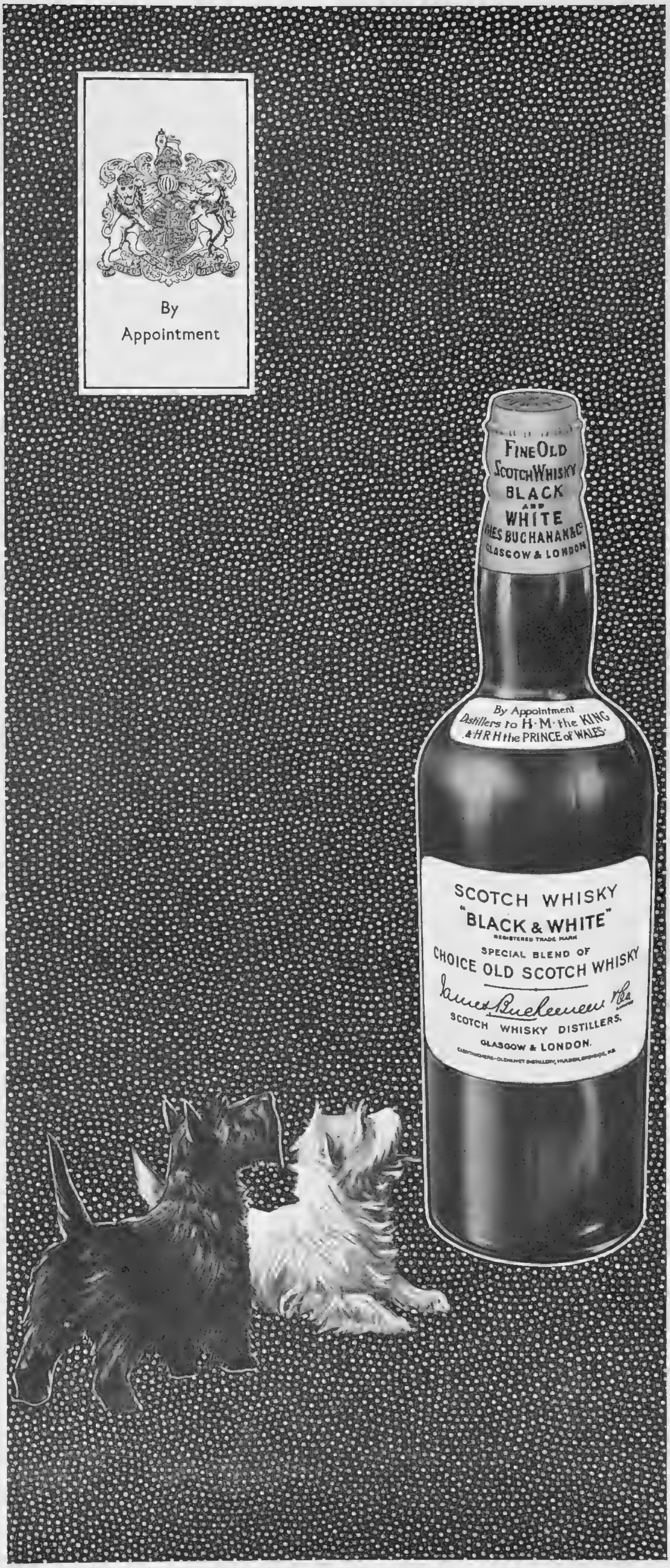
Paul bristled with ideas. Their beer drunk, he rushed to his lodging to dig out the old sketch, and an hour later they started to rehearse. Mary—no, she must call herself Mabel now—had never experienced such rehearsing. Except for one or two set songs, the sketch was mainly impromptu. It was all in French, and when she protested that her French was insufficient and schoolgirlish it was explained that, for the fun of the thing, her French could not be too bad, and she was even taught to mispronounce certain words deliberately in order to give them another—and a worse—meaning. Her dancing, too, couldn't be too bad or too awkward. After the first rehearsal Mabel was inclined to revolt and to wire to Edinburgh; the revue was an insult to herself and to the whole British nation, and yet she held on. Paul, in his way, was a little genius, and she was learning more from him in a week than she had learned in her three years at the Academy. Every day Paul would invent a new scene, a new song, some new business; he would lose his temper with her twenty times and would make her go again and again over some tiny scene till she was ready to drop with fatigue. The fat French girl had been kept on and two other fat French girls were added to her, but the burden of the revue fell on Paul and Mabel. By the end of the week she had rehearsed so much that she did not know whether she was on her head or her heels; she was doubtful which scene followed which, and was very doubtful as to the sequence of her clothes. Only one of her frocks had been passed as suitable; the others had been run up for her out of cheap materials. Not even the most ignorant English tourist would have worn them, and Mabel nearly cried for shame. The reason she stuck to the thing was largely because she quickly grew to have a great affection for Papa.

His name was Chinkwin. Clowning, acrobatics, and tricks of all kinds had been in his family for generations. He was disappointed that Mabel did not recognise the name—but indeed Paul had split it into "Chink and Win," as he said it looked more attractive on the posters. Papa and Paul were the last of their race. He had married in France years before; his wife had died when Paul was born, and he had never got back to England.

Loving the old man and recognising Paul's talents, Mabel might have been fairly content with her situation had it not been for the monkey. The horrible little brute—it was called Lulu—continued to adore her. Mabel had never particularly cared for animals, but she particularly disliked monkeys; yet Lulu seemed unconscious of the fact. He only knew one or two simple tricks, but if Mabel would give him the slightest encouragement he was obviously eager to learn others. And Paul, of course, forced Mabel to give that necessary encouragement.

The first night was a dreadful failure—or so Mabel thought. She made endless mistakes; Paul kept on improvising, said things to her in French which she did not understand. There was an unexpected and unrehearsed scene in which the monkey played a rather indecent part which captured the house. Yet though she felt herself to be a failure, the show as a whole seemed popular; but they were rehearsing at eight o'clock next morning, cutting out a third of the stuff and adding new scenes. By the third or fourth night it was running smoothly. It became immensely popular, and had to move into one of the larger theatres. Mabel had a small salary, and a small share of the profits. Curiously, in all her dealings with Paul, much as there was about him that she disliked, she never found him dishonest or ungenerous about money.

For three months they toured the larger towns of North Africa, meeting with considerable success; then the company was reduced to three—and Lulu—and they did the "smalls," moving from place to place in the be-postered (*Continued on page* 104)



motor-car. Owing to the reduction of the company the tourist sketch had to be cut down to two or three scenes, and the whole show had shrunk again to its original rather meagre proportions. Mabel held on; she was saving a little money—a very little—but she calculated that at the end of six months she could get back to London with enough money to keep her going there for a couple of months while she looked out for a new job. Besides, her affection for Papa had increased—he was so gentle. Paul was not gentle; he was rather cruel, but she had to admire his talent, and she was learning something fresh from him every day. She was afraid of him; it was, of course, part of the game that she should look a fool on the stage, but he delighted in making her look more foolish than she thought was necessary, and almost every night he would introduce some new gag of an embarrassing and shameful kind.

She once ventured to protest to Papa; he shrugged but would not interfere. He hated such innuendoes himself—but, then, he hated the whole practice of improvisation.

Papa was a gentleman, and he treated his little art with dignity. Paul had no dignity.

Mabel learned how to dance. She soon learned that to be able to dance deliberately badly it was necessary to know how to dance extremely well. She found that practice was making her a passably good dancer, and that she was finding it increasingly difficult to appear sufficiently awkward. It was one of Paul's virtues that he loved to teach, and he spared no pains with her, so that in a few months she had become a clever and beautiful dancer; she was able now to be most convincingly clumsy. By this time she was living with Paul. He had stumbled into her room one night muttering that Papa coughed so much that it was impossible to sleep in the same room with him. She was too feeble to protest, but at lunch next day Papa looked very sad and ashamed; it almost seemed as if he were more ashamed than she was.

IT was just about this time that Aunt Judy threatened to winter in Algeria to see something of her dear triumphant niece. Mabel had long since informed Edinburgh of the enforced break with her first company, but she felt she had told no lie when she informed her relatives that she had joined a small English touring company—for Papa *was* English, whatever conglomeration Paul might happen to be. She hadn't sung big, but of course Aunt Judy would never believe anything but the greatest thing for her niece, and when Mabel said that they seldom played in regular theatres Judy at once visualised her as playing in enormous tents, as the Divine Sarah once did in the United States. Mabel trembled at the thought of Aunt Judy's arrival, but mercifully the doting relative was laid low with gastritis, and her old-fashioned doctor proclaimed that rich foreign food would be the death of her, and so the visit never took place.

And then Papa died. Mabel cried bitterly at his humble funeral and spent a great deal of money on flowers. Paul didn't shed a tear; he engaged a new girl. Mabel had to teach Lulu two new tricks, but the whole performance languished and Paul's temper grew worse.

So, after all, she wasn't very surprised when, two months later, Paul slipped from her bed in the early morning and went off in the car to Tunis with the new girl. Mabel could have followed him, but she could expect no compensation, as her contract had been with Papa, not with Paul. Anyway she was sick of him; the new girl was welcome to him. The worst was that in a burst of generosity he had left her the monkey.

It clambered on to the bed and put its arms round her neck in its disgustingly affectionate way: you might have thought it had read Paul's note and was trying to show its sympathy. She pushed it roughly to the floor.

Mabel told me all this and more, two years later, sitting outside a café in Tunis. I was wintering there, finishing a novel, and I drifted in one night to a vaudeville show. Someone called "Mabel" seemed to be one of the stars. A big-lettered turn was "Mabel et Sa Singe." There was also "Mabel, Chanteuse," "Mabel et Son Boy," and Mabel something else, I think. I recognised her at once; she was undoubtedly Mary Carmichael. I had known her father well some years before, known Aunt Judy, known Mary herself before she went to London, and I remembered hearing that she had gone on the stage and had gone to Algeria. I sent round my card and we met. She told me scraps of her story and I admired her pluck; we became very good friends. It was only when I asked her to marry me that she told me the whole tale.

IT appeared that after Paul deserted her in Kairouan she had gone back to Algiers. She spent a month there working up an entirely new repertoire. She got a new dancing partner, a South American boy, very good-looking. "Not an idea in his head," she told me, "but lots in his feet. She taught Lulu new tricks; she did what Paul had never allowed her to do—sang "straight" sentimental songs in English or in French—by this time her French was very good indeed—and she found them popular. Thus equipped, she had little difficulty in getting engagements.

"I'm biding my time," she explained. "These four years—or is it five?—have been just training. Now I feel I am ready to arrive. Oh, I know I'm not a great genius, but I can dance as well as any except the very best, and my voice is rich and strong—it can fill a big theatre. I've been careful of myself, careful of what I eat and drink. I've a trimmer figure than when I left England. I know how to dress. Something is going to turn up for me sooner or later, and I feel that it will turn up here, that I mustn't go to London to look for it. I've been degraded here; Paul has dragged me through the mire, and though he has helped to make me the good artist I am he has done things to me I shall never forgive. Somehow I'll get my own back on him and on those vulgar brutes who laughed at me night after night. And so, Charles, thank you very much, and I like you exceedingly, but I can't think of getting married just yet."

She was quite firm about it and, like her, I could only bide my time. Her time actually came within three days of the conversation which I have just reported. We met as usual at lunch, but there was a suppressed excitement about her, and I felt something must have happened.

"People can be put in prison for forgery, can't they?" she asked.

"Of course."

"Then I'm probably booked for a French prison."

"What on earth do you mean?"

She explained that, opening the local newspaper that morning, two items of fashionable intelligence had caught her eye. The first was that Lord and Lady Saunderson were leaving their swagger hotel that day and sailing to Naples; the second that Sir Philip Uniacke was expected to arrive at the same hotel that evening; he was coming from Marseilles.

"Friends of yours?" I asked.

"Never set eyes on them."

"Well?"

"Of course Lady Saunderson entertains a great deal in London and is particularly interested in artistic people, actors and the like; the gossip columns of the papers don't let us forget that. And of course Sir Philip, being the deviser of those so clever, so beautiful, and so successful revues, has been to her parties—and isn't it a pity they should just miss each other in Tunis?"

"Is it?"

"But what more natural than for Lady Saunderson to leave behind her at the hotel a little note telling the great man how sorry she is to miss him and adding: "Don't fail to look in at the Comédie for the sake of hearing Mabel Smith—she's the daughter of an old

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"My cheeks and chin are relaxed ...."
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friend of mine, and as clever as paint. Her stuff in this show isn't very distinguished, but I know you'll feel you need her for your new revue. I've told her I'm writing to you and she will be very disappointed if you don't look her up—and so will I. Let me know when you get back to London and come to lunch. Yours sincerely, Griselda Saunderson."

"You have a nerve. Suppose he's never met her."

"Those sort of people have always met each other in London once. But he won't remember her handwriting. I made it an awfully fashionable, illegible scrawl."

"It's certainly prison," I said, "and I can't afford bail."

"There's more than that. I've met Paul."

"Horror!"

"Not at all. He came round to my dressing-room last night and begged me to take him on. He's utterly down and out."

"You kicked him down the stairs, I hope."

"On the contrary, I have got his address. I've an idea he may come in useful."

Mabel didn't appear for luncheon next day, but two days later she came.

"I'm dead," she explained. "I've been rehearsing since half-past seven."

"A new number?"

"First, a long, long beer and then I'll tell you everything."

She drank half a bock in one draught and then began.

"The forgery worked like a charm—at least it seemed to at first. The great man came to see the show the very night he arrived and sent round his card and asked me to go and see him at his hotel next morning. I rushed out after breakfast and had my hair done and bought a new frock. I felt frightfully nervous, but he was very kind; he saw me in his private sitting-room. He praised my performance and that wretch Lulu and asked for all the latest news of Lady Saunderson."

"That was a bit awkward for you."

"Dreadful. I did a lot of glib improvisation—oh, I was very glib—at the end of five minutes I felt I really *did* know her ladyship; then I noticed that his eyes were laughing and I saw the game was up. 'Of course I knew the letter was a forgery,' he said. 'You see, I happen to know Lady Saunderson very well; she calls me Toddles and signs herself Grizzy.'"

"I got up to go. 'You must have thought me very impertinent,' I said. 'Will you forgive me?'"

"'You were taking a risk, but we do that all the time in our profession, don't we? I wanted to talk to the young lady who took the risk. Besides, I really did like your performance.'

"That gave me a spot of courage. 'Your new revue?' I asked."

"'I'm afraid not. Of course I very much—I particularly liked your monkey business.'"

"Charles, that damned monkey got me my first engagement here: was it now going to land me with Sir Philip? Anyhow, I grabbed at the chance; I swore—and it was the truth—that I could make that little beast do anything I wanted. I also swore—and that wasn't so true—that Lulu and I were inseparable friends. I begged him to come and see my show again on Saturday night. 'Your friend Grizzy was right,' I said. 'My stuff isn't very distinguished, but I'll show you something pretty fresh on Saturday.' And, oh, Charles, he has agreed to come!"

"Hence the rehearsing," said I.

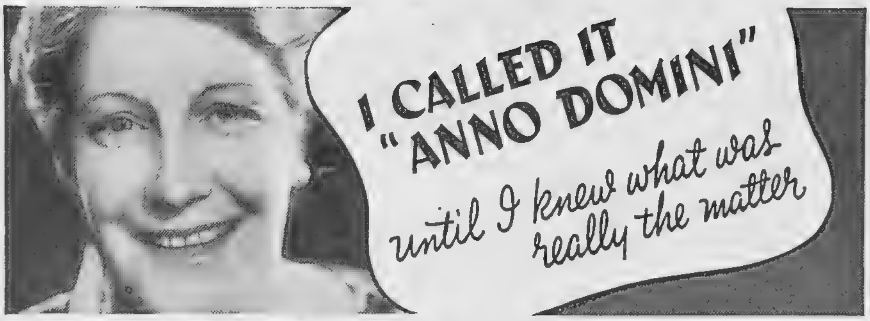
"I went at once and secured Paul."

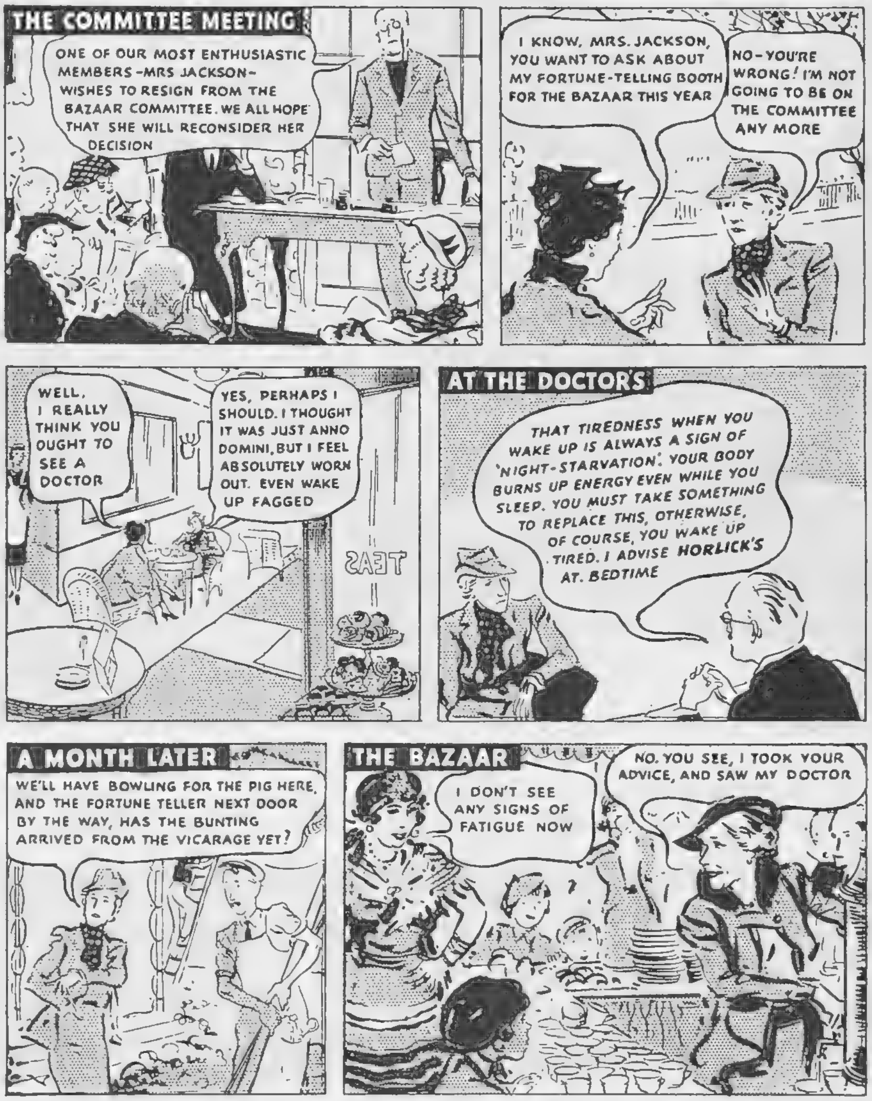
"I see—the old sketch revived, the gauche English mees and the nasty French guide. I'm sorry you've gone in for that again, and I don't think the English will appreciate the humour of it."

"Of course not, you silly. Do you think I'm an utter mutt? It is the same sketch, but with a difference—oh, such a difference!"

"The tables are turned," she went on; "the biter is bit, and all that sort of thing. The sketch begins much the same as before. I am the goof;

(*Continued on page* 106)


I CALLED IT "ANNO DOMINI"
until I knew what was really the matter


THE COMMITTEE MEETING
ONE OF OUR MOST ENTHUSIASTIC MEMBERS -MRS JACKSON- WISHES TO RESIGN FROM THE BAZAAR COMMITTEE. WE ALL HOPE THAT SHE WILL RECONSIDER HER DECISION
I KNOW, MRS. JACKSON, YOU WANT TO ASK ABOUT MY FORTUNE-TELLING BOOTH FOR THE BAZAAR THIS YEAR
NO-YOU'RE WRONG! I'M NOT GOING TO BE ON THE COMMITTEE ANY MORE
WELL, I REALLY THINK YOU OUGHT TO SEE A DOCTOR
YES, PERHAPS I SHOULD. I THOUGHT IT WAS JUST ANNO DOMINI, BUT I FEEL ABSOLUTELY WORN OUT. EVEN WAKE UP FAGGED
TEAS
AT THE DOCTOR'S
THAT TIREDNESS WHEN YOU WAKE UP IS ALWAYS A SIGN OF 'NIGHT-STARVATION'. YOUR BODY BURNS UP ENERGY EVEN WHILE YOU SLEEP. YOU MUST TAKE SOMETHING TO REPLACE THIS, OTHERWISE, OF COURSE, YOU WAKE UP TIRED. I ADVISE HORLICK'S AT. BEDTIME
A MONTH LATER
WE'LL HAVE BOWLING FOR THE PIG HERE, AND THE FORTUNE TELLER NEXT DOOR BY THE WAY, HAS THE BUNTING ARRIVED FROM THE VICARAGE YET?
THE BAZAAR
I DON'T SEE ANY SIGNS OF FATIGUE NOW
NO. YOU SEE, I TOOK YOUR ADVICE, AND SAW MY DOCTOR

Have YOU 'dropped out' of things?

If you wake up limp and tired, if you feel that you're 'getting on,' and can't do your share of entertaining and social activity, that's nearly always a sign of "Night-Starvation." As the doctor said, your body burns up energy even during sleep. You must give your body the proper nourishment to replace this energy as it is burnt up — otherwise you wake up unrefreshed, and feel fagged out all day long.

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I am put in the embarrassing situation, shown the embarrassing thing; I ask the foolish question. That will be fun to some extent even to an English audience, but it's more fun when I show myself to be no fool at all and put the dirty guide in the stocks. It's not so difficult to work out when you remember all those times I've worked with Paul and thought with fury of how easily I could make the different *riposte* and make *him* look the fool. Paul is furious; he has no sense of humour—at least none when it's at his own expense."

"Revenge?" I said.

"The most complete in the world. Didn't I say it would come here if anywhere? And even if it's only for one night. How the audience will hate it! I can hear the cat-calls, the whistles. I dance with Paul—oh, so badly, and the sketch ends in a low dancing-hall in Paris. I am wearing a very English mackintosh over my horrid tourist dress; the band starts a tango. Paul dances with me. He can't dance a tango, poor Paul. He can dance anything in the world, but not a tango, and after a minute or two I push him away in disgust, fling off my mack, and there I am in the most exquisite Spanish dress imaginable. I snatch up my lovely South American lad and we dance to admiration. Paul is crouched on the floor with his head in his hands, and the tableau is when he crawls—yes, crawls on his stomach—across the stage and tries to kiss my feet. I turn him over on his back with one contemptuous foot and I stand there with my foot on his fat stomach—for poor Paul has got so fat and flabby—like a—like a lion-tamer."

I did not see her again until Saturday afternoon at lunch time. She looked pale, tired, *exaltée*.

"It's all done," she declared, "I've squared everything. Told the manager I've a new number to-night, and—as it's the last night of my engagement, and as I've been such a success—he's given me *carte blanche* to do what I please—poor darling! I've had an awful row with Paul; he wanted to rat on Thursday, as I had made him look a bigger fool than ever, but when I explained how often he had made a fool of me and that this was my one little chance of getting back at him, he saw my point and gave in. He's not the son of nice Papa for nothing, and maybe his French mother was a lady—Papa wouldn't have married anyone who wasn't. And you're to sit in the sixth row with Sir Philip. I've left a note telling him about you, so please talk to him and come round and see me when the cat-calls have died down, and can you lend me five hundred francs, for I've run out of ready money, and I must soothe the manager and Paul to-night with lots of cheap champagne and those awful sticky little cakes."

I sat next to Sir Philip and spoke to him, and it flattered me to discover that he had read one novel of mine and remembered it, remembered even some of the characters' names. Except for Mabel's turns, which were all new to him, he paid very little attention to the programme. She made four appearances, first with the monkey—some old tricks and two very good new ones—then singing songs like "The Rosary" and Schubert's "Ave Maria." She danced with the South American boy, and danced beautifully. Then came the final sketch of the evening—"Mabel, Paul, Sa Singe et Son Boy."

You know how every theatre-goer in London and New York—and, I suppose, all over the world—knows certain of Ruth Draper's sketches either from seeing them for themselves or hearing their friends' enthusiastic accounts of them. In Tunis, Mabel's scene with the French guide was almost as well known, though it was more than two years since she had given it there and the audience had roared with delight when the curtain went up on Mabel, *à la touriste*, her Baedeker slung by her side, her very proper sunshade, her gauntlet gloves, the inevitable Lulu. Paul, of course, was very much there, and

Pépé, the South American, hovered in the background; but soon everything began to go wrong — from the French point of view. The English girl began to score. Her French, which at first had been so awful, suddenly changed; she spoke in argot and gave Paul back all he gave her, and a little bit more. By the middle of the sketch—which lasted only twenty minutes — the audience were definitely hostile, and the more hostile they grew the more triumphant Mabel became. The conclusion was a furore; no one in the audience could avoid being captivated by the tango, but when Paul crawled across the stage on his belly and lay crying at her feet I thought the house would storm the stage.

Sir Philip had been very silent through it all, sitting erect in his seat. Just sometimes he said "Yes, yes," below his breath. The moment Mabel had taken her last curtain, amidst boos and cat-calls and whistles, he excused himself and disappeared.

When I joined her in her dressing-room he was there, and so was the manager—who, I learned afterwards, had been in tears and fury—but the champagne had been broached and the horrid little cakes were being eaten, and everyone was very amiable.. And then she called "Paul," and he came in from the next dressing-room wrapped in a shabby, greasy rag of a dressing-gown, looking ashamed and miserable. He couldn't meet Mabel's eye, nor Sir Philip's, nor the manager's. All he could do was to mutter "I am disgraced."

Sir Philip was beautiful to him. In his exquisite, fluent French he declared how superb his performance had been and how essential it was that he should come to London with Mabel. He pursued him into his dressing-room with a bottle of champagne. As he was passing out of the door Mabel held him: "Second class, remember." And Sir Philip bowed.

The manager departed. Mabel and I were alone.

"Well?" I said.

"It's all right. I'm—we're to be in the revue; terms aren't quite fixed, but——" and then she began to cry.

She controlled herself in a minute, and I never asked her why she cried. I didn't need to. She was thinking back, of course, over those endless—for they must have seemed to her endless—years in Africa. The heat, the flies, the little Arab hotels, the audiences, the degradation and vulgarity of it all. As she had stood that night, dressed all in Spanish, with her foot on the Frenchman's paunch, I could see her only as British, or as something more severe than British—Scottish.

But I did ask one question:

"Why second class?"

"That is for him, for Paul. I go first class, of course. But I insist that Paul shall be a lower class than me."

It seemed to me horrid of her to say that, and yet I suppose it was part of the revenge.

I FORGOT. There was a moment in the dressing-room with Sir Philip when Mabel had pleaded that the monkey should not go to Europe. "The poor darling might get sea-sick; he might die, and I couldn't bear that." Sir Philip swore that the monkey wouldn't get sea-sick; he would take the little beggar with him in his plane if necessary. Anyway he couldn't have Mabel without the monkey.

Can you imagine a sad wink? She shot me that across her dressing-room.

EVERY revue of Sir Philip's is more distinguished than the previous one, and "Cut and Run" had an enormous success. "Mabel and Her Monkey," "Mabel and Paul" were outstanding features; and there was, of course, her terrific tango with Pépé. I still hope she may marry me, but she is very busy just now rehearsing for Sir Philip's new revue. I saw her portrait last week in *The Tatler*. She is standing in the garden of her little Hampstead house surrounded by five monkeys. "Yes, I do so adore my monkeys. I couldn't exist without the little darlings." There is a beaming figure in the background. It is Aunt Judy.

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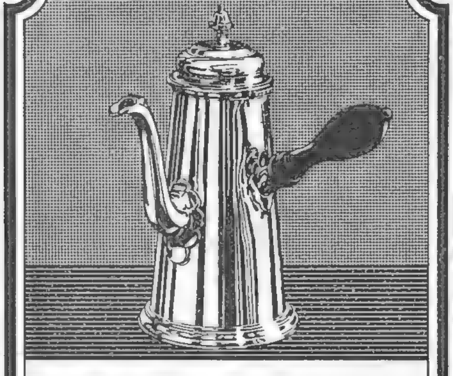

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After Dinner Conversation

(*Continued from page 27*)

that there is anything wrong with their digestions."

He waved his cigar irritably. He hadn't meant the thing to get side-tracked like this immediately.

"My digestion would be perfectly all right if my mind were at ease," he said.

"Isn't it at ease ?"

"How could it be ?" he asked.

She looked at him with round eyes.

"Whatever is the matter with you, Peter ?" she asked.

Now for it. No use messing about any longer.

"Do you imagine," he said slowly, "that I don't know all about you and . . . and this other man ?"

It was the supreme moment. He leant forward in his chair, staring into her face. For a moment or two it was quite expressionless, and then a flush mounted to her temples. Still she said nothing.

She rose and set her coffee cup down on the mantelpiece. He noticed that her hand shook. When she turned she seemed to have regained control of herself.

"Since you know," she said, "there can be no further use in talking about it, can there ?"

His heart seemed to fall like a stone into the pit of his stomach.

Why on earth had he ever asked her ? Why couldn't he have gone on in ignorance ? Joan, whom he would have sworn on oath to be incapable of such a thing ! Well, it was no use. He had got to go through with it now.

He said: "How long has it been going on ?"

She shrugged her shoulders. "Does that matter ?" she asked.

"I wish to know."

"Ever since I met him," she answered. "A long time ago. That is when it must have started, though I didn't know it until I realised what a wonderful man he was."

Her voice had taken on a dreamy, almost contented, tone which was simply maddening.

"Who is the man ?"

He tried to control the words, but he knew that his own voice was trembling with anger. She seemed to hesitate before she answered.

"I thought you knew ?" she replied.

"No," he said, "I guessed there was something of the sort . . . some days ago."

"What made you think so ?"

He snapped his fingers.

"Little things," he muttered, "little things ! Do you imagine that you married a perfect fool ?"

"No," she said, and added, quite calmly: "Well, in a way, I'm glad it's out. It would have to have happened sooner or later."

"Who is the man ?" he repeated.

"Guy Rayne, of course. Who else have I known well enough ?"

For a blind second Peter felt as if a block of concrete had fallen on his head. Guy ! No wonder he had been so certain of his damnable thesis ! But that Guy should have been able to sit there and drink his Armagnac and . . . Guy, who had been his best man ! Well, he reflected bitterly, he had been his best man and had evidently been the best man since the wedding as well. He heard Joan's voice through a sort of fog.

"What are you going to do about it ?" she was saying.

What *was* he going to do about it ?

The veins in his temples throbbed furiously.

"Guy !" he said aloud, and then added viciously: "It may interest you to know that it was Guy who first put the idea into my head. He was a bit drunk, and I suppose he couldn't help enjoying himself !"

Joan put her head on one side, rather like a bird. It was a habit of hers.

"Oh, it was Guy who put you on the track, was it ?"

"Yes," he growled, "and perhaps that will tell you the sort of man you chose to ruin your life for !"

"But, Peter," she said, gently, "what do you mean by 'ruining my life' ?"

"You surely don't imagine," he retorted, "that I am the kind of worm who is going to put up with a *ménage a trois* ?"

"I never imagined that for a moment," she said, "but you seem to take for granted that my life is ruined if I don't continue to live with *you*. Surely that is a little out of date ?"

He stared at her. Naturally her life was ruined . . . or, fearful thought, wasn't it ? Was it his own life which was ruined and hers which was taking on a new glory ? The thought was intolerable.

And now he had put himself into the outrageous position of "giving her her freedom," and giving Guy what he wanted, for the sake of his own pride. He had said that he wasn't the kind of worm. . . . And if he went back on what he had said he *would* be that kind of worm.

"I may be out of date," he said, "but at least I possess rudimentary feelings of decency."

That was a damned silly pompous thing to say, he thought.

"Does that mean," she asked sweetly, "that you will take a lady to Brighton, or that my sin has got to be made public ? You never know which way feelings of decency are going to go !"

Peter felt at a complete loss. He seemed to have been swept into the maelstrom all in a second. And Joan wasn't taking the thing in the right way either. If she had cried that would have been different. He would have known how to deal with that. He might even . . . damn it, he might even have forgiven her. "Judge not," and all that.

But she hadn't cried. On the contrary, she seemed, in an extraordinary sort of way, rather pleased with herself.

He was utterly at a loss for words.

"I don't know what it means," he said

She actually smiled.

"But you can't just sit down under the thing, can you ?" she said. He made no answer. And she went on smiling.

The silence was broken by the entry of the parlourmaid.

"Mr. Rayne !" she announced.

So Guy had chosen this evening for one of his periodical after-dinner calls ! And there he was beaming in the doorway. The nerve of the man was absolutely breath-taking.

Joan said: "Good-evening, Guy," and to the maid, "We shall want some more coffee, Agnes."

Peter said nothing at all. He could not trust himself to speak, and now, confound it, he would have to wait until after Agnes had brought in the coffee.

"And what, Guy," Joan was saying sweetly, "made you tell Peter all about our love affair ? A little thoughtless, don't you think ?"

Guy regarded her with an expression which made him look like a fish.

"He's going to find it rather more than thoughtless !" muttered Peter.

"I haven't the least idea what you are talking about," said Guy.

Joan's tone was one of reproach.

"That's not very chivalrous," she said, "is it ?"

"My God," roared Peter, "I could have borne it better if you had stood up to the thing ! But this is a little bit *too* low down ! You let down your oldest friend, and now you try to let down Joan. Not that you can let her down much further than you have already ! Well, let me tell you this ! . . ."

They were interrupted by the arrival of Agnes with the coffee. She set it on the table in silence. Joan murmured a "thank you."

The two men found themselves staring stupidly at the coffee cups.

Joan moved across to the table.

She started to pour out the coffee.

Peter said: "Do you think I could get that stuff down my throat at a moment like this ? "

" It will look rather odd if we don't touch it," answered Joan, " after ordering it specially."

" I don't care what looks odd and what doesn't," shouted Peter.

" Evidently," she replied, " since apparently you don't mind shouting your shame from the housetops ! "

His nails dug into the palms of his hands.

" *My* shame ? " he said. " *Mine ?* "

" Unless my reading is all wrong," she said, " that was how it used to be regarded in medieval times."

At this point Guy, who had recovered some sort of control, said : " We're not living in medieval times."

" And damned lucky for you ! " snapped Peter.

" Why ? "

" Because you would have been dead for the last ten minutes," said Peter.

" I don't understand what it is that has happened," replied Guy, rather pitifully. " You didn't tell me at the club that there was something in Joan's life of which I knew nothing at all ? "

" Did I ? "

He shook his head in a puzzled sort of way. How on earth was one expected to remember what one had said at the club ? "

" And then I come back here," shouted Peter, " and I find that you . . . you, who had the effrontery to hand me the ring at my wedding . . . ! "

But words failed him. He flung himself into an arm-chair.

" Well," he said, " you're quite right. We aren't living in the Dark Ages, so that I can't just kill you and throw you out of the window. I wish I could ! " He turned to Joan.

"I suppose," he went on, "that you want to marry the creature ? "

" There has never been anything between Joan and myself," said Guy, " except the best kind of friendship."

" Your ideas of the best kind of friendship and mine," replied Peter, " may differ."

" I am prepared," he continued, " to do the ordinary thing in this case. You two have decided that you want to marry, and the law of England makes it necessary for me to go to some seaside resort in the most disgusting and wretched circumstances in order to make that possible for you. Very well, I'll do it ! "

Guy's face became quite grey.

" There is some kind of misunderstanding, Peter," he said.

" I think not. My wife has confessed her love for you."

" I repeat there is some kind of misunderstanding."

Peter shot out of his chair and with a wild gesture of the arm swept an ornament from the mantelpiece to the fender.

" I have stood a good deal to-night," he said, " more than any man ought to be asked to stand. But when it comes to a statement that your love for Joan is a misunderstanding, you are not only insulting me but you are insulting her ! "

" My dear Peter . . ."

" My name is Lovat."

" My dear Lovat . . ."

" I'm not your dear Lovat. I'm Lovat ! "

" Very well, then," said Guy. " You're Lovat. And I still say to you, Lovat, that I haven't the first idea as to what this is all about ! "

And then, for the first time, they noticed Joan, who was placidly smoking a cigarette.

Joan said : " Would you like me to tell you what it is all about ? "

Both men turned and stared at her.

Peter was the first to speak.

" I don't know what you mean," he said, " about what it is all about. I think we know that. I think that, in the circumstances, I am controlling myself pretty well . . . I think . . ."

She interrupted him.

" Or do you think, Peter dear, that you haven't really been thinking very cleverly ? "

" I have never set myself up as a particularly brilliant (*Continued on page* 110)

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man," he started. But she interrupted him again.

"Even so, you needn't be so utterly silly, surely?"

"Perhaps you will explain what you mean!"

"Perhaps I will, if I'm given a chance!"

Peter made an attempt to light a cigarette, and failed.

"I am listening," he said.

"Very well," answered Joan, "if you really *are* listening, I'll tell you the truth. You've sulked about the place for days and been quite intolerable. Then you suddenly tell me that I'm in love with someone else. And, upon my soul, I think I ought to be! But, as it happens, I'm not. You didn't even have the good manners to suggest that I might be. You just said that I was. The thing annoyed me a good deal, because it seemed to me that I might just as well have had whatever fun there is to be got out of an outrageous life as not. As you always have liked to be right, I told you that I and Guy had been in love with each other for a long time. Then you told me that it was Guy who had put the idea into your head. So it only seems right and proper that he should share with you in the results, doesn't it?"

There was the slightest possible pause before Guy's voice broke in angrily.

"Confound it, Peter," he said, "if ever a man had been all sorts of a blasted fool . . ."

That was as far as he got.

But it was Joan's voice which interrupted, not Peter's.

"And if ever a man had been a criminal idiot," she said, "it's you!"

Guy gaped.

"I? A few random words at the club . . ."

"A few random words?" bellowed Peter. "Is that what you call it? Didn't you spend the whole damned evening putting your infernal ideas into my head?"

"How could I know that you had a head like that?"

It was Joan's turn again.

"You ought to have," she said, "you've known him for years."

Peter turned on her.

"If someone had told you," he snapped, "that I had secrets which you knew nothing about. . ."

"I should have told him to mind his own business."

"I dare say you think so at the moment but . . ."

"I don't think so. I know it. Anyway, I've a few ideas on the subject of loyalty!"

Peter turned savagely round to Guy.

"I hope you see what you've done," he said, "and I hope you're pleased with yourself! You've wrecked a happy home."

"If you think," shouted Guy, who had by this time lost his temper, "that I am going to stand here and be told off by a lunatic, you're mistaken!"

"I hope I am mistaken," retorted Peter, "and that you'll get out of the place now, and never come back!"

The door opened and Agnes came in.

"Mrs. Selby-Parrott!" she announced.

Joan and Peter stared at the maid blankly. Guy's face became a nasty grey colour.

"My God," he muttered, "you don't know her. I . . I asked her to come . . make up a bridge four . . thought you'd like her . . nice woman. . ." His words died away as Mrs. Selby-Parrott came into the room. She was a pretty woman, all smiles. She came to Joan and held out her hand.

"I'm afraid this is terribly unconventional," she said, "but Guy assured me that you wouldn't mind. But if you aren't feeling like cards I'll fold up my tent and silently steal away!"

Peter said nothing. The thing was beyond him, so he left it to Joan.

She said: "How nice of Guy! Of course we should love a game!"

But even in his moment of infinite relief Peter thought to himself, "What else *could* she say?"

Guy said: "I told you so. Nicest people in the world!"

Nevertheless they played bridge and it was quite late before Mrs. Selby-Parrott left, with profuse expressions of delight at having met the Lovats, and an invitation to all three of them to dinner and bridge at her own house.

After she had gone there was a long and uncomfortable pause. If there is one thing certain amongst the uncertain emotions of human beings it is the impossibility of picking up a violent quarrel where it started, after an interruption.

Guy said, rather sheepishly: "Well, I think I'd better be getting along!"

From sheer custom Peter found himself replying that it was early yet and wouldn't Guy have a whisky and soda?

But Guy thought he would be getting along.

IN his dressing-room Peter tore off his collar so that he split the stud holes, and brushed his teeth so viciously that he scarified the gums. He was still in his trousers and shirt when he went into Joan's room.

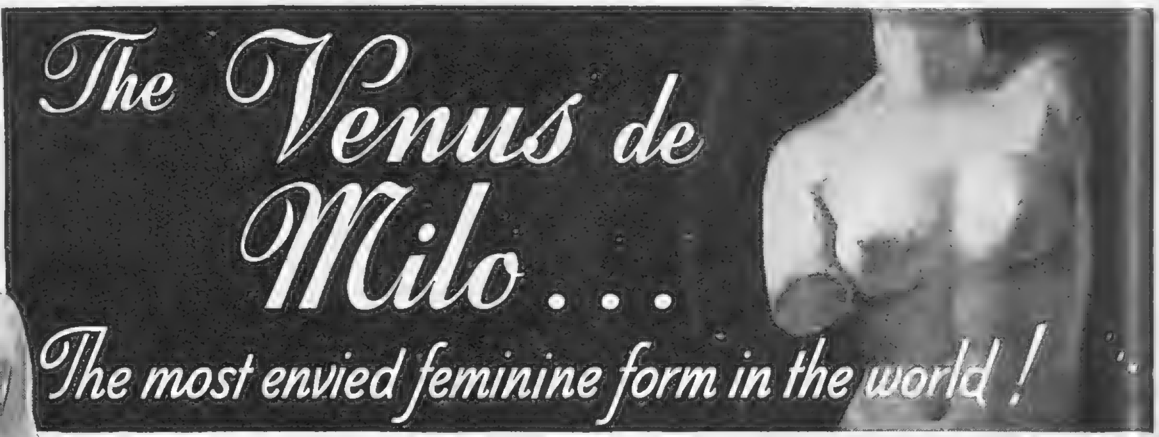
"Joan," he said, "I'm damned sorry. I . . I'm more than that . . I . ." He broke off. She was brushing her hair and he could see every angle of her face in the three-sided mirror. Was he wrong or were there tear marks on her cheeks? For a moment she made no reply.

Then she said: "Silly. In a way it was rather a compliment. That you were so het up, I mean. But thank God for Mrs. Selby-Parrott! Things were building up a bit too fast! What on earth have you done to your collar, darling?"

Later on, half asleep, she turned to him and murmured: "We shall have to forgive Guy. He's a damned fool, but he's always been rather a dear!"

"Anything you say," muttered Peter.

He was sleeping the sleep, if not of the just, of the utterly contented.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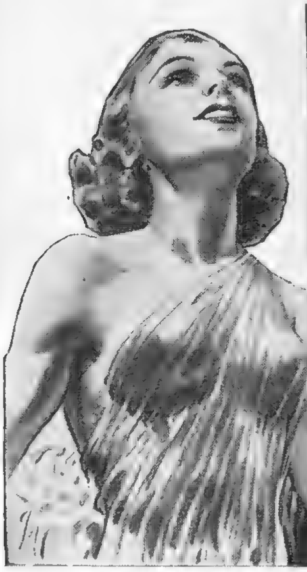

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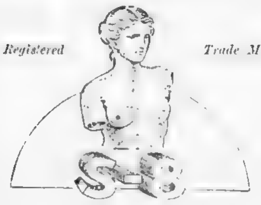

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The Innkeeper's Wife

(Continued from page 17)

spread over her face. Darn it! Couldn't people mention the man without her making a fool of herself?

"Will you be dropping in to see him?" Mrs. Lambert pursued.

"Maybe. Why?"

"I just thought you might tell him we were here. He could join us. He's going to be alone, isn't he, while you're busy?"

"Yes. I'll tell him—if I see him."

She stepped out of the bungalow quickly then. She felt suddenly very happy and exhilarated. Mrs. Lambert knew that she was having a flirtation with Jack Carlyle. It pleased her to think that Mrs. Lambert coupled their names and seemed to take it for granted that Mrs. Dexter would personally entertain him. She decided to go and take another look at Bungalow Thirty-Five and see if Jack had come in yet.

On the way she encountered her husband. He said, "Hello, Kittens, what are you doing?"

"I have just left the Lamberts. What are you doing?"

"Me? Why, I'm running around delighting old maids. The Misses McKinney are having me over to drink pawny tort or tawny port or something that comes out of their grandfather's cellar. I'm practically full of the season's greetings right now, but I have to keep going."

She smiled up at him. He was big and broad and he had a nice, candid sort of face, and she loved him dearly. But he wasn't exciting or romantic and he couldn't whisper and make you feel suddenly important.

"Have you been in to drink Hungarian wine with your movie star yet?" she asked.

"Yes, I've been there."

"Did she vamp you?"

"Shamelessly, and her conversation was shocking. All she did was to talk about 'leetle' cakes."

"Doesn't she talk about anything except food?"

"Yes, she does. She talks about drinks. And once she talked about cigarettes, but the bulk of the conversation was 'leetle' cakes."

"You must have had fun, sweetheart."

"More fun than I'm going to have," he said, gloomily. "Here I go for a drink of pawny tort."

"And after that?"

"After that I move on to higher things. I take a bottle of champagne over to that old bat in Number Nine. I've got a tough schedule, honey; give me a kiss."

She kissed him and he squared his shoulders and marched bravely on to the old maids.

"Merry Christmas," she called after him as she ran in the opposite direction towards Number Thirty-Five. He had not come yet. She went in to look about once more. She wondered if the fragrance of her perfume would linger in the rooms and if Jack Carlyle would find it an agreeable reminder of her. Perhaps he would phone around the building and try to find her. It would be nice to be with him at midnight so that together they might welcome the new Christmas morn.

She sat down and wrote a note.

"Dear Mr. Carlyle—

"Won't you have a Christmas drink with Mr. Dexter and me? Ask the operator to find us for you and we will come running to bring the season's best to the stranger within our gates.

"Yours,

"Eleanor Dexter."

She propped the note up on the bureau. He would see it immediately. It was a cute note, she thought, but like everything else in life it had its disadvantages. If Jack didn't try to locate her after he found the note, then it would be obvious that he didn't want to see her and she would feel very ashamed of having left it. Also, if her husband found it there would be a little explaining to do. She pictured the explaining scene:—

Dexter: How could you have left that note for Carlyle?

Mrs. Dexter: I just thought it was a kind of friendly gesture. After all, he hasn't anybody, and it's Christmas.

Dexter: It's Christmas for old Mr. Kingsley, too, but you didn't make any social passes at him.

That would be the sort of thing that would happen, but she left the note anyway. Maybe Dexter would never find out about the note. Maybe he'd think Jack Carlyle just called because he was lonely. If you didn't take any chances you didn't have any fun.

Now, to go and call on the baby stars over in Number Eleven. They gave Mrs. Dexter a definite pain in the neck. There were three of them. All were platinum blondes. All had red, pouting mouths, and the eldest was eighteen. They had threatened never to forgive Mrs. Dexter if she didn't come and have a little drink of wine with them.

"I think," Mrs. Dexter had said to her husband, "I could bear it if they never forgave me."

"Oh, yeah?" Dexter had replied. "Don't forget little stars fill a hotel just the same as big ones do."

So Mrs. Dexter called on the baby stars and had a glass of champagne with them. Then she dashed into the next bungalow and drank vodka with Kinemsky, the Russian director.

After that she brought compliments of the season to Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Platt, who were the leaders of Southern California's young society set. They were serving Napoleon brandy to their guests this Christmas Eve.

"I have made a startling discovery," Mrs. Dexter told them. "It will revolutionise the hotel industry. I've discovered it's not the capacity of the hotel that counts but the capacity of the hotel-owner's wife. No, thank you, Mr. Platt, one will do nicely. I have many more stops to make."

On the little verandah of the Platts' bungalow she ran into her husband again.

"Well, fancy meeting you here," she said.

"Yes, it's a small desert after all, my sweet. Tell me, are you really the most beautiful woman alive, or is it that damned egg-nog the Cliffords always pour down people's throats?"

"It must be the egg-nog. What are you following me for? You started in to see the Platts didn't you?"

"I don't have to go in there now that I see you've done the family honours. I'm going down to see that Greenling outfit. I hear they raised hell because they couldn't get a centrally located bungalow. I've got to go in and casually mention that I had a terrible time getting room for them away from the noise."

"You should have been a diplomat, dear."

"What do you mean, *should* have been?"

By the side of the swimming-pool at the path that led to the main building Mrs. Dexter paused. "Well, you run along to your Greenlings," she said. "I'm going up to see Smith Travers and his little woman."

Mrs. Dexter entered the main building from the cacti garden. She always enjoyed the huge, friendly lobby and took pride in it, for from beginning to end it was her creation. She had selected the great soft chairs, the rugs, the pictures, the tables. She had meant it to be a beautiful massive sitting-room and to bear no resemblance at all to a hotel lobby.

To-night the lobby was more beautiful than ever. A great log fire blazed in one corner of the room, and the giant Christmas tree glittered a greeting to the guests. It was a modern tree, painted white and trimmed in sparkling cellophane. A platinum blonde tree, Mrs. Dexter thought, but it shrieked the same old message and the guests answered it with smiles and sparkling eyes and the eternal, unquenchable Christmas spirit.

"Merry Christmas," people called to her as she entered.

"And the same to you." She smiled and kept walking towards the stairs. She knew the folly of getting (Continued on page 112)

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trapped in conversation with a guest in the lobby, for lobby sitters were lonely guests and were loath to let her go once she had paused. Later she would return to them when her calls were over.

As she passed the desk her attention was caught and held. A young man stood there speaking quickly and quietly to the clerk. A young man in shabby clothes—a blue flannel shirt, aged and unpressed trousers, battered shoes. Mrs. Dexter suffered a moment of fright. Was this a hold-up ? She had heard of such things happening. Her mind made a hasty and worried guess at the amount of cash and jewels that was represented that night in this desert hideaway.

Then she saw the young man's face and she knew it was no hold-up. He was in trouble. Hungry, no doubt. Was Henry turning him away ? She walked to the desk.

"What's the matter ?" she demanded of the clerk.

"Nothing is the matter, Mrs. Dexter. The young man wants a room and we haven't got one."

Mrs. Dexter looked at the young man. She saw that his shirt had originally been purchased for a much bigger man. She saw that he was tired and frightened. She saw that he hadn't just casually dropped in to spend a day or two at the most expensive of desert resorts. Henry was holding something back.

"Maybe he'd prefer something to eat," she suggested.

"No, ma'am," the young man shook his head. "He's right. I want a room."

Mrs. Dexter smiled. "Wouldn't just a cot put up by the garages satisfy you ? We could give you a blanket."

"No, ma'am." He looked helplessly from Mrs. Dexter to the clerk.

The clerk said, "He's got his wife with him."

"Where is she ?" Mrs. Dexter asked.

"Outside."

"Is she hungry ?"

"No, ma'am, she's sick." The young man kept his voice just a shade above a whisper, but a scream could not have told his anguish more plainly than his eyes. Mrs. Dexter was touched by his effort to keep his voice down. He knew what people in authority did to you when you attracted a crowd.

Mrs. Dexter said, "Get hold of Dr. Langford, Henry, and have him see what's wrong with the girl."

Henry coloured painfully. "She's going to have a baby, Mrs. Dexter."

Mrs. Dexter hated him for colouring.

"Shocking, isn't it ?" she said coldly, and was sorry that the boy failed to understand her jibe at Henry.

"Me and Mae are married," he said. "We've been married since last January."

"It's none of my business," she said. "Well, Henry, we'll have to get them fixed up somewhere, I guess."

Henry glared at her. "Fixed up ! Where are you going to get them fixed up, Mrs. Dexter ? I can't build rooms, can I ? Besides who's going to pay for them ? They haven't a dime. There's a hospital only twenty miles from here. Let him take her there."

Mrs. Dexter's voice was dangerously calm when she spoke. "As I was saying, Henry, we'll have to get them fixed up."

The young man said, "You see, ma'am, I was trying to get her to Los Angeles. There's free hospitals there and I could maybe get a job in a big town like that. She was all right when we started, but now I don't think I could even get her to that hospital she speaks about."

He glanced apprehensively through the great doorway as he spoke.

Mrs. Dexter said, "Go and get her and bring her in here."

"Right in here ?" the boy asked, looking nervously about him.

"Yes, right in here."

"Now wait a minute, Mrs. Dexter," the clerk said. "Let's call Mr. Dexter in on this."

"Oh, don't worry. You won't get any blame. I'll go and get the girl myself."

She flew down the steps to the circular parking space in front of the hotel. Her ruffly dress trailed behind her and the young man stepped on it disastrously as he hurried after her.

"I'm sorry, ma'am," he murmured. He led her to a broken-down car parked humbly in the shadows on the far side. Mrs. Dexter had never before seen such a car save abandoned and forgotten in the midst of an empty lot.

There was a girl in it. A girl with tears running down her face and great, dramatic, dark eyes that peered out from beneath the brim of an old velvet hat.

Mrs. Dexter put out her hand to open the door and discovered that the car had no door.

"Come," she said to the girl. Then turning to the young man she added, "Bring her into the lobby."

Mrs. Dexter flew back to the desk. Just as she reached it she heard the operator say into the transmitter "Please, Mr. Dexter, come to the lobby at once."

Henry said, "I've sent for Mr. Dexter."

"All right."

"He'll be here right away."

"Of course he will."

The young man and his wife came into the lobby. He had his arm around her, but he did not lead her to a chair until Mrs. Dexter indicated one. She noticed that the guests were staring. These lonely ones had at last something with which to enliven the barren hours.

Dexter strode into the lobby. He was an hotel man, so he entered smiling though he did not know what news awaited him at the desk.

He came close to the desk and asked, "What is it, Henry ?"

"I guess Mrs. Dexter would rather tell you."

Dexter turned perplexedly to his wife. She nodded towards the young couple. The boy still stood. The girl sat gripping the arms of her chair. "Those people," Mrs. Dexter said, "have no place to go."

Dexter looked at them and knew their story. He said, "Well, Kittens, I'll do what I can, but where can we put them ?"

A triumphant smile flitted across the face of the clerk. "That's what *I* said, Mr. Dexter. Where will we put them ?"

"We have to put them somewhere, honey."

"I'll get out my car and rush her to the hospital. The boy can stay in the gardener's quarters. How's that ?"

Mrs. Dexter shook her head. "No," she said. "We can't do that."

"Why not ?"

"Because—" Mrs. Dexter paused and felt unutterably foolish beneath Henry's gaze. She looked away from him and said what she had started to say—"because it's Christmas Eve."

"Oh," said Dexter. "I see." He did not laugh at her. He stood thinking for a second. Then, "There are women all over the world like this little one here, Kittens, and we can't take them all in because it's Christmas Eve."

"No, but this one came to us. She came to us, honey, just like——" This time an unexpected burst of tears halted her. "Don't you see it's happening to us. Nineteen hundred and thirty-four years ago another innkeeper looked at two poor, frightened youngsters and said, 'There's no room in the hotel.' You can't do it on Christmas Eve, darling. I think I'd hate you if you did."

He caught her hands and held them. "You're excited," he said. "Get hold of yourself."

"Aren't you excited ? They've come to us on Christmas Eve. Don't you know what Christmas Eve means ? You *have* to put them somewhere."

"I will," he said. "I'll put them in Jack Carlyle's bungalow. Will that suit you, Kittens ?"

"Yes, that will suit me." She looked up at him and he saw her eyes wet and starry.

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He stooped and kissed her swiftly, with all the people in the lobby looking on, then he walked over to the young couple.

"I've got a place for you," he said. "Come on." They followed him meekly, glad to be going anywhere. As Dexter passed the desk he said, "Send Dr. Langford to Thirty-Five, Henry, and cope with Carlyle the best you can."

Mrs. Dexter tarried at the desk long enough to say, "Send for me when he comes. I'll speak to him and make him understand."

Then she ran after the small procession. Dexter would not be glad to be left alone with these strange arrivals. He was always embarrassed and self-conscious when he bestowed a favour. Just as she reached the screen door to the rear verandah she heard the clerk's voice.

"O.K., Mrs. Dexter. Here you are."

She turned and saw Jack Carlyle entering the lobby through the main doorway. Jack Carlyle with his irresistible smile and the magnetic personality that had made itself known around the world.

Mrs. Dexter re-crossed the lobby hurriedly. Henry had turned his back and was busying himself at the key boxes with a mysterious and important task that completely absorbed him. This was Mrs. Dexter's dirty work. She had brought it on herself.

"Merry Christmas!" Jack Carlyle shouted lustily to everyone in general but to Mrs. Dexter in particular.

"Merry Christmas!" she replied. She was close to him now looking up into his handsome, tanned face.

"Did I have a time getting down here! What traffic! I thought it would be New Year's before I made it."

Mrs. Dexter said, "Will you sit down a minute, Mr. Carlyle? I have something to tell you."

"Something to tell me? Sure. I'll sit down. What's the matter?"

Mrs. Dexter looked towards the door and saw his menservants bringing in Mr. Carlyle's luggage, while the bell boys danced about trying to make themselves useful. She swallowed hard.

"Mr. Carlyle," she said. "Do you know the meaning of Christmas?"

He laughed. "Sure, I do. I went to Sunday-school. I know about 'peace on earth, goodwill towards men' and 'little town of Bethlehem' and 'Holy Night.' Would you like me to sing a few Christmas carols? What's all this about?"

"This is what it's about: I've given your bungalow away. I've given it to a couple of poor kids who have no home and she's about to have a baby."

"What do you mean you gave my bungalow away? You had no right to do that. I reserved it more than six weeks ago."

"I know you did, Mr. Carlyle, but this was an emergency. We had to put them somewhere."

"Why did you? This isn't a hospital, is it? Or a poor house? I've been a steady patron here, Mrs. Dexter, and I don't like my reservations disregarded."

"Of course you don't. I don't blame you."

"Well, fix me up in another bungalow and I'll forget it for now."

She said, "There is no other bungalow."

"What!" The word came out like the crack of a pistol. The guests watching from far corners of the lobby started nervously. "Do you mean to say that you haven't held rooms for me? What kind of business are you running here? Where's Dexter? I've got a few things I want to say to him."

Mrs. Dexter said, "He's very busy."

"Oh, he's busy, is he? Well, you'd better get him here and quickly, too."

She repeated, "He's very busy." She spoke the words absently. She was looking at the thick vein in Carlyle's forehead which was throbbing with the flood of his anger. She was looking at the narrowed eyes that were suddenly mean and cold. His voice was filling the lobby. People were staring. Only Henry seemed unaware of his existence. She had a sudden idea.

"I'll give you our room," she said, "that's all we have

(*Continued on page* 114)

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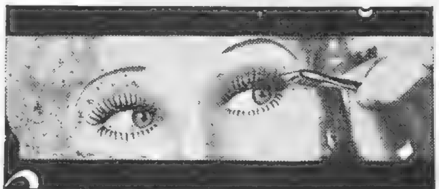

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"ourselves this week. I'll go sleep with the waitresses, and Dexter can find a corner somewhere."

"I don't want your room. I reserved a three-room bungalow and I'm going to have it."

She shook her head. "No," she said, "I'm sorry, but you can't."

Dr. Langford hurried through the lobby. Mrs. Dexter smiled and nodded to him. At sight of the cheerful and efficient little man she had a mad impulse to shriek, "Merry Christmas."

Jack Carlyle took a cigarette from a platinum case. "You'd better get Dexter in here," he said, "because if I walk out of here without a bungalow I'm never coming back."

"I'm sorry," was the only thing she could think to say.

"And what's more, nobody in Hollywood will ever come again. So you'd better get me a bungalow and get it quickly. If you don't I'll blackball your damn hotel throughout Southern California. What do you think of that?"

"I think," said Mrs. Dexter, "that you're talking awfully loud."

"And I can talk louder than that. You don't want people to hear, do you? You know it wouldn't do you any good if people heard Jack Carlyle say that you have a rotten hotel."

"Oh, go ahead—shout if you want to. Of course, it won't do me any good, but it won't do you any good either. Your public, Mr. Carlyle, is noticing that you sadly lack the true spirit of Christmas."

He cast an angry eye at the guests in the lobby, who suddenly tried to look as though they weren't there. "To hell with my public," he said.

"Bravo, Mr. Carlyle. Nicely spoken," said Mrs. Dexter. "I'm sure these people will forget this scene completely and never mention it to a living soul."

"I don't give a damn whether they do or not."

"Well, and I don't give a damn whether you like our hotel or not.. I'd rather have that poor little family in Number Thirty-five than have you in it. Now, what do you think of that?"

"All right. You don't have to have me." He strode toward his servants. "Load the bags back into the car," he said to them. At the doorway he turned again to Mrs. Dexter. "I'm not going to forget this," he said.

"I'm sorry about it," she sighed. He walked out into the darkness. She followed him to the doorway and watched him drive away in his car. She felt the cool wind on her hot cheeks and had a sudden, strange, clairvoyant vision. Something more than a spoiled and peevish actor had gone out of her life. Something both silly and treacherous that had lived within her had gone with him. Never again would a soft word or a compliment from a handsome man set her dreaming dreams that excluded Dexter. Dexter *understood* people's troubles. He was a man, not a pampered child. He knew when he was faced with something greater and more important than his whim. He was real and dependable—and she loved him.

She turned and started for Bungalow Number Thirty-Five. It was difficult to reach the screen door. The guests who had witnessed the scene surrounded her.

"Good for you, Mrs. Dexter. I guess you told *him*."

"Why, I never heard the likes of that. That great, big, strapping ox begrudging his bed to that poor little woman. And on Christmas Eve, too. Wait till I go home and tell the girls of the Jack Carlyle Club about this."

"Why didn't you ask him to break out a few dollars of that big salary of his for the poor kids?"

"That's an idea, Julia. How about taking up a collection? Let's make it a Merry Christmas for that little family."

Mrs. Dexter smiled at everybody and pushed her way towards Thirty-Five and Dexter. He was not in the bungalow. The young man in the misfit clothes was alone in the bright sitting-room. But Dexter had been there. There was a tray full of food and a package of cigarettes.

"He said he was busy, ma'am, and had to go. He sure is kind, and you, too, ma'am. I wish there was something I could do for you."

Dr. Langford came from the bedroom. In chorus, Mrs. Dexter and the young man asked, "How is she?"

"Just fine. Be patient. She's as healthy a human as I've ever seen and there's not a thing to worry about."

Mrs. Dexter asked, "Have you everything you need for her, doctor?"

"Yes, Dexter told me to call for anything I wanted, and I'm getting Miss Parker over to tend the baby. Dexter said it was all right to get her."

Mrs. Dexter's eyes filled with tears. The doctor said, "*You* should cry. You married to a fellow like Dexter and crying?"

"I guess that's why I'm crying. He's so *swell*."

She squared her shoulders. "I have to go to make some more calls," she said. "I promised to see a lot of people, but I'll be back."

Once more she walked out into the black and silver night. She imagined that the stars were brighter than ever and that a mysterious, hushed pause had come down over the desert.

Mrs. Dexter made her delayed Christmas call on the scrappy couple in the main building. They gave her a gin fizz and told her that they would have never come had they known that the Lamberts would be there. She got away from them and made two other stops before going back to Bungalow Number Thirty-Five. The nurse had arrived, and Dexter had been there and gone. He had dropped in and then moved on his way to other places where he was expected. The young man was trimming the tree.

"I told him to do it," the doctor explained. "It will keep him from biting his nails for a while."

Mrs. Dexter laughed and walked outside. From the bungalow of the Misses McKinney came the sweet strains of "Holy Night." It was the only victrola playing now. The wild music of the Hungarian beauty was stilled. Mrs. Dexter stood silently in the warm, sweet air and listened.

And then out of the night came that tiny cry that she was to remember for ever. Behind her she heard the running footsteps of the young man and she darted through the door towards him.

"Wait," she cautioned. "You will be called when the doctor wants you."

He turned and looked at her. "I'll wait," he said. "I won't go in."

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Yes, mother, you can usually relieve a little one's cold overnight—and without making him swallow anything.

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Beauty's beacons—signs to help you across the road to loveliness. Be on your guard lest middle-age catches you unawares. Don't let Father Time come speeding along, just learn to laugh at him and *Look Right*. Be on your guard against grey hair, lines and wrinkles, that middle-aged spread—these are all danger points on the road to loveliness. Take our Beauty Expert's advice—and Look Right.

LOOK RIGHT. You can't look right if you've neglected your complexion and allowed it to fade and become lined and wrinkled prematurely. And perhaps it has acquired that unbecoming middle-aged sallowness too? Over you go, across the road to loveliness! You must shed that ageing skin with all its blemishes, give yourself a new, youthful complexion. You can do it so easily. All you want is an ounce or two of Mercolized Wax. Smooth a little over face and neck lightly, and let it work its magic while you sleep. Gently and imperceptibly it will remove the outworn skin, revealing the fresh, flawless complexion now concealed beneath. Give this wax a brief ten-day trial and you will be delighted with the improvement in your appearance.

THOSE DRAB TRESSES. If your hair has begun to lose its lustre (as it does in the years round about forty) be on your guard against greyness. One of the best treatments to restore your hair to beauty is a weekly Stallax shampoo. Just dissolve a teaspoonful of Stallax in a cup of hot water and shampoo in the usual way. You will find this shampoo a real beauty treatment for neglected tresses. It gives them lustre and loveliness, enhancing the colour and bringing out the hidden lights and shades.

BEWARE! With middle-age the embarrassment of superfluous hair often becomes more acute—the growth seems to strengthen and become more unsightly. Yet you can rid yourself of this blemish so easily. All you want is half an ounce of Sipolite from your chemist. Mix a little to a smooth paste with cold water, apply to the unwanted hairs, and as the paste dries see them vanish! The skin is left smooth and unblemished and future growth is retarded.

LUXURIANT LASHES. Remember that dark, luxuriant lashes are a great beauty asset, and no matter what your age you can cultivate them. Just apply a little Mennaline to both brows and lashes daily, it strengthens the growth and improves the colour.

WORDS OF WISDOM. Getting-on ladies should exercise discretion over make-up. Most rouges are too harsh, too artificial—they merely emphasise age instead of disguising it. If you want a touch of colour in your cheeks, try Colliandum. The effect is so natural that it defies detection, so becoming, too, deepening in a warm room as would your natural colour.

All the preparations mentioned above may be obtained from your chemist—they are inexpensive and harmless.

"I'll wait with you."

More running footsteps. This time on the verandah. The door flew open and a slim figure dashed breathlessly in. "I have heard the baby cry. I have waited for it. I want to be first with my gift to him. It brings luck."

Mrs. Dexter saw that it was the Hungarian movie star in violent scarlet pyjamas.

"You are Mrs. Dexter? Oh, sweet." Mrs. Dexter found herself for a breathless moment in a perfumed embrace. She felt the hot, impulsive tears of the Hungarian beauty on her own cheek. "I have heard how you gave the bungalow to these children and forgot money and Carlyle's position and everything. I tell everyone in Hollywood about that. I tell Mr. Gratzman himself. I make everybody come to your hotel. You are an angel. Merry Christmas to you."

Mrs. Dexter felt a quick kiss on her cheek and the Hungarian movie star was gone. Only a banknote on the table proved that she had been there at all.

There were more people on the verandah now. They were not Hungarian movie stars. They knocked discreetly. Mrs. Dexter looked out at them. They were two of the ladies who had witnessed the scene with Carlyle in the lobby.

"We've taken up a little collection, Mrs. Dexter. That is, it's really rather a big collection, I think. It's for the young couple and the baby."

"That was nice of you." She drew the young man to the doorway. "This is the father," she said.

"Oh, well, we've gotten almost two hundred dollars. Everyone was so generous. The Hungarian lady said she would give something but that she wanted to do it in person."

"She did. She was here," Mrs. Dexter said. "Well, you were all really wonderful," she added.

The ladies moved away. The young man looked down at the money where it reposed in the bottom of a gilded derby that had once done noble service in muting a cornet.

"Gosh," he said, and rubbed the back of his hand across his eyes.

Doctor Langford came out of the bedroom. "Young man," he said, "you may go in and take a quick look at your family." The young man needed no urging. "All serene," the doctor added to Mrs. Dexter. "It's a fine boy, and the mother is doing O.K. Guess I'll go home. Miss Parker can go on from here. Well, Merry Christmas, Mrs. Dexter."

"The same to you, Doctor."

Mrs. Dexter was alone for a second. Then she heard people moving down the path towards her. She squinted her eyes and recognised Stern, Solomon and Krantz, composers of that sterling ballad, "There was nothing you wanted from me, so I gave you only my heart." They tip-toed up on the verandah.

"Who are we?" one of them whispered.

"Stern, Solomon and Krantz," Mrs. Dexter replied.

"No. Guess again."

"What is this? A guessing game?"

"We're checking up on whether or not you spent that dime for the movies or really did go to Sunday-school. We are the three wise guys from New York."

"Oh, the three wise men from the East."

"Well, New York is east, isn't it? What do you want to split hairs for? It's more fun confusing issues. We brought gifts for the baby. We didn't know what frankincense and myrrh was, so we brought twenty bucks apiece. How is that?"

"Oh, it's swell. You sweet bunch of darn fools."

Solemnly they each shook hands with her. They were not much on serious words, but she knew that the hotel had their patronage for life in the way that Stern said, "Nice going, kid. With a heart like yours it won't be any time before you get this place into the red."

She laughed and waved to them as they moved silently back into the shadows. Now there was

(Continued on page 116)

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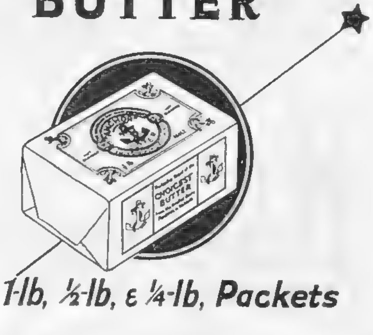

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The Innkeeper's Wife

another step. A step she knew. Dexter. She went forward to meet him. "The baby's come," she whispered.

"I know it." He gestured towards the Hungarian beauty's bungalow. "I was at the Reeds and she called up to tell them. She wants Mrs. Reed to send over all the stuff she can spare from her baby's wardrobe. In spite of the 'leetle' cakes she's not a bad sort."

"No. She's all right."

"Well, I guess I've been everywhere now. How about you, sweetheart?"

"I only had the Stern party to go to and I don't think they expect me now. I'm glad. I'm kind of tired of running around and saying Merry Christmas to everybody."

He smiled. "Well, then I'll say it to you. Merry Christmas. How about a little drink? Just you and me, Kittens?"

"Why, honey, I'm full of drinks."

"I know you are, and it's my fault, too. I made you visit and drink with everybody and that isn't your job at all. Well, maybe there'd be a different page in biblical history if the innkeeper's wife had been a little teeny bit mellow when Mary and Joseph arrived."

"Oh, you nasty thing. Why, I wasn't feeling a single one of those drinks."

"Yes, you were, Kittens. I can prove it."

He reached into his pocket and drew out the note that she had written to Jack Carlyle so many hours before. She had completely forgotten it and the sight of it caused her a sudden panic. Would it spoil Christmas for them? She had thought that chance worth taking when she had written it, but she felt differently now.

"See," he said, "you were feeling your Christmas cheer—and plenty. It isn't like you to write slithery little come-on notes to gentlemen. I knew you'd had too much the minute I saw it when I walked into Thirty-Five with the kids." He tore the note up into tiny pieces and tossed it away. "Let's wish the kids a Merry Christmas," he said. "Maybe they'll let us look at the baby, too."

She reached for his hand. Together they walked up the steps of the bungalow. The Misses McKinney were playing "Holy Night" again on their victrola, but the stars were beginning to pale above the desert.

"It must be Christmas morning," Dexter said.

"Well, Merry Christmas, dear."

"The same to you," he said, wearily, "and now let's hear no more about it till next year."

She laughed and felt suddenly quite idiotically happy.

END

Treasures

(*Continued from page* 55)

should have both a night and a day nursery if this be at all possible.

She is not expected to "do" her nurseries, but she does do the normal daily dusting and bed-making, and any special washing or special cooking, for her children. And there are certain rules about time off and holidays which are quite reasonable, and which must be kept.

I HAVE gone into the matter of the Nannie or nurse in some detail, because it is your most vital problem. But then comes the business of finding, hiring and keeping the people who will cook, wash, dust, clean for you and serve you.

I sincerely believe that the good mistress need not want for the good modern maid—once she has made it quite plain that she has accepted the worker as a specialist, is prepared to let her alone to do her job will loyally keep to arranged free time, and will remember especially that the free *evening* is one reason that drives girls to badly paid typing rather than decently paid domestic work.

Also, we still have to blush for the days of the late nineteenth century when a housemaid worked from 6 a.m. to 10 p.m., had a day off every six weeks, and was paid a pound a month if she was lucky.

To-day, your younger servants will come to you with a rudimentary but sound knowledge of housework and cooking taught them in schools. They will appreciate their own separate rooms, furnished for them, and a loudspeaker available in the kitchen. If they have to wear uniform, let it be modern and chic.

IF you are engaging a cook, a house-parlourmaid and a between-maid, you will find that a good registry office will guide you and may even suggest that invaluable combination, a husband and wife.

These, by the way, are rare; and this is "stop press" news in the labour market. Times are better, and neither men nor married couples will easily be found to take domestic jobs. But, when you do get them, they are real treasures, especially for the better-to-do. They are the essentials to the bachelor.

The wise younger mistress does not skimp in the matter of uniform for her younger maids, especially those new to service. *She gets them, at the start, what they need,* and goes to some well-known suppliers of taste and experience. For a mercerised poplin morning or afternoon dress with a Peter Pan collar, you pay about 12s. 6d.; for a nurse's style dress in colours, striped, 7s. 6d.; and for summer, a neat white and black gingham in check of modern style, 7s. 6d.

Your parlour maid's full regalia for afternoon in poplin alpaca costs 59s. 6d., and apron and collars and cuffs another eleven shillings or so.

These relatively low prices show that it is perfectly possible for mistress and her younger maids to get together over uniform, select something attractive, and for the mistress, with infinite tact, to help in the matter of suitable indoor shoes for morning work. (Who has ever suffered from tapping heels will bear me out, here.)

If possible, furnish the nurses' or the servants' room *en suite*, and not from scraps. Unstained wood furniture that can be enamelled, Finnish plywood, or combination pieces such as a famous Camden Town designer sells—these are not too costly, and are delightful.

Remember a lock-up drawer or cupboard is a necessity. Everyone has treasures and wants them under lock and key.

Time off. This must vary with the habits of the household. Personally, I always give every Sunday afternoon and evening (when it is perfectly possible to cater for oneself) and one afternoon and evening a week to my domestic genius, who is single-handed.

But work should end at a stated time at night, and there should be two clear hours off and *out* every day.

Status has vastly improved. Not only is there a famous Nannies' Club (led, we can suppose, by that paramount Nannie of all, Mrs. Knight, of 145 Piccadilly), but the Wayfarers' clubs for younger women in London have met a real need.

The mistress with the girl from the country will be advised to find the nearest club of this type, and to explore possibilities of summer tennis and of swimming.

Older maids will have their contacts outside their work. But the eternal cinema and teashop round is not good for the intelligence or morale of the girl in her teens.

A mixed club like the Wayfarers and the innumerable ramifications of polytechnics for work and play—these are going to keep her in touch with life and make her, therefore, contented with work.

Finally, registry offices. There are a number that are well known. It is best to stick to them, and it is always best to take up references, if you do not go through a well-known office, with extreme thoroughness and care.

END

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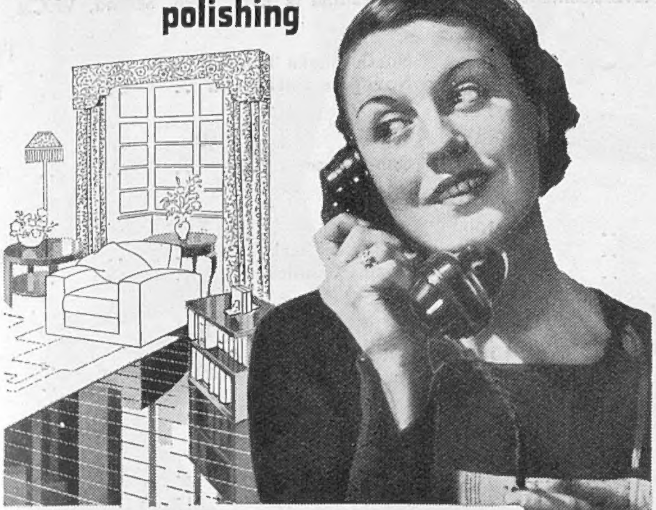

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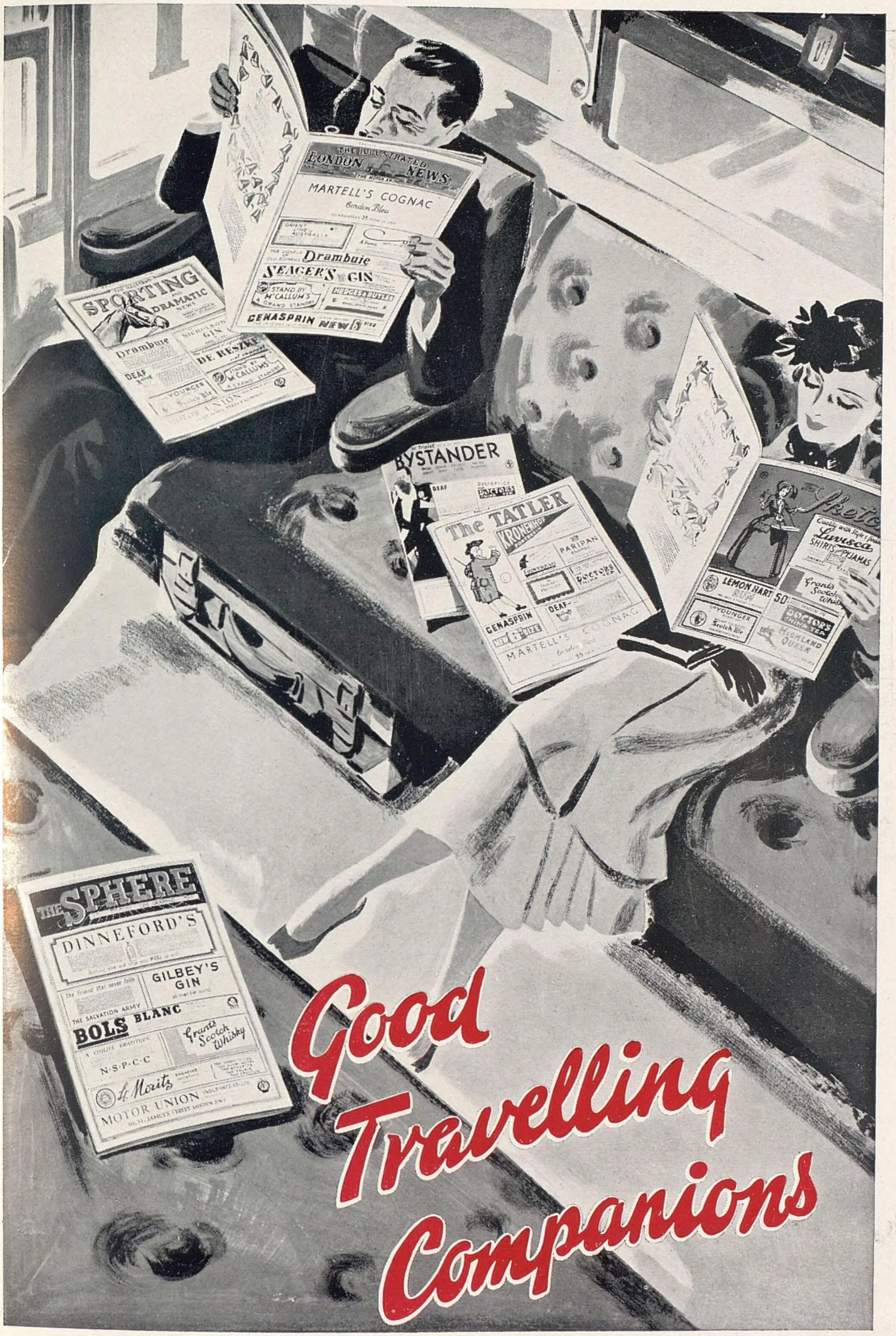
Entered as second class matter June 20th, 1929, at the Post Office, Boston, Mass., under the Act of March 3rd, 1879, Sec. 397, P.L. & R. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Subscription rates: Inland and abroad, 17s. 6d. per annum; 8s. 9d. for six months, single copies 1s. 6d., and for Canada 14s. per annum, 7s. for six months. Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd. Sole Agents for Australia and New Zealand: Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, Ltd. Sole Agents for United States of America: The International News Co., Ltd.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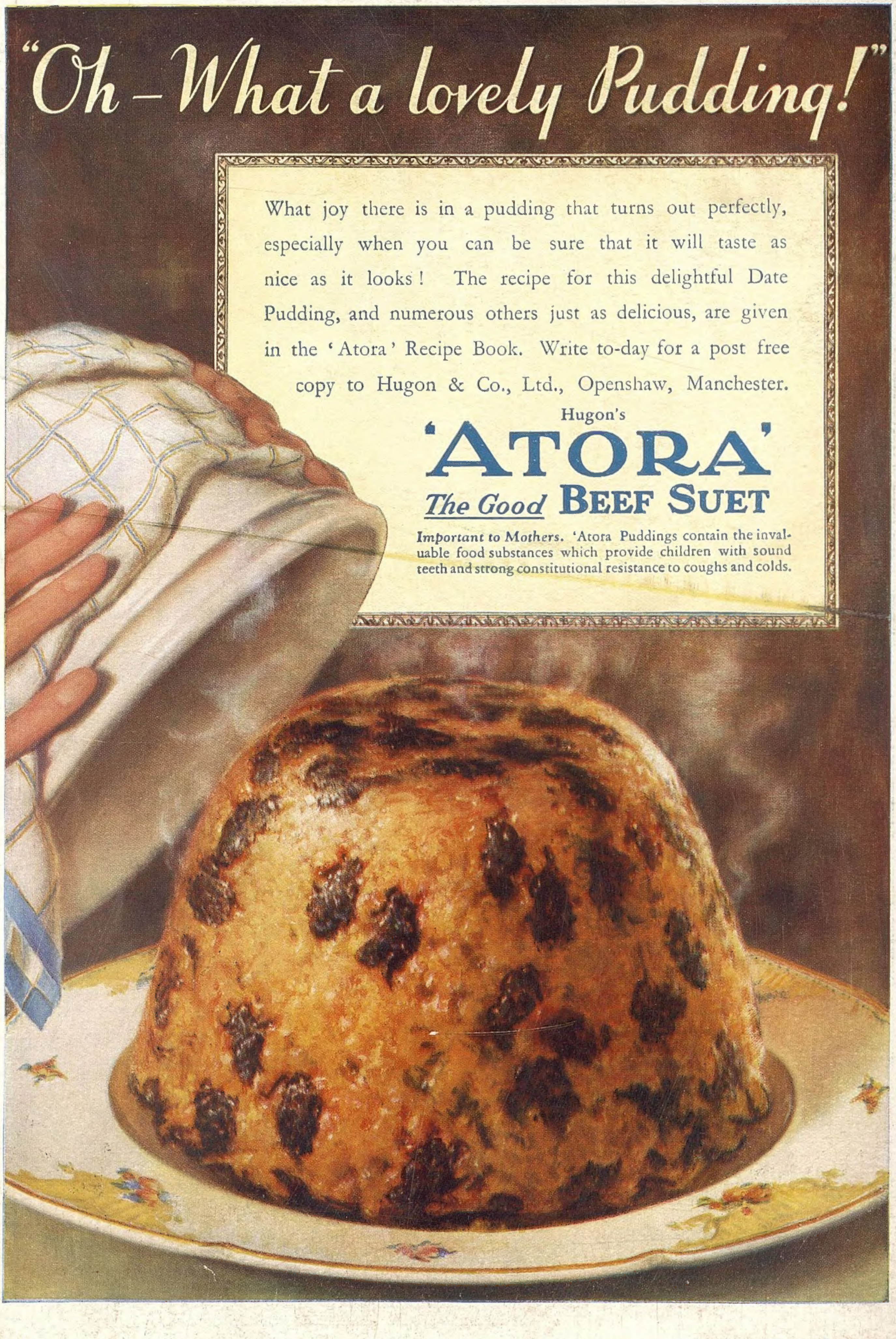
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